NAZI DREAMTIME

"The work chronicles the infatuation some in Australia had with Germany's Nazis. This book is, to put it simply, definitive in its topic. Dr Bird's book is in many respects a warning as well as a riveting piece of history and I welcome it into the ever-expanding corpus of first-rate historical writing."

Professor Paul Bartrop, Florida Gulf Coast University, USA

"The book shows the value of being prepared to depart from the well-trodden path. It should serve as an object lesson in the insidious strength of bad ideas. Bird's history of the Australia-First movement is not the first but it is the most thorough."

The Australian

"The Nazi Dreamtime unleashes an avalanche of fascinating evidence. This book combines prodigious scholarship with the fervour of a moral crusade."

Sydney Morning Herald

"Here is a new book on a neglected theme – those 'dreamers' who before and during the second world war sympathised with the other side and in some cases even favoured its victory."

Spectator Australia

"One of the major achievements of *Nazi Dreamtime* is to track relentlessly the ideological walkabout of the Jindies as their leader, Ingamells, attempted unsuccessfully to infuse Australian poetry with potent Aboriginal words and symbols."

The Age

"Many politicians, and other prominent Australians, writes Bird, went on to 'adjust their memory' of their early pro-fascist acclamations."

Australian Left Book Review

NAZI DREAMTIME

Australian Enthusiasts for Hitler's Germany

DAVID S. BIRD

AUSTRALIAN SCHOLARLY

The whole point about writing a history about a country is so that we can liberate ourselves from the dead hand of the past. The whole point of knowing about the past of humanity in Australia is to prevent all of us, the Aborigines, the British, the Europeans, and the Asians, from being doomed to go on repeating the past.

Manning Clark, 'Writing a History of Australia' Eric Johnston Lecture, Darwin, 1 July 1987.

To Astrid—who helped me to comprehend the European mentality, as I helped her to understand that of the new country.

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PREFACE THE SINCERITY OF FANATICISM

All fanatics are sincere. That's the damnable thing about them.

Norman Lindsay,

Are not most great social movements—civil, economic, and religious—of 'fanatical' birth?

William Baylebridge, National Notes, 1913.

Fanatics are needed, crude, harsh men, not sweet and decorous men, to arouse us from the lethargy of decadence, softness and lies which threaten doom to White Australia unless the regenerating force emerges here before 1950. Wanted, a Leader!

P.R. Stephensen, Publicist, July 1939.

The front-page of the wartime Melbourne Argus on Wednesday 5 February 1941 was dominated by the news that the Vichy administration in France led by the collaborator Marshal Petain had drawn a line-in-the-sand and refused further co-operation with Germany in the struggle against Britain. Exaggerated though the report was—for there were many in Vichy who remained eager for a deeper level of collaboration with Berlin—the Argus had wisely sought the clarification of Professor A.R. Chisholm of the University of Melbourne, who was in the weekly habit of commenting on French affairs for the paper and who now sought to explain the ideological background of these recent European developments. Noone in Australia was better placed to understand the collaborationist mentality than Chisholm—he had once shared it. Noting the familiarity to Australian ears

of the calls by Vichy radio for 'political, spiritual and economic reconstruction' and for the 'purification and perfection of the race' the professor now suggested that these were the clarion calls of 'the rootless thought of desperate utopians'. He failed to mention that they were also ideas with which he had himself toyed in the 1930s, when he had expressed an interest in the work of Charles Maurras, the French ultra-nationalist and proto-fascist. Eventually even sympathetic to some aspects of Nazism itself, the professor had by now 'burned my own boats' and accepted the local presidency of the Free-French Movement, but his old passions lingered and a recall of these earlier associations perhaps explained this almost apologetic assessment of such people in 1941 as 'sorcerer's apprentices' and as 'well-meaning dreamers'.1 Chisholm reserved his full venom only for those who had refined the horror of that 'rootless thought'—the Nazis as the 'Monsters of Ideology'—a conclusion that allowed the war-time censors to pass an analysis that showed a deeper and more sympathetic understanding of the stance of the collaborators than was normally displayed in Allied propaganda, where a 'quisling' was a quisling, whether at home or abroad, and that was that.

Alan Chisholm's description—'well-meaning dreamers'—serves as a suitable umbrella under which to describe and analyse those Australians (including himself) who were attracted to Nazi Germany and in some instances to its national-socialist ideology in the period from January 1933, when Adolf Hitler was shuffled into power by a combination of Conservative back-room manoeuvring and electoral success—the Machtergreifung ('Seizure of Power') as Chisholm's academic associate Augustin Lodewyckx carefully called it, in the style of official Nazi rhetoric. No-one better fitted the category of fellowtraveller of these enthusiasts than Associate Professor Lodewyckx himself, but he was joined in the thirties and into the 'Roaring Forties' by a surprisingly diverse group of Australians of similar persuasion—not only by the usual suspects of political activists, propagandists, anti-Semitic fanatics and cranks who dwell on the fringes of every society, clinging to extreme ideologies, but also by a selection of more mainstream political travellers, tourists, writers, poets, mystics, aesthetes and academic thinkers. All, including the official travellers who were guests of the Reich government, were impressed by what they perceived to be the high quality of the German leadership and were understanding of the deep levels of patriotism they observed in the Reich, or 'Hitler's Wonderland' as some called it, tongue-in-cheek. This nourished their own concepts of nationalism; in some cases their imperial patriotism, in others an extreme Australian chauvinism which looked to Nazism as a model for some white 'Dreamtime', a utopian setting that also unexpectedly drew inspiration from the aboriginal dreamtime, the so-called *Alcheringa*. Most were themselves alienated from mainstream conservative politics, whether as renegades or as former socialists, even from parliamentary democracy itself and consequently prone to the conspiracy theories that accompany antidemocratic thought, in particular the pernicious theory of a Jewish world-conspiracy. After 3 September 1939 and the declaration of war, the undiminished, even galvanized, members of these groups were joined by a body of those who preferred the field-grey of the German armed forces to the khaki of the AIF.

It would be misleading to suggest that these dreamers and utopians were all rampant Nazis, but they were what has been called elsewhere 'fellow-travellers of the Right', or more correctly of the 'radical Right', the inheritors of a nineteenthcentury strain of 'völkisch' thought—the term is difficult to translate, but it refers to a stream of thinking that emphasised populist, ethnic-based, racially conscious politics of the type later perfected by the Nazis and it will be employed here to describe those of a similar disposition in Australia. Some of these people, like P.R. 'Inky' Stephensen the chief amongst them, certainly were unashamed Nazis who identified with the world-view that the 'Third Reich' propagated in this period. He had begun in 1936 by dreaming of a culture sustained by qualities of what he called 'Race and Place' and ended by boasting even long afterwards of his commitment to an 'Australian' variety of 'National Socialism' this book is not the first to note that Stephensen's political trajectory in the thirties closely followed that of German ultra-nationalists in an earlier decade.2 Others, through their identification with certain philosophical streams and though their commitment to extreme forms of nationalism, were drawn into the orbit of Nazism, perhaps not entirely willingly in some cases, but they could still be classified as fellow-travellers of the dreamers and thus of local nationalsocialism—this description especially fits many of the literary nationalists of the period, a group of writers that included the politically conscious alongside the politically naive. A few were simply attracted by the example of national resurgence that Germany provided in their estimation, by what they saw as the social achievements of Nazi Germany (the so-called 'German revolution'), including some who were absorbed by the personality cult that surrounded the figure of Hitler himself. Together, they constituted an uncomfortable mixture of apostles, disciples, fellow-travellers and 'useful idiots' (to use Lenin's terminology applied in other circumstances) united by a sense of patriotism, however misguided. With the coming of armed hostility in 1939, what had once seemed harmless eccentricity began to border on treason, at least in the view of the disparate and often poorly coordinated Australian security services (state and federal), and had these enthusiastic dreamers inhabited a defeated nation in 1945, they may have been categorised according to the five classifications of 'de-nazification' applied with varying zeal and mixed success in the western zones of occupied Germany. None had been afforded the opportunity to have entered category I (Major Offenders); a few matched category II (Activists and Militants); many more the vague category III (Less Incriminated); most fitted category IV (Followers, Fellow-Travellers). The final category (Exonerated) could cover the remainder. It is for the reader to determine which of the men and women examined in this book warrant inclusion in any of these categories.

These Australian dreamers and enthusiasts for Nazi Germany were never numerous and, aside from some of the appeasers on their fringe, were without influence on the Australian political system of their time. Rarely were they taken seriously during peacetime, even by German observers like the visiting academic Karl-Heinz Pfeffer, who concluded in his 1936 study of Australia's political economy that the 'Faschisten' remained marginalised outsiders.3 At home, Senator George Pearce, Minister of External Affairs, suggested in May 1936 that a quasi-Nazi group on the goldfields of his own state of Western Australia, the 'Blueshirts', constituted 'harmless cranks' who could be dealt with by State authorities.4 Whilst this was true of this oneshirt band, ambitiously established by the miner W. Tracey in order to replace the present system with 'a grand council of the Nationalist [sic] Socialist Party of WA', the followers of the later 'Australia-First Movement', founded in October 1941, were arguably less cranky and not as harmless, even if their opponents on the Left thought them to consist largely of 'decadent poets and middle-aged women wanting an evening off from knitting.'5 The federal authorities also dealt with them with great effect from March 1942. Large or small, these groups constituted what one prominent historian of the extreme-Right, Andrew Moore, has termed 'losers' chiefly worthy of study only on a 'know-thy-enemy' basis. 6 They certainly were, but they warrant greater examination nonetheless and a recent collection on nationalsocialism in Oceania has begun the process that Nazi Dreamtime continues in greater detail.7

Nazi Dreamtime highlights the thinking and practices of these Nazi enthusiasts and their fellow-travellers in a broad, but detailed, sweep that seeks to illuminate a certain strain of Australian thinking of the period, focusing on their responses to the ideology and practices of national-socialism and on their belief in its applicability to Australia. It has been necessary to exclude some groups from the analysis. The discussion has been largely restricted to the attitudes of white, native-born, Anglo-Celtic Australians (these 'British subjects' constituted over 80% of the population) and to those Australian residents of British origin, given that white Australia in the 1930s remained overwhelmingly 'British'

in its outlook, to the chagrin of many of the individuals under scrutiny here, However, some non-British, Australian residents of long-standing and significant influence have also been included, alongside the occasional New Zealander, These parameters have excluded any analysis of the attitudes of most German. Australians, whose numbers varied according to differing estimates from 60_ 100,000. A recent study of the attitudes of this ethnic group, The Hitler Club, has cast considerable light on the impact of Nazism upon this community, but their association with this ideology was of a different nature from any appeal that Nazism exercised upon Anglo-Celtic Australians—many of those of German extraction were in any case convinced that the ideology was not for export.3 Others amongst them were openly hostile, and one native enthusiast, the former New Zealand army captain and anti-Semite Richard Chapman, even detected an unexpected enmity towards Nazi propaganda amongst some German-Australian communities during the 1938 visit of the Nazi-sponsored political traveller, Count von Luckner. Those more receptive German-Australians who were Nazi party (NSDAP) members, probably fewer than 200, were forbidden by the ever-encroaching Nazi Auslandsorganisation (the party organ that dealt with overseas Germans, under the British-born Gauleiter Bohle), to participate in local politics.9 From 1937, as the Nazi grip over overseas Deutschtum ('Germandom') tightened, this ban was theoretically extended to all German nationals living abroad, as the Gauleiter reminded a London audience in September—his talk was reproduced in the Anglo-German Review, a journal edited by an expatriate Australian. Although there were links between the Australia-First extremists and members of this community, German-Australian participation in the dream of an Australian form of Nazism was limited and it constitutes a different story.10 Stephensen was probably sincere in his belief of 1941 that the 'Publicist is neither Italian nor German; but is solely and distinctively Australian.'11 By that time, few Australians shared his opinion, although it is clear that he and the other propagandists had some sort of vision of what today would be called 'National Socialism with Australian characteristics', an outlook that was to be developed without foreign or ethnic interference, but which had nonetheless taken its inspiration from European national-socialism. There were also native sources of inspiration, most notably literary elements, given that Stephensen and many of the others were convinced that an 'Australian resurgence' needed to be 'politicocultural' and to contain a politically motivated 'cultural renaissance'. 12 'Inky' himself divided his followers into 'politicals' and 'poeticals' in the belief that this constituted a formidable combination—his own persona contained both strands to his discomfort.13 There is no need to be shy about this connection in the way that some commentators on the nationalist literature of the period have been, including those who have noted and understood Stephensen's attempts

to intertwine literary and political debate, while apologising for connecting a 'fascist' with writers of more respectable reputation, such as Miles Franklin. She did that herself and the *Kulturkampf*—the radical, nationalist literary push—was part of the wider political struggle undertaken by these ultra-nationalists, including some members of the *Jindyworobak* club.

The ideological stream from which the ultra-nationalist activists and writers of the period, drew much of their political sustenance has never been better examined and summarised than by the Melbourne scholar Richard Samuel in 1965.15 The salient features of national-socialist ideology identified by him were shared in substantial part, or is some cases the whole, by the Australian enthusiasts—the fetish of the racial superiority of the 'Aryan'; the rejection of Western liberalism, humanitarianism and democracy; the anti-Semitic rejection of both capitalism and a parallel, implacable hostility to 'Jewish' Bolshevism; the advocacy of a socialism stripped of its internationalism. Significantly, Samuel noted that the nineteenth-century progenitors of the ideology, Count Gobineau and H.S. Chamberlain, were non-Germans. Whilst the racism struck a certain chord in the Australian psyche of the thirties and earlier, if not necessarily the use of the 'Aryan' fetish—although the federal cabinet had once considered 'Aryan City' as a name for the new capital in the first decade of Federation-much of the remainder of the program was alien to the mainstream Australian experience. This was particularly so of anti-Semitism and German observers of the period, like the German consul in Sydney Dr-Dr (he had two) Asmis and Professor Pfeffer, were in little doubt that Australians were regrettably rusted onto their democratic institutions and that any anti-Semitism was merely of the 'golf-club' variety rather than that characterised by any inclination towards a pogrom—Pfeffer disdainfully noted in the early thirties that both the current Governor-General (Isaacs) and the former AIF commander (Monash) were Jews. 16 Here, he and the dreamers were significantly out of tune with their fellow Australians, despite the ruffling of collective feathers brought about by an increased level of Jewish migration to Australia immediately before the war.¹⁷ Once that war was over in 1945, the failure of the cause that the enthusiasts had adopted and adapted did not discourage all from further dreaming, and what the Chilean Nazi writer Javier Cox had called in 1935 the 'latent idea among all the peoples of Western culture' endured because it still represented for some of the believers 'the possibility of stopping...the materialist decadence embodied in the traditional Right as well as the Marxist Left." There has been much water-under-the-Nazi-bridge since those words were written, but the ideas espoused by the dreamers are with us

still in one form or another. A desperate Dr Joseph Goebbels, writing amidst the ruins of Berlin in the early months of 1945, still hoped that Nazism would be recognised as the 'ideology of the century'. He was mistaken, but as Samuel noted, ideology is not aiming for truth, but for the attainment of political power based on certain ideas taken from various philosophies; it is a form of 'visionary speculation' intended to appeal to the emotions. The ideologue does not mind inconsistencies or changes, claiming the absolute truth for himself as a visionary, Some of them take a broader philosophical sweep in the search for truth and pursue a 'world-view', a Weltanschauung. There certainly were rigid ideologues amongst these Australian enthusiasts and followers of the 'world-view' that had been transplanted from central Europe. When it failed, there were many of them who remained reluctant to acknowledge that their 'Dreamtime' (the 'German dream' as it was known in the Reich) had been the nightmare of many others in both peace and war—the ideologically based utopia of some is invariably the dystopia of others. Even though there was an acceptance by some Jindyworobaks in 1946 that 'our dream was the wrong dream', many of the others were unrepentant. There are clearly some in Australia who nurse hopes for a quasi-Nazi dream of 'Race and Place' in the twenty-first century—the term 'Australia-First' remains in current political usage and an internet archive circulates the writings of many dreamers discussed in this book. Like the 'desperate utopians' of the 1930s and 1940s (many of whom graduated to Holocaust denial in the post-war years), the sincerity of these 'patriots' is not in doubt. That, as Norman Lindsay observed, is perhaps the most damnable aspect of them—ironically, the 'sage of Springwood' is one of those featured in the 'Australian Nationalist' archive. It would be unwise to conclude even in a new century that such thinking has been unceremoniously dumped into the rubbish bin of history. It is more likely to be found in the recycle bin, from where remnants will be re-circulated from time to time.

Finally, there must be an account of the origins of this book. During my past research on Australian and British appeasement, I utilised that judicious work of Richard Griffiths, Fellow Travellers of the Right: British Enthusiasts for Nazi Germany 1933–9.19 Research in the National Archives in London soon after revealed that a major fellow-traveller discussed by Griffiths was, unknown to him, a Tasmanian by birth. This curious fact alone indicated that there was a companion, Australian story to be told about such people. Accordingly, Nazi Dreamtime is a complement to Griffith's British analysis, as well to that of its equally compelling American counterpart, The American Axis. 20 Whereas Griffith felt the need to close his account at 3 September 1939 owing to the complications

of dealing with attitudes and likely actions at the time of the threat of a Nazi invasion of Britain, there is no such compulsion in an Australian study, where the later threat of invasion was of a different character and from a different source, although still sharp enough to unseat the enthusiasts discussed in this book. Accordingly, the present work also deals with the wartime, and even the post-war, activities of the Australian dreamers, when wartime drama soon descended into post-war farce.

These dreamers were often risible political amateurs and the reader will find a cast of often neglected (and some better-known) characters that would be beyond belief in a work of fiction—'Inky' Stephensen, the self-styled 'Don Quixote' and 'Patriot-Martyr'; W.J. Miles, the crabbed publisher, rabid nationalist and éminence grise of Australia-First who presided over a chaotic household; C.E. Carroll, the Tasmanian-born editor of the Anglo-German Review; William Baylebridge, the 'Australian Nietzsche'; A.R. Mills, the mystic Odinist and esoteric Nazi; Hardy Wilson, the savage anti-Semite but delicate aesthete, designing concentration camps for Jews in his spare time; Ian Mudie, the zealous young nationalist poet; Alister Kershaw, the embryonic-fascist intellectual and the son Stephensen never had; Augustin Lodewyckx the intellectual apologist for Nazism; Leslie Cahill, the ex-Red street-fighter and patriotic AIF volunteer; Corporal Stokes, the POW turned SS recruit, like Kurt Vonnegut a witness of the pitiless destruction of Dresden; Kay de Haas, the German-based divorcee and broadcaster; Adela Pankhurst Walsh, the former-Suffragette and born-again Nazi; Martin Watts, the chicken-farmer turned political propagandist—there were many others. An examination of the fringes of these enthusiasts also reveals the better-known names of those who later had the good sense to distance themselves from earlier associations and from first impressions—a respectful R.G. Menzies conveying his generally favourable impressions of the new Germany; Miles Franklin, the fellow-traveller of Australia-First and mentor of its literary acolytes; Xavier Herbert, the bush-author and alleged fifth-columnist; Manning Clark, son-in-law of Lodewyckx and a nascent nationalist historian later anointed by Stephensen. As Talleyrand advised, always mistrust your first impressions, as they are always too generous. Every new archive reveals further layers of these enthusiastic dreamers and astonishes the reader with a mixture of political high drama and comedy, such as the account of an early public meeting of Australia-First in Sydney in November 1941, during which the speaker's attempts to lecture on the virtues of Imperial Japan were interrupted by the dance-band in an adjoining hall strumming 'Rock Me to Sleep with your Dreams'. I have tried to capture the troubled spirit of troubled people in a troubled time and to remain true to Manning Clark's advice to let the sources speak for themselves by creating history anew through their voices. This mystic also suggested that 'the narrator

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must learn to shut up', but like Clark himself I have often found that advice difficult to follow. Nevertheless, the reader of *Nazi Dreamtime* will primarily hear the voices of the players themselves.

Winter, which I gratefully acknowledge and commend. Thanks are also owing to the Australian Prime Ministers Centre in Old Parliament House, Canberra, where I enjoyed a Fellowship during the course of my research when further examining the career of Joseph Lyons. Dr Karl Wolf of Springwood kindly deciphered some of the difficult, bureaucratic language used by the German Nazis in some of their correspondence with Australian fellow-travellers. The staffs of the many institutions listed in the bibliography are always to be thanked for their diligence, especially those at the archives of the University of Queensland—as a symbol of my gratitude to them all I acknowledge Constance Pavey, who gave 'twenty-five years service to Victorian public libraries', so the bronze plaque in her seat under the dome of the State Library of Victoria attests. Much of Nazi Dreamtime was researched and written under that wonderful dome, in that seat, when my own dreaming was interrupted only by the curse of the mobile phone. Any errors in the text are my own responsibility.

David S. Bird, Melbourne 2011.

PART ONE A KIND OF PEACE, 1933-39

Race and Place are the two permanent elements in a culture.
P.R. Stephensen, The Foundations of Culture in Australia, 1936.

CHAPTER | THE PRELUDE— 'CONDUCTING FASCISM'

Both Democracy and Parliament must be made to function in the interests of the State, not for any one section, and every citizen would do well to forget a few of, what he calls, rights and think a little more about what have been almost forgotten, duties.

Wilfrid Kent Hughes, Victorian parliamentarian, I September 1931.

Whatever may have been Germany's war guilt, she more than squared her account in 1933.

Eric Campbell, The New Road, 1934.

He's mad, he's mad.

Benito Mussolini, following his first meeting with Adolf Hitler, Venice, June 1934.

Early imitations—Old Guard and New—'Who is Hitler?'—Campbell's pilgrimage—Communism or Fascism—furthering Fascism.

In the beginning, for those dreaming of a radical, authoritarian, national resurgence in Australia, there was the model of Italian Fascism. However, a commonplace prejudice against anything Italian remained an obstacle to those seeking converts to their 'native' fascism. Being a good Italian Fascist in Australia often did not make you socially acceptable to Anglo-Saxons of a similar political

mind; it did not even make you acceptable to many German-Australians inclined to Nazism. Just as the Nazi Party (NSDAP) would later seek to infiltrate German-Australian communities from 1933, so had the Italian Fascist Party (PNF) previously sought to control Italian-Australians in the 1920s and beyond. In the meantime, the appeal of fascism sought to defy ethnic prejudice by seeping into the broader Australian community, where it attracted a few political renegades and eventually spawned the significant local franchise of the 'New Guard' in the first years of the 1930s.2 Nevertheless, after the surprisingly early demise of that movement from June 1932, the Australian form of fascism returned to its origins of futile, individual flights of fancy such as in the Melbourne-based 'Fascist Union of Australia'. These activities paralleled, often intersected, those of the nationalsocialist enthusiasts from 1933, but the division between them was clear and it was very soon apparent that Nazism was more than just a German imitation of the Italianate nationalist movement that Hitler so admired. Alan Chisholm, after sympathetically observing both systems first-hand in 1936-37, believed that Nazi Germany was undergoing an entirely different 'cultural evolution' to that occurring in Fascist Italy.3 Importantly, the German variety was obsessed with concepts of 'race', an unavoidable factor at that time and one that had long been of primary importance to the psyche of white Australians, many of whom indulged in the 'Aryan' fetish of northern European difference and superiority. Although there were some elements of racist ethnocentricity in Italian Fascism and it shared other common structural elements with Nazism, the practitioners of these radical ideologies, then and now, have sought to distinguish between the emphasis of the one variety on the 'nation' and the other on 'race', however contentious and disputed the latter term has now become. 4 The British Union of Fascists, conscious of these differences of focus, rebranded itself in 1936 as the 'British Union of Fascists and National Socialists', an impractical mouthful that was soon abbreviated to the 'British Union', but this organisation, like others, never succeeded in reconciling its 'fascist' and 'Nazi' elements. One irrepressible British fascist on the fringes of the fringe, Arnold Leese, attempted to do so with considerable gusto, referring to the ideology of his Imperial Fascist League as 'Racial Fascism'. The same tensions existed in the Australian Right, with whom Leese had some contacts by subscribing to the Publicist journal as the closest antipodean expression of his variety of fascism. Although P.R. Stephensen's 'Australia-First' movement clearly contained fascist elements, the presence in its ranks of rabid anti-Semites and anti-Christian pagan revivalists pushed it into the orbit of Nazism, let alone its obsession with the Hitler cult, a mandatory element for any organisation or individual claiming the status of being Nazi. Europeans were soon made conscious of these requirements—a body of idealistic young German law students at a 1935 Kiel conference had reminded their less

enlightened French colleagues that even being anti-Semitic in the bourgeois Gallic style did not make you a good Nazi. The French had sought to stress their ideological correctness by highlighting their opposition to 'Negroization and Judaization' in an attempt to deflect unwelcome German claims that they lacked 'racial consciousness', but they had also confessed that they remained unconvinced of Hitler's 'historic greatness'.5 The ideologue always constructs obstacles to purity, so both anti-Semitism and Hitler-worship were necessary to make a good national-socialist. A good fascist needed neither, as the clerical-fascism of pre-Anschluss Austria illustrated-before March 1938, the Jews of Austria prospered under a native fascist regime despite widespread social prejudice; after that date they either fled Nazism or were destroyed by it. Many of them wanted to flee to Australia in the belief that this distant continent was free of political extremity and not obsessed with the 'Jewish question'. In the first of these beliefs they were mistaken; as for the second, European refugees would shortly encounter the artificially stimulated anti-Semitism and Hitler-mania of the local enthusiasts attracted to Nazism, for whom fascism had only been an anaemic prelude.

1

The Australian variety of fascism had inauspicious beginnings in the 1920s, despite the praise heaped upon the Italian experiment by visiting Australian luminaries like Premier Lawson of Victoria in March 1923 and by his NSW counterpart, Sir George Fuller, in June 1924. Lawson had expressed 'keen sympathy with the Fascist movement' following an interview with Mussolini and Fuller too endorsed the man 'who had saved Italy from Bolshevism.' Archbishop Duhig of Brisbane added a spiritual element to this secular enthusiasm following his own interview with the *Duce* in November 1927, noting after his return home that Fascism was wrongly condemned by the ignorant, who failed to 'understand how much the movement was needed in Italy'. There was no suggestion at this level of society that such a movement was needed in Australia, at least not yet. Further down the social ladder, however, there was a difference of opinion. Captain James Hatcher RN formed a branch of 'Fascisti' in Melbourne in 1925, with ties to those of similar sentiment in Britain, and in Adelaide in the following year, a Britishborn tram conductor, Frederick Darley, held a small 'but enthusiastic' public meeting in order to establish an 'Australian Command British Fascists'. Such a structure was needed, he asserted, to combat communism and to maintain order amidst the instability of a revolution.8 Unfortunately for this self-appointed 'State Commandant', there was no Australian revolution to confront at that inaugural, and final, meeting. His employer thought Darley immature (he was a 28-year-old war veteran who swaggered a pistol on occasion) and the security services, never

known for their subtlety, later believed him to be 'as mad as a hatter' and a 'Nit Wit.'9 These services consisted of a mix of state and federal agencies, including state police special branches and many small federal agencies, amongst which were a Commonwealth Investigation Branch (CIB) and later a 'Commonwealth Security Service' (created to meet wartime needs in March 1942). Their work often overlapped and fields of responsibility were sometimes blurred. There was little need, however, for further scrutiny of the ineffective Australian Command in 1926, despite its endorsement by a Nationalist member of federal parliament, Mr Maxwell, in February, when its *bona fides* to provide 'rallying-points' against communism were acknowledged.¹⁰ Captain Hatcher was forced to concentrate on his role as Chief of Sea Scouts in Victoria; Darley continued to conduct trams, not counter-revolution.

Conductor Darley had astutely noted that there was a serious impediment to the progress of local fascism—there was no Australian Mussolini, and the presence of a dynamic, charismatic leader is the sine qua non of such movements. One of the major attractions to the followers of fascism, as it was to the Nazis, was their devotion to the cult of the leader. Although Australians like the rising Young Nationalist R.G. Menzies could continue to admire Mussolini's 'leadership' and to admire from afar this 'Caesar and Napoleon combined' as another lawyer called him, there remained a local vacancy.11 A.E. Bennett, the founder of the conservative 'All for Australia League', one of the 'antipolitical' groups that mushroomed during the Great Depression after 1929, searched in vain for a charismatic leader with an air of mystique. Instead this organisation was instrumental in 1930 in the anointment of Joseph Lyons as a national saviour. 'Honest Joe' Lyons was not without a touch of charisma and even mystique, but it was of a type entirely devoid of what the Bulletin called 'Black Shirts and theatricalism'. 12 Although Lyons as Prime Minister later happily described his Italian counterpart as a man who has done 'immense good', he was no Australian Mussolini, and soon after gaining office politely declined the opportunity extended to him by a NSW grazier in November 1932 to stand aside for an anonymous 'Mussolini-like strong man'. 13 By then, following the fall of the radical Jack Lang in NSW, Australian conservatives no longer saw much need to associate with the fascist fringe, although younger hot-heads like Wilfrid Kent Hughes continued to do so.

Kent Hughes (b.1895), decorated Light Horse veteran, Rhodes Scholar (1920–22), Victorian president of the Young Nationalists and later a member, and minister, of the State parliament preferred to be a fascist 'without a shirt'. First elected in 1927 as a 'Progressive Nationalist' outside of the party machine and the 'money power' that he so detested, Kent Hughes was soon searching for political innovations. By July 1929, he had openly denounced parliamentary democracy

as a 'curse', although this did not prevent his re-election to the parliament later that year, now as a mainstream conservative, albeit an uncomfortable one.14 A minister after May 1932 in Lyons's amalgamated 'United Australia Party', Kent Hughes continued to look elsewhere for inspiration. He found it in Italy and was happy to share his conversion with the readers of the Young Nationalist journal, Australian Statesman, through articles such as 'Fascism-The Spirit of the Age' in May 1933 and similarly with those of the Melbourne Herald in November 1933.15 Here, Mussolini was continually praised as an innovator, whose system could be anglicized (that is, no 'coloured shirts' or street thugs) and even adapted to parliamentarianism. The Victorian Young Nationalists, however, shortly afterwards at their Healesville conference rejected his proposals to sweep away 'worn-out ideas' and Kent Hughes soon found himself sidelined, forced to watch the rise of British fascism with a frustrated, distant interest.¹⁶ His nemesis, Robert Menzies, had spoken eloquently at the same venue of his admiration for Mussolini, but had distanced himself carefully from Italy's non-parliamentary system. Kent Hughes was never daunted by the opinion of Menzies and throughout the thirties he maintained his fear of Australian democracy 'swiftly sliding to its extreme form of Mobocracy' and continued to wonder 'When the False Gods Depart. What Next?'17 Whereas the 'German Fascists' had also seemed to Kent Hughes in 1931 to offer some alternative in the period before 'Herr Hitler' gained power he was ultimately amongst the many Australians, like Archbishop Duhig, who were inclined to fascism but unwilling to find a home amongst those dreaming of national-socialism after 1933. In Hughes's case, the casual violence, the calculated assault of 'Nordic paganism' on Christianity and the 'insane racialism' of Nazism were especially repugnant and drew him to the critical conclusions about Hitler that Mussolini had first drawn in 1934 (and subsequently returned to after 1943). Politically bypassed from 1935, Kent Hughes often retreated to private musings and poetry as the 'devil's decade' progressed under the shadow of Nazi Germany rather than Fascist Italy.¹⁸ One of his better efforts was 'Ode to a Cockroach', a hymn to the survivor, possibly a grudging acknowledgement of the endurance of what he had denounced in the Australian Quarterly in 1934 as the 'old machine' of parliamentary democracy.¹⁹

11

The crisis of that 'old machine' did not always seem to all conservatives as cause to abandon democracy, but throughout the Twenties and into the following decade, it did lead to increased establishment vigilance against the spectre of revolution. The development of the secret militias in the Twenties has been documented elsewhere, but often incorrectly labelled as a phenomenon of the radical Right, of

'fascism'. Even though these shadowy, covert organisations contained admirers of Mussolini, they were reactionary in nature and entirely without the revolutionary aspect that is associated with the various forms of fascism—that is, activist political practice of a publicly theatrical character, combined with a radical, even revolutionary, ideologically-based world-view. The theatre of the radical Right craves an audience and thirsts for action; the secret militias of the conservative Right eschewed populism, shunning publicity in favour of the covert. The White Guard from 1923, the quasi-military League of National Security in Victoria and the Old Guard from 1930 (earlier the Citizens' Defence Brigade) in NSW sprang from Anglo-Australian conservatism, not from Italian revolutionary politics, which was 'conservatism-with-knobs-on'.20 However, there is a place for such conservative bodies in an account of incipient Australian fascism, for amongst the imitators of the White Guard was the former AIF officer and solicitor Eric Campbell (of the prosaic firm 'Campbell, Campbell and Campbell'), who first came to prominence as a potential strike-breaker on the Sydney waterfront in 1925. Associated with the Old Guard in Sydney from November 1930, Lt-Col. Campbell soon thought a more activist, confrontational style of politics, more attuned to the psychology of the already legendary 'digger', was necessary to counter the populism of Jack Lang's Labor government.21 Accordingly, the New Guard was born in February 1931 in a blaze of publicity that Campbell continued to cultivate for the remainder of his brief political life. The New Guard would prove to be the most virulent form of Australian fascism between the wars, although many of its members seemed taken aback by the obvious parallels, and even became alienated from the theatricality of it all. Campbell himself also came to demonstrate the difficult relationship that existed between those Australians who looked to Rome for inspiration and those whose focus was on the Munichbased movement stirring north of the Alps. The New Guard has received attention from Australian historians in its first phase up to mid-1932, but there has been little focus on the destabilisation from within of Campbell's leadership at that time and the subsequent attraction of Nazism that he exhibited in the second, more radical phase of the movement, the period that followed the demise of the bête noir, Jack Lang, in June 1932. This attraction was a substantial factor in the political evolution, and decline, of Eric Campbell. If Lang was sometimes associated with Lenin, then the 'Chief Commander' acquired something of a Führer complex in that second period.

Although conceived in the cloisters of the exclusive Imperial Service Club in Sydney in February 1931 by a group of former AIF officers, this 'new' Guard soon sought to differentiate itself from the 'old' through an impressive public initiation in the Sydney Town Hall on 22 July. It is unlikely that many of those who attended were more focused on Mussolini than on Lang, even if the

program of the organisation called for the 'Abolition of Machine Politics'. There were no obvious signs of Italian-style fascism, but the New Guard soon exhibited fascist symptoms for those willing to look for them. The second Town Hall mass meeting on 16 September wanted to abolish machine politics by force and had even used threats of 'the spirit of Cromwell', a contradictory stance for an organisation that boasted in its program of 'Unswerving Loyalty to the Throne'. It had also talked of 100,000 men marching on Macquarie St in order to turn out the government—an echo of Mussolini's 'March on Rome' for anyone who cared to listen. Although a characteristic exaggeration, this was not entirely fanciful, for the NSW police soon after estimated that the membership of the New Guard had surpassed 36,000, with the organisation struggling to process a total of nearly 90,000 applications. ²³

In the new year of 1932, the trappings of fascism that Kent Hughes in Melbourne thought inappropriate and unnecessary appeared in Sydney. The first Town Hall meeting of the year, on 18 February, featured the use of the fascist salute and the casual violence associated with Italian practice by both critics and supporters found expression in the bashing of trade unionist Jock Garden in May. Significantly, a proportion of the perpetrators admitted membership of an inner 'Fascist Legion of the New Guard'; related plans for the creation of armed mobile units, the 'Blueshirts', had already caused dissension within the ranks.24 In Campbell's 1960s memoirs, Rallying Point, the retired Chief Commander was in ideological denial. He repeated the denial he had made to Police Superintendent 'Big Bill' MacKay (the Commissioner from 1935) in May 1931—that his guardsmen were not 'the stuff that revolutionaries are made of'. He also denied much knowledge at the time of Nazism or Fascism, other than an eschewal of their revolutionary tendencies.²⁵ These denials were half-true in 1931; they had not improved with age by 1965. Any reader of the organisation's journal, the New Guard, could be left in no doubt that the movement was increasingly inspired by, and modelled upon, the Italian example. In its columns on 15 January 1932, Campbell had called for the extinguishment of the principles of parliamentary authority and sovereignty, whilst the correspondent Jack Roper had cited Mussolini on 15 April as the 'perhaps the most forceful man in the world', without too much emphasis on 'perhaps'. The Duce, he concluded, has shown that democracy is a 'fallacy' and that the only form of government for the nation's welfare was 'monarchy sustained by a powerful dictator'. Accordingly, Campbell was an ideological fascist in practice and theory before the removal of Lang, May-June 1932, and well in advance of his European pilgrimage of 1933. The fascist direction of the New Guard by 1932 had already caused considerable dissension within its membership, including protests from Campbell's deputy, Major G. Treloar.26 Once Lang's 'reign of terror', as Campbell labelled it,

had been extirpated by the electors of NSW in June 1932, with a little viceregal help, many drifted away from an organisation that they now viewed as excessively authoritarian and imbued with a foreign ideology. Even the official journal, New Guard, was restless about Campbell's leadership style ('Answers We Demand') and was soon superseded by the more compliant Liberty.27 The Chief Commander nevertheless remained resolute and gained the endorsement of a convention for a 'Council of Action' in what now amounted to the methods of Führerprinzip. As Liberty described it on 18 August, 'the delegation of such sweeping authority to Colonel Campbell is a remarkable tribute to his leadership and a pungent expression of the faith of the Movement in the principle of control from the top downwards rather than from the bottom upwards'. Not surprisingly, Campbell was now determined to establish 'Dictatorship in 2 1/2 Years' according to a 2CH radio broadcast of late 1932: 'Inspired by the example of Italy the New Guard will create in Australia a new spirit of the people as far removed from the existing spirit as new-day Italy is removed from the Italy of post-war chaos.'28 His further shift to the radical Right was now inspired by the new spirit of Nazism, as well as saturated with the older one of Fascism, even before a pilgrimage took him to the centres of attraction.

111

Campbell's ideological progress was amongst the many influenced by the appointment of Adolf Hitler as German chancellor on 30 January 1933 in the so-called 'Seizure of Power'—Machtergreifung—a milestone in the history of the radical Right both in Europe and elsewhere. To some, this was a second chapter of continental fascism, to others, the opening of a new, distinct volume. Those inclined to fascism and Italophilia differed in their immediate reaction. Some, like Campbell, welcomed the same moral fervour; many Catholics, like Duhig, were cautious about the paganism, as was Kent Hughes, even if the Catholic Press seemed initially unconcerned; others, like Norman Lindsay, sensed an unwelcome revival of the old furor Germanicus for which they continued to display considerable animosity. One group, the anti-Semites, were especially enthusiastic, for this particular band of fanatics thought Italian Fascism, and its Australian variety, unsound on that issue—even Campbell had welcomed 'good-class Jews' in the New Guard, although he later diluted this rare example of tolerance.²⁹ One prominent NSW Jewish parliamentarian, Sir Daniel Levy, who was sympathetic to the guardsmen even expressed some level of understanding for the new brand of German nationalism.30 If Levy could set aside the Jewish question, there was no reason why Campbell and others could not do likewise and by February 1933 the journal Liberty had tautologically endorsed 'Germany's Bid for New Renaissance',

publishing its first picture of the new chancellor, whom it described as a 'deep philosopher' of 'supra-nationalistic Aryanism'. Even Hitler himself would have baulked at that first element, whilst accepting the second. *Liberty* also posed a question about the Nazi storm troopers who were increasingly coming to control the streets of Germany: 'Racketeers or Crusaders?' The implied answer was the obvious one, for the Chief Commander was already at sea, bound for the fount of this crusade.

Other more mainstream Australian journals were accepting of Hitler's anticommunist credentials in the belief that he was bringing order from chaos and that Germany's grievances were legitimate products of the Versailles system.³² The last theme in particular took some considerable teasing and as late as 1936 Archbishop Mannix was complaining to the young Bob Santamaria that the follies of Versailles had given Hitler a totally undeserved opportunity. Despite his own version of the Concordat that Rome had struck with the Church a decade earlier, it had not taken most Australian Catholics to realise that Hitler was not a pale imitation of Mussolini, but in a class of his own. It was this realisation that would gradually work upon the enthusiasts and sharpen their focus on the national resurgence beginning in Germany, rather than on the one well advanced in Italy; ideology accomplished what residual anti-Italian prejudice had hampered. Nothing illustrated this better than the columns of the much diminished Bulletin, which had habitually expressed discomfort at signs of 'Latin' chauvinism, demeaning Italians as prone to mandolin-playing and other theatricals, yet endorsed the 'German revolution' of 1933 with considerable enthusiasm.

'Tacitus' in the Bulletin posed the question 'Who is Hitler?' on 22 March 1933: 'Adventurer, office-seeker, mountebank? No! Honest, straightforward, clean-living man, fervent patriot, great organizer, a man of vision? Yes!' This salutation was followed by a potted, sanitised biography of the German leader, which repeated a number of factual errors about Hitler's parents and his war service. But the facts have never impeded a good story, and 'Tacitus' clearly thought he was on a winner this time, suggesting: 'The high national ideals advocated by the Nazis and the relentless fight waged against Communism attracted right-thinking people.' He also indicated an awareness of similarity with the program of the New Guard: 'They design to replace rule through the majority resolutions of inexperts [sic] by a system of responsible leadership backed by expert advice.' Only nine months earlier, New Guard had called for 'Government by Commission' and only weeks before *Liberty* had detailed this proposal as rule by self-appointed businessmen and leading citizens (not quite what Hitler had in mind).33 Once it became more evident what Hitler did have in mind following the April boycott of Jewish businesses, the issue of anti-Semitism could not evade even the attention of 'Tacitus'. On 24 May

he offered what was to become a standard account and apologia for German anti-Semitism, one that the Australian dreamers would repeat for many years to come. Although acknowledging the patriotism of German Jews during the war, 'Tacitus' accounted for post-war anti-Semitism by the influx of eastern Jews 'saturated with Bolshevik ideals', an argument that would be recycled for local conditions later in the decade when proposals for Jewish resettlement in remote Australia were mooted. For now, 'Tacitus' noted the over-representation of the Jews in the German communist movement and suggested that current reforms were not 'Jew-baiting', but involved the removal of communist influence. He concluded by referring to the views of the German 'Central Organisation of Jewish Ex-servicemen', which had recently abhorred the propaganda exaggeration of persecution in the foreign press. Like all effective propaganda, this account by 'Tacitus' was truthful enough for consumption without too much indigestion, at least by those whose appetites were already accustomed to a fascist diet. In later years, those dreamers who were not immediately inclined to anti-Semitism could be brought into the fold by such arguments. The Hitler cult had reached Australian shores.

IV

Eric Campbell and 'Tacitus' had their differences, but they would eventually be of one mind on the Jewish question. This transformation was one by-product of Campbell's seven-month pilgrimage to fascist Europe in 1933, as he sought inspiration and ideological enforcement for the New Guard in its post-Lang phase. Lang had certainly gone, but, as the final issue of New Guard reminded its readership on 15 June 1932—'What Next?'—there was always the possibility of his return and therefore the need for vigilance. Accordingly, now that Red revolution had been thwarted at home, Campbell wished to view foreign measures of counter-revolution at first hand. He, his wife and niece left Sydney on board the Oronsay on 7 January, not returning until 3 August. Some of the guardsmen were maudlin at the prospect of separation—a Sydney ferry was hired for the occasion, shadowing the ship up to the Heads and providing a musical farewell. Some other members of the organisation were not so distraught, as the Chief Commander was to discover on his return. As well as a political odyssey, Campbell was investigating business opportunities for a Sydney firm 'Australian Soaps'.34 The old country was the first destination and Campbell wasted no time in contacting British soap manufacturers and fascists. He later claimed that the Head of Naval Intelligence at the Admiralty pointed him towards Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the British Union of Fascists, with whom he lunched and he was suitably impressed. After attending one of the BUF's mass meetings, however, Campbell later claimed a

level of disappointment: 'Well, if those are Fascists, I don't want to be one.'35 His response at the time, as demonstrated by an address he gave to BUF members at Oxford, suggested greater enthusiasm. 36 Fortunately for him, however, there were varieties of British fascism and he also encountered an especially virulent form in the Imperial Fascist League of Arnold Leese. Campbell found this variety, 'Racial Fascism'-Nazism in all but name-more conducive than the diluted form of Mosley. Leese was a veterinarian who specialised in camel diseases and consequently at a professional loose end back home in Britain, but he was to prove an inveterate analyst of what he perceived to be the social pathology of the Jewish question—to this fanatic, even Mosley the 'kosher fascist' was not sufficiently ideologically pure. Campbell nevertheless preferred the level of patriotism that he found amongst Leese's followers to that of the Mosleyites, some indication of his own ideological evolution, although the disparity between the size of the two branches of British fascism did eventually lead to a working relationship between the New Guard and the BUF (the 'New Empire Union'), rather than with the more erratic IFL.³⁷ This episode serves to illustrate the tensions between fascists of an anti-Semitic persuasion and the others. At home, Liberty dutifully reported Campbell's reception by Mosley in its issue of 18 April 1933, but also devoted editorial space to a denunciation of European anti-Semitism, concluding: 'In Australia the nation observes the rights of the individual and the individual is expected to observe the rights of the nation. Thus, we recognise no Jewish problem, no Irish problem, nor any sectarian problem. And that is as it should be.' To Leese, and the Australian dreamers who later followed his course, this was an example of 'kosher fascism'. Whatever Mosley could or could not do for Campbell, he did provide social and political access that was beyond the imagination of a lone-wolf and social outcast like Leese. Accordingly, the Commander soon crossed the Channel fortified with a Mosley-endorsed letters of introduction, including one to Benito Mussolini himself.

Germany called first, from Cologne to Berlin then to Munich and the Austrian border, and it was a *Reich* that had changed regime while Campbell had been enjoying the sea-air aboard ship. Berlin he thought materially backward, but 'more orderly than George Street, Sydney', and 'about as sedate as Melbourne at its worst', with a population 'inspired with spiritual exaltation in the justice of their cause and behind Hitler to a man.'38 Hitler impressed him too, as the leader who had saved Germany and thus Europe from a communist revolution. He was understandably keen to meet the *Führer*, but on his unannounced arrival at the Chancellery in the *Wilhelmstrasse*, Campbell was able to see only three party officials, none of whom was at the very highest level of the *Reich* leadership—these were Rosenberg, the ponderous party philosopher; von Ribbentrop, the *soi-disant* foreign-policy expert (later the Foreign Minister)

and the Harvard-educated Dr 'Putzi' Hanfstaengl, one of Hitler's old Munich cronies and something of a licensed fool within the inner-circle. He also often dealt with English-speaking visitors. By Campbell's own admission, these men knew nothing of the New Guard.³⁹ But what impressed him most were not these motley examples of internecine Nazi bureaucrats, but the deep level of patriotism and order that he encountered on the street, particularly after witnessing the inevitable mass parades of storm troopers that marked the period. It was these memories of the German spirit inspired by Nazism that stayed with Campbell as he crossed into an Austria that was more ideologically aligned with Rome than Berlin. He later extolled 2CH Sydney listeners: 'Let us pay our tribute with admiration in our hearts, to our cousins in Germany for the spiritual exaltation and racial pride that inspires their achievements.'⁴⁰

This taste and allure of Nazism even alienated Campbell from the peculiar brand of clerical-fascism that he encountered in the diminutive Austria of the even more diminutive Dr Dollfuss, whom he denounced as a 'dictator' and a butcher whose power was derived from the Vatican. This was an outlook shared by the outlawed Austrian Nazis, but was not the attitude that might have been expected from a fellow champion of native fascism like Campbell. Perhaps not surprisingly, once across the Brenner and in the land of Dollfuss's Italian patron, the Commander was again denied access to the man at the top, in spite of Mosley's letter, and he failed to secure the Italian regime's ultimate compliment of an interview with Mussolini. An audience with the *Duce* had been extended in recent years to Archbishop Duhig and Prime Minister Scullin, and was shortly to be extended twice to Prime Minister Lyons. Campbell was forced to make do with Party secretary Starace, but despite disappointment, he tersely recalled: 'I was deeply impressed with the regimes in both Germany and Italy.'41 On his return to Fremantle on 26 July, however, it was Germany that remained paramount in his mind, when he rebuffed accusations of Jewish persecution in that country by reminding reporters: 'The Nazis were orderly, patriotic and determined. Herr Hitler has helped Germany to find her soul just at the time when they were on the verge of a Communist revolution.' Australians, he suggested, could learn from such movements. 42 Apparently, travel had not broadened the mind of the Chief Commander, but it had reinforced his view that the ideological path he was following before his journeying was the correct one.

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Not even the remaining membership of the New Guard was so sure of their leader's conclusions. The membership had begun to wither following the demise of Lang, so Campbell was faced with the need to offer an alternative course of action and alternative demons. His pilgrimage had confirmed an earlier belief

that the fascist path was the right course to follow. This was a 'New Road' as he subsequently called it, which followed the same route as any new Autobahn, as well as any old autostrada. The fascist salute became de rigueur at the meetings of the new 'New Guard', as well as a uniform of sorts (albeit uninspiring white shirts with purple armbands) and the leader now espoused what he quaintly called 'political Fascism', indicating his intention to engage in the parliamentary game, perhaps emboldened by what he had seen of the Nazis and their electoral successes in Germany. In an extensive interview with the inveterately hostile, acerbic Sydney journal Smith's Weekly, Campbell responded to suggestions that his movement was disintegrating beneath him, that 'Dictator Will Soon Have Nobody to Dictate To.' He was pictured giving the controversial salute, which he described, accurately, as having been employed by the Romans: 'In any case, it is our salute and we intend to keep it.'43 Whilst Campbell denied imitation of either fascism or, significantly, national-socialism, he did admit that 'active members' espoused the 'broad ideals' of what he called 'Fascism'—this, he suggested, was the looming choice for Australians—'Communism or Fascism.' Yet, once Campbell went public with the formation of a new party on 4 December 1933, he designated it the 'Centre Party'. It is difficult to find a better, or worse, example of deceptive trade description in the annals of Australian political history. Liberty had already been canvassing policies over previous months in anticipation and any reader could not therefore have been surprised that the new party stood for the wholesale transplantation of the Italian corporate state, with a dash of German 'folk-community' (Volksgemeinschaft) considered appropriate for a community largely of northern European origin.44 Not until the end of the following year was Campbell able to document this vision in his detailed testament, the New Road, but by then the New Guard was melting away—the more fascist it became, the more its membership seemed to decline and the more unstable Campbell's leadership seemed to appear. 45 At times during 1934, he lost control of the organisation and truly became what Smith's Weekly had earlier labelled him—a dictator with nobody to dictate to.

The *New Road* was unable to reverse the outgoing tide of either leader or rump movement, despite the Nazi, German-Australian newspapers *Die Brücke* ('The Bridge') recommending it to readers in the old and new countries—this weekly had been founded in Sydney in 1934 as the journal of the German Union in Australia and New Zealand with £2,900 of German currency that the *Reich* could ill afford to expatriate. ⁴⁶ Yet, it was already too late for the new party by late 1934; Lang was clearly not coming back and even the crippled economy seemed to be improving under the guidance of the popular Lyons, whose earlier prediction to Campbell himself had come home to roost. Lyons had told the New Guard leader on 7 April 1932 that only 'parliamentary means' not 'Dictatorship'

could solve the nation's problems, something that Campbell, like the dreamers after him, declined to accept. 47 Campbell's pen was exercised in vain—few were inclined now to accept the endless expositions of the 'Corporate State' or to stomach the ritual denunciations of Australians as lazy, gullible political degenerates, social weaklings and sloppy sentimentalists. 48 The conclusion of the New Road that 'I am a Fascist because I am a democrat' was risible, particularly as these words were written by a political author who eagerly sought a portrait of another, the better-known author of Mein Kampf, from the German consulgeneral Dr Asmis. 49 Although Campbell continued to perceive Mussolini as a national saviour and Hitler as one of world dimensions, he had failed to realise that the Nazis had succeeded electorally through flattering voters, not through insulting them. The dreamers who followed him later in the decade made the same mistake, despite their finer proximity to Nazi thinking.

The Centre Party's first, and last, electoral test came at the NSW state election of May 1935, where it contested five electorates; Campbell himself stood in Lane Cove. The outcome was not quite the electoral thrashing that some have suggested, with Campbell polling almost 17% of the vote, considerably higher than any figure attained by Mussolini before the March on Rome or by Hitler before the electoral tsunami of the Great Depression. However, without the Weimar prop of proportional representation, this represented an electoral brickwall for the Centre and the 'New Road' was a dead-end. Yet Campbell did not pass away without a whimper and he issued a semi-personal Eric Campbell's Gazette until the end of 1935, in which he continued to expostulate on the corporate state in a way that seemed to become more and more complicated, for, as he proclaimed in October: 'First Thought, then Action.'50 This wholly un-fascist suggestion was followed by a virtual admission of defeat: 'Don't let the word Fascism frighten you. Remember that Christianity itself was regarded with loathing by the powerful for centuries.' Campbell had already descended into his own catacombs, from where he failed to emerge, aside from an address to a Rotary conference in late 1936—here he proposed New Guard supervision of compulsory military training for youth.51 This request for official re-employment from a frustrated Commander went nowhere. By June 1937, he was forced to admit that the movement was now 'sleeping'.52 It had been overtaken by dreams of a different sort.

VI

Australian fascism after Campbell was dead, but it would not lie down. The mantle descended on the politically inactive and upon a collection of scattered, wayward, individual activists, but there was not a great deal of thought and

even less action. Only a Sydney undertaker, Nugent Bull, took the rocky road of taking up arms for the cause. The Francoist cause in Spain attracted this militant, fascistic Catholic (over sixty Australians served on the other side) and the twenty-nine-year-old abandoned his plans to become an accountant and was appropriately enrolled in the 'Bridegroom of Death' unit of the Spanish Foreign Legion in October 1937. The recruit spoke a little French, but no Spanish and his nationality puzzled the recruiting officers, so they posted him to the French 'Joan of Arc' detachment.53 Bull was from a prosperous family and had been inspired in his youth by 'Catholic Action', whose anti-Semitic and anti-Freemasonry concepts dove-tailed with fascism. He was not a Nazi, but he shared the anticommunist enthusiasm for both Hitler and Mussolini, although hoping that a victorious Nationalist Spain would follow the Portuguese model of a corporate state with the Church as a central institution. In this respect, legionnaire Bull was not disappointed following the victory parade in Madrid in May 1939, in which he participated, and following his demobilisation in Morocco in June.⁵⁴ At a loose end in London at the outbreak of the larger conflict, Bull joined the RAF and was killed in action while serving with Bomber Command in September 1940 when his aircraft crashed into the Channel following a raid on the Reich. His Sydney family subsequently received an anonymous letter stating that this death was a 'just fate' given that the enthusiast had been 'killed fighting against those he fought with in Spain'.55 This was an uncharitable, malevolent view, but logical.

Amongst those at home who preferred their fascism in its theoretical form was the Sydney cancer-specialist Dr Herbert Moran, who had donated £1,000 to the University of Sydney in 1930 in order to establish a lectureship in Italian, but he was also interested in their politics as well as their language. Although flattered in the Italian community as 'one of those who can be called teachers of fascism in Australia', he went no further than giving talks to the Modern Languages Association in Sydney and publishing his extensive, laudatory impressions of the new Italy in his 1935 Letters From Rome. 56 His admiration for fascism in its Italian variety was matched by the South Australian writer Catherine Grant, who also approved of Italy's program of expansionary imperialism, telling the readers of the Adelaide Advertiser that 'I find it impossible to express my admiration for the lack of pretension, the real and solid hard work and inspired organisation that have led Italy to such greatness in so short a time.' While visiting the country, she was especially impressed by the large number of 'handsome, intelligent, uniformed young men' at the official receptions provided for visiting journalists.⁵⁷ Back home, however, there seemed to her to be a shortage of many of these qualities.

Even though Campbell was vacating the field, there were others willing to step into his jackboots. One was Kenneth Moore, a frock-manufacturer in Flinders

Lane, Melbourne, a 'restless young man' and adherent of the corporate state who, as a good fascist, saw no necessity for anti-Semitism in the Australian context, thereby distancing himself from the Nazi dreamers. He founded the 'Fascist Union of Australia' for a few months in 1935, but it faded away until its founder was invited to talk on radio 3DB in an April 1938 Saturday debate on the suitability of fascism for Australia. Moore arrived sporting a black tie, his only semblance of a fascist uniform, and was comprehensively demolished in debate by Geoffrey Sawer, LLM, (who preferred communism) but not before Moore offered the listeners access to fascist literature from a post office address. Despite his modest speaking abilities, he was enthusiastically supported by an Italian fascist claque, the majority of whom 'were younger people of both sexes, some women being especially frantic in their applause' according to a CIB informer.58 3DB chose not to repeat this rowdy exercise and soon after Moore was fined £4 for damaging the rooms of the Communist Party. By May the following year he had changed his mind about anti-Semitism and was credited with posting handbills on the walls of a Melbourne bank: 'Bankers-Jews-Reds. The Triple Threat to Australian Security.'59 The young pamphleteer was also associated with the distribution of a sole flyer from the 'National Action Front', which soon become inactive as war approached. Yet the prospect of inadvertently killing fellow fascists in that conflict did not prevent Moore (like Bull in England) from applying to join the RAAF before the end of 1940.

Another angry 'enthusiastic young man' of twenty-one was the Melbourne chemist Harry O'Halloran, who had ambitions beyond bill-posting, including the production of a newspaper. Accordingly, he contacted Mosley's BUF, which led him to a shadowy South Australian teacher of German extraction, Dr Erich Meier. Meier later described O'Halloran as possessing 'very finished ideas and views on most subjects, and particularly Fascism', which was a self description. 60 As a doctoral student in Leipzig 1932-35, Meier had witnessed the rise of the NSDAP first hand and wrote enthusiastically about it in the Renmark's Murray Pioneer. He also wished to be active in local politics from 1936, unusual amongst those German-Australians inclined to Nazism in this period. He too had thought the best way to do so was by establishing links with the British Union, using a go-between steward aboard the Oronsay. This steward, Miss Geary, was friendly with William Joyce (later 'Lord Haw-Haw'), who had not yet left the BUF to form his own 'National Socialist League'. Meier ultimately proved incapable of producing the sought-after journal, which he thought necessary 'for the sake of propaganda' owing to Jewish control of the press, but he nevertheless reported to the Mosleyites that 'I am conducting Fascism in South Australia.' He was not conducting it very well, however, and by 1939 had been forced to confess to his British comrades: 'I have unfortunately done nothing to speak of in the

way furthering Fascism, but have recently discussed it again with a friend in Adelaide'—a course reminiscent of the 'First Thought, then Action' of his Sydney comrades 61 He promised to take copies of Mosley's Action 'later', and requested an article 'Pharmacy in the British Union' presumably on behalf of O'Halloran, who was busy 'looking after Eastern States'. 62 Meier was ultimately unable to live up to any of the promises of activism that he had made to London and to the local Nazi leader, Dr Becker of Tanunda, in November 1936: 'We hope soon to come into the public eye with an Australian Fascist Party (we shall not, however, use the word 'Fascism').'63 This exalted intention had not been helped by Meier's forced choice of collaborators, of whom the AIF veteran Jack Hannon, the 'friend in Adelaide' was typical. Although firm about what needed to be done contra 'Lyons the dictator'—a fascist dictatorship that did not discriminate between classes—Hannon admitted his inability to participate directly in the struggle: 'I have nasty turns from time to time. I look well enough but the war left me in a mess.' He preferred to immerse himself in reading material like Mein Kampf: 'It is just lovely. Our struggle will be just as hard but I know we will weather it.'64 It was, but they did not-Dr Meier was interned during the war.

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Despite his failure, Meier and his colleagues had brought one name to the attention of the various security services, that of Alexander Rud Mills, an eccentric solicitor who practised in Queen Street, Melbourne. 'Rud' was to play a significant part in the drama of the 'well-meaning dreamers' and he provided a link between those enthusiasts who followed the fascist path and those whose attention was drawn to the German variety, in which he particularly revelled. He also ultimately provided a link between those who preferred imperial chauvinism to the narrower, Australian variety. This eccentric was born in July 1885 in straitened circumstances in the remote, north-western hamlet of Forth, Tasmania, after which he later styled himself 'Tasman Forth', and was an exemplary product of what Manning Clark called the 'nursery of eccentrics'—the Tasmanian bush. The ambitious young man soon fled this bush, briefly becoming a teacher in 1903-04, but soon fled the island-state as well following a posting to the rugged west coast, decamping for the mainland where he preferred post-hole digging in Western Australia to pedagogy at home. Mills described himself as having been 'poverty-stricken' but he was able to make the transition from the 'bush to university', studying Arts and Law at the University of Melbourne (where he knew Robert Menzies), being admitted to the Victorian Bar in 1917.65 The law was never much to his taste, however, and within a year he had volunteered for the AIF, but this already portly man was rejected in June 1918 on the grounds of having an unsound right knee.66

Mills then practised as a solicitor in Melbourne (where he remained aside from his journeying abroad and a short period interstate, 1936–37), but never in more than a desultory manner—'my heart was elsewhere'—preferring to exercise his mind as a Latin tutor. However, this intellectually inclined, rather avuncular man found little company, believing that academics were 'stupid and uncomprehending' and that politicians and clergy were 'hopeless'.⁶⁷ Soon, in 1922, he began his search for intellectual companionship by travelling overseas for long periods at a time, in particular from October 1931 until early 1934, although it was never clear to the inquisitive authorities how he funded such travel, nor the extensive program of self-publishing that complemented it.

Mills did not look like the Nazi stereotype. Military Intelligence later described him as 'middle-aged, stout, of medium height, with a round face of fresh complexion [the then renowned Tasmanian 'apple-cheeks']. He appears quiet and meditative.'68 He was stout, balding and always impeccably dressed. But looks were deceptive, for this apparent gentleman was an Odinist mystic par excellence, rampant anti-Semite and a prototype of what would later be called 'esoteric Nazism'. A June 1940 Military Intelligence report also alleged that he had contacts with the 'Imperial Fascists' or the 'British Empire Fascists' (in fact it was Leese's 'Imperial Fascist League' whose journal he distributed at home) and had invited an informer to attend a private Odinist meeting in Melbourne, admitting to her that the group was 'really Fascist'. An address was to be given there by a university professor whose name she had forgotten—both Mills and the un-named professor would be remembered, however, by security a short time later, but not because of any links with fascism in its domestic, British or Italian varieties.⁶⁹ It was the ideological magnetism of Nazi Germany that had drawn such diverse men together, not the frustrated militarism of Captain Hatcher, nor the imperial patriotism of the New Guard, nor the scribbling of Dr Moran and certainly not the disorganised, inept propagandising of restless lone-wolves scattered across a continent. The newer Nazi-inspired dreaming was of a different character and in this the mystic and the professor were joined by an astonishing assortment of their fellow Australians, many of whom shared Arnold Leese's conclusion that 'Hitlerism at its base is the true Fascism of the Northern European'; this reasoning also applied to transplanted northern Europeans'.70 The Italian variety of fascism and its imitations in the southern hemisphere had been only a prelude to the Nazi main act. P.R. Stephensen later condemned Eric Campbell as a 'pseudo-Fascist', for having employed 'the Fascist technique' not for a national cause (as in Germany or Italy) but for the cause of international, British finance.71 He had other ideas.

CHAPTER 2 'GERMANY WELCOMES YOU'— TOURISTS, TRAVELLERS AND OTHER GUESTS

See Germany for yourself. You will find truth in personal contacts. A hearty welcome awaits you.

German Railways Information Bureau advertisement.

I can never forget those great days in Nuremberg at the *Parteitag*.

Alex Griffiths, Melbourne advertising consultant, to the Nazi Party press department, May 1939.

It must be said that this modern abandonment by the Germans of individual liberty and of the easy and pleasant things of life has something rather magnificent about it.

Robert Menzies, London, following his return from Berlin, 6 August 1938.

Innocents abroad—the not so innocent—official guests and Nazi games—irresponsible fellows.

In the age before mass, democratic tourism, few Australians were able to make a nostalgic journey to their ancestral British Isles, fewer to the continent. The Great War was the exception, when over 330,000 'six-bob-a-day tourists' did so,

but under constrained circumstances. These men, and women, were not strictly 'tourists' (those who travel for the sake of rest and recreation), but 'travellers' (those who travel over a more extended period, usually for a business or official purposes)—an artificial and overlapping division, but one useful when looking at those Australians who experienced Nazi Germany first hand during the peacetime years, 1933–39.¹ Although apparently few in number, the recorded impressions left by these visitors form a valuable part in the search for an understanding of the 'German revolution'; those accounts that were favourable are of particular importance to any account of Australia's enthusiastic Nazi dreamers.

The tourist experience is the most accessible to the well-travelled modern reader, although tourist hordes were considerably smaller in the 1930s and the whole experience more genteel. These tourists were the men and women who journeyed through Germany as they would have journeyed through many other European countries, irrespective of the domestic politics of the hosts. Apolitical, or prepared to set aside any political prejudice that they possessed, these tourists would just as easily have travelled to the Weimar republic as to the Third Reich and some of them had travel experience stretching back to the Germany of the Kaisers—to them, Germany was Germany, whether ruled by a Führer or a crowned head. The calls for an international boycott of things German, voiced by foreign opponents of the Nazi regime from the early months of 1933, had fallen on the deaf ears of these apolitical tourists, as it had on the commercial sensibilities of the Australian federal government (although the 'Jewish' nature of the boycotts was later noted by the Melbourne academic, Associate Professor Lodewyckx). They were therefore innocents abroad in a political sense, although in some instances that innocence had been compromised by the end of their journey, for some amongst them departed with an overwhelmingly favourable impression of the new, Nazi Germany; they were often happy, even eager, to share their impressions with the less nomadic. In doing so, some of these welltravelled 'tourists' unwittingly became fellow-travellers of the Nazi dreamers.

The 'travellers', however, had chosen to defy, not ignore, the international protests of those calling for boycotts of all things German and were often ready to embrace alternatives. Their attitude to the country and to the new regime was more complex than that of the innocents. First amongst them was the group that could be called 'political travellers'—those who journeyed to Nazi Germany specifically because it was Nazi (or close to it in the case of A.R. Mills). They had come came to study the Third Reich and the process of implementation of Nazi ideology in order to see whether it formed a model for home application, as well as to determine whether Nazism had produced any answers to the questions many were asking about democracy following the recent economic crisis.² Like their compatriots who travelled to the Soviet utopia—the so-called 'political

pilgrims'—they often wished to have their pre-existing attitudes confirmed and were determined to see what they wanted to see of the new social experiment. Dr Moran had behaved in such a fashion in Fascist Italy and had written extensively about his pleasing experiences in his published Letters. On their return to Australia, these political travellers fresh from Nazi Germany were often similarly happy to propagandise on behalf of the system with which they had been so impressed, as Eric Campbell had illustrated in the period after his pilgrimage. A few were even galvanized into extremist political activity back home, although the bulk of the political travellers eschewed local activism, just as the bulk of the enthusiasts who were politically active had never travelled to Nazi Germany. Yet, absence generally made the heart grow fonder for those politically committed travellers who had made the pilgrimage to the Reich and their sentiments placed them in the orbit of the dreamers. Their sentiments also placed them in stark opposition to those Australians who had travelled to Germany and been repelled by what they saw—the narrative of these critics must be sought elsewhere, but journals like the Sydney Morning Herald were happy at the time to print the critical observations of a Sydney teacher, A. Leroy, in 1933.3 Many too, like the pacifist Bill Oats and the feminist Jessie Street, were able to offer extensive, critical, post-war accounts of their travels in Germany—in contrast, those who had come away with rosy images of the new Germany were understandably more reticent after 1945.4

Alongside these private, political travellers were those who travelled to Germany as official guests or for business in some capacity or another. These included Australian businessmen like W.S. Robinson, and public servants like the NSW Police Commissioner W. MacKay, and, in 1936, the Olympians and their camp-followers. Many of these guests of the Reich also departed with an extremely favourable impression of the changes that had occurred, or that they thought had occurred, since January 1933. Although they failed to identify themselves with extremist forces at home, many of these guests nevertheless showed lingering symptoms of having been touched by the quality of Deutschesschwärmes-'enthusiasm for Germany'. The transmission of this quality to foreigners through a charm offensive was one of the aims of the Nazi propaganda machine and if the reaction of many of the Australian guests is anything to go by, Dr Goebbels and his ilk succeeded—even those who had not liked everything they had seen were sometimes taken by the 'charming' German attitude to strangers.⁵ Some were impervious to that charm, such as Sydney University's Professor Stephen Roberts, but even a hard-bitten journalist like Alec Chisholm had to concede something to the Nazis at the height of their peacetime power following his visit in late 1938 to 'Hitler's Wonderland'. This was one struggle for hearts and minds that Hitler seemed to have won and the subsequent praise of these official guests helped him to do further his ambitions. Whilst these guests were not themselves political dreamers, on occasion they seemed to be paddling in the same water.

Finally, there was the handful of Australian politicians and policy-makers who travelled to this source of international turmoil in the thirties out of either professional curiosity or, for the appeasers, in pursuit of their particular policy of conciliation. One, Trade Minister T.W. White, was cautious and repelled by what he saw and subsequently attempted (unsuccessfully) to hinder further attempts to conciliate Germany; others, like Attorney-General Menzies, found it difficult to disguise a qualified admiration that had been formed against their better judgement.6 None of them advocated the employment of such totalitarian methods in Australia and are thus exonerated from any accusations of being 'well-meaning dreamers', but most were more sympathetic to Germany's carefully constructed arguments for adjustments to the 'Versailles' international order at the end of their journey than they had been at the beginning. The transmission of Deutschesschwärmes was thus generally as effective here as it was for other official guests. Again, persuasion and subtle charm worked for the Nazis where brute force later failed and the fellow-travelling of some Australian politicians in the 1930s assisted the work of Nazi ideologues both in Germany and at home, to their own later discomfort.

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The German tourism industry was some seventy years old by 1933, having developed with the extension of the railway network from the 1860s. During the hungry, immediate post-war years, the weakness of the German currency stimulated an inflow of foreign travellers taking advantage of the insane exchange rate, but by the late twenties a degree of normality had returned in both the level of the Reichsmark and in the quantity of tourists. The new regime was keen to extend and to control this industry, in accordance with its outlook of ideological Gleichschaltung ('co-ordination'). Accordingly, a Reich Committee for Tourism was established as early as June 1933 and the process continued up to the foundation of the 'Hermann Esser Research Society for Tourism' in Frankfurt in 1939.7 The aim of the new, supposedly streamlined system was two-fold. Economically, it was intended to stimulate the commercial German tourist industry to pre-Depression levels and beyond, in order to deprive the purses of foreigners of much-needed hard currency. As the German economy became more and more committed to rearmament and to systems of barter and autarky, the acquisition of such currency became increasingly necessary—tourism was perceived as one method of doing so and the foreign visitor, prior to purchasing a subsidised fare to Germany, was also offered the credit of 'registered marks' purchased in advance of travel. They were not, however, permitted

to take money out of the *Reich*, an attempt to help the liquidation of the German national debt. It was suggested to prospective Australian tourists that any surplus be expended as 'money-gifts to persons in need in Germany'. However, as always with the Nazis, political, not economic, considerations were paramount. It was also considered desirable that foreign tourists see for themselves that the new Germany was both normal, but rejuvenated by a relatively bloodless national revolution. Here, as in so many other areas, the Nazis were never able to reconcile the desire of most of the German population for a return to normality with their own revolutionary zeal. The tourism industry therefore, along with many others, suffered from a dual personality in those years. Some foreign visitors were therefore loaded with Nazi literature; others were offered material so politically benign that it could have been printed under the Weimar Republic.

Propaganda Minister Goebbels (whose own department contained an office overseeing tourism at the expense of the Transport Ministry) distilled the regime's aims in May 1936 when he stated that international tourism was as 'peace work in the purest sense' which would lead to greater co-operation between nations. It would also counter foreign Greuelpropaganda ('atrocity propaganda' dismissed by Hitler as 'Jewish piffle') by offering visitors a positive impression of the new Germany. They were to be exposed to the achievements and superbly choreographed pageantry of national-socialism, but to depart with an impression of a quiet, peace-loving, 'normal' society—to a large extent these aims were contradictory.9 Yet, for the internecine violence of every 'Night of the Long Knives' (June 1934) and every Kristallnacht pogrom (November 1938) there were to be many cruises down the Rhine, or trips to the Black Forest and much lounging on Baltic beaches. In the process, the spendthrift foreign tourist could pass through Munich (the 'Capital of the Movement') or Nuremberg (the 'City of the Party Rallies') or perhaps take the fresh mountain air of the Obersalzberg, where Hitler had done his own dreaming since the early days. An unknown number of Australians with itchy feet were part of this process and some, like Vera Bockmann of South Australia, had already visited, and been impressed by, the new Italy where 'trains were now on time, there was no more begging in the streets, everything was fine'. 10 Germany too would often be to their taste.

The German tourist industry was especially keen to attract and impress English-speaking visitors—the proportion of 'British' tourists in Germany rose from 9% of the foreign total to 19% in the peacetime years and this category included those from the Dominions who had been attracted by promotional material which suggested:

See for yourself how Germany is going ahead: no unemployment, production, at peak levels, social security, gigantic projects for industrial development, economic

planning, organized efficiency, a dynamic will of pulling together—a happy energetic people who gladly share their achievements with you.¹¹

Throughout the thirties, Australian dailies frequently featured advertisements sponsored by the German Railways offering heavily discounted travel to 'Hitler's Wonderland'-'Germany Welcomes You.' The emphasis was on forming personal impressions of the new Germany: 'See Germany for yourself.' Those who took up these offers were usually pleasantly surprised. One group of touring Australian schoolboys found their contact with German youths invigorating and eye-opening: 'Mother,' one of them wrote, 'don't you believe any tales or rumours of brutality or meanness of Germans; they are a charming people—and a very fine race." Staying in Youth Hostels in the course of 1935, they were guided along the Rhine by a Hitler Youth, 'a kind of boy scout, dressed like one, but with different ideas slightly—an awfully nice chap.' Always there was community singing and a healthy, outdoor life-style that shamed even bronzed Australians: 'I don't think we are in it with these people, especially the women.' Any aspect of Nazi Gleichschaltung seemed benign: 'The "heiling" business is very common, and used more as a form of greeting like good morning, you walk up to a chap, raise your hand and say "Heil Hitler". We often say "Oi, Joe Lyons!"' This naive view of the 'German greeting' was not one shared by more politically inclined travellers, let alone by those Germans uncomfortable with the new political order.

It was not always so easy to gloss over the politics as these students had done. One more mature Sydneysider, ('M. McP.'), who had an architect's eye for detail, found in July 1936 that the Germans were indeed welcoming and hospitable, although the uniformed men of Bavaria and Wurttemberg were shy of photographers and he was thus forced to concentrate on buildings, of which he found many in Munich worthy of his attention. As for the buildings, alongside the usual attractions of an earlier time such as Rathaus, Residenz and Frauenkirche, came the unavoidable sites associated with the capital of the Nazi movement, including the eagle-and-swastika bedecked memorial to the fallen of the '1923 revolution' (known to most foreigners as the 'Beer-Hall Putsch') and the construction site of the new Führerbau.13 No Australian visitor to Munich could escape these sites, as Manning Clark would later discover. The account of 'McP.' also indicated in other ways that it was extremely difficult, if not impossible, for even a casual, adult tourist to separate politics from other aspects of life in contemporary Germany. The famous Hofbräuhaus, for example, impressed him with its variety of amiable drinkers at all hours (in contrast to the 6 o'clock closing at home), but it was the rousing marching songs that he recalled rather than light-headed beer-drinking ones, as people entrained for the

Nuremberg party rally. Quite aside from the fact that the 'Rally of Honour' was still two months away and this departure would have been somewhat premature, it was similar voices that disturbed his rest on his final day in Munich, as he was awoken by the marching songs of the boys and girls of the Labour Corps or Front (the *Arbeitsdienst* or *RAD*), armed with spades rather than rifles. Only theatrical Oberammergau offered an escape from politics—and 'M. McP.' haughtily dismissed that as too 'touristy'. Yet this visitor offered the impression that the air of excitement that he found so exhilarating in southern Germany was a result of recent political developments. No amount of gazing at Baroque architecture could disguise that fact.

The young Grace Wilson from Melbourne also could not help hearing the same happy Labour Corps detachments during her tour of Germany. Unlike the more senior 'M. McP.', however, this 'Melbourne Girl in German Labor Camp' as the Herald called her, wanted to join in, and here she had more in common with the schoolboys who had preceded her. Even though a transient foreigner with no familial connections in Germany, she found that enrolment was relatively straightforward and within a fortnight, Miss Wilson and forty other young women were on their way to a converted hotel at Lahr on the fringes of the Black Forest.14 There she was introduced as the 'new comrade', issued with a uniform and shown her accommodation, which included a dormitory and recreation rooms with library, piano and radio. The day began at 5.30am and was marked by more singing and even more digging in an attempt to introduce the girls to the dignity of labour. Spades aside, Grace also performed domestic labour in the household of a widower, whilst other comrades did likewise for ailing mothers and beleaguered farmers' wives. The time outside of work was spent in, again, community singing, folk-dancing, attending movies, on sport and in attending campfire ceremonies for the presentation of badges. Lest any Herald reader thought that Miss Wilson was merely a Girl Guide on sabbatical with the RAD, she was happy to disabuse them by drawing political conclusions from her experience as a tourist in the new Germany. She noted the 'perfect faith' of her erstwhile comrades in the leader who had given them work (albeit poorly paid), food (albeit plain) and peace: 'Now, after years of hopelessness, there is again courage and hope.' She shared this faith: 'Who would not be eager and proud to wear the badge of the man who has already done so much and whom they believe will bring even greater security and prosperity to the Fatherland!' This impressionable 'Melbourne Girl' had taken on Deutschesschwärmes in cascades, thereby illustrating the fine line that distinguished tourism from ideological proselytizing in Nazi Germany. Her conversion owed something to the obvious contrast between Berlin's program of eradicating unemployment through works creation and the languor of the governments at home, where significant, doubledigit unemployment persisted throughout the thirties, especially afflicting young people like Miss Wilson.

Germany's charm offensive was not limited to those tourists willing to contemplate the decrease in the ranks of the unemployed; it was also aimed at those who were passionate about maintaining peace. Rarely a day went by without some Nazi minister professing Germany's peaceful intentions whilst the country rearmed at a ferocious pace. Any Australian observer could not necessarily view these two impulses as contradictory, as the Australian government itself entered upon five rearmament programs of considerable magnitude in the years 1933-39, always accompanying their announcement with urgent assurances of peaceful intentions.¹⁵ The similar reassurances that emanated from a rearming Germany were sufficient to lull many, including some visiting the country, such as Commander Bowen RAN, formerly the District Naval Officer of WA, now travelling in retirement. He was sufficiently motivated by his first-hand experience of the Rhineland war-scare of March 1936 to share his conviction of Germany's peaceful intentions with other Australians: 'Germans I met always insisted that they did not want war because Hitler had said, 'War never relieves stress in any country; it only increases it.' When the Commander then questioned about them about rearmament, they were also said to have replied: 'It is only by being powerful that we can ask the world to give us back our rights."16 This argument was again close to that used throughout the decade by Australian Prime Minister Lyons when he stressed that armed strength led to 'diplomatic strength'.17 There is no reason to doubt that Bowen had accurately reported the sentiments of ordinary Germans, but he was unaware that these were not the sentiments of their leader—Hanfstaengl later recalled that Hitler had been contemplating another European war since the early twenties, something that could be confirmed by any reader of Mein Kampf. Nevertheless, issues of war and peace aside, Bowen was, like Grace Wilson, impressed by the social programs he witnessed in Germany. The German people were, he said, supportive of the regime, 'contented, well fed and well clothed' owing to the war on unemployment and other social programs such as slum clearance and rehousing. Here was another tourist who had followed the advice to see Germany for himself and had found what he regarded as truth in personal contacts. Bowen had indeed found a hearty welcome.

So too had the Melbourne tourist and 'newspaper man' Lucius Conoly, who arrived in Berlin in the aftermath of the 1936 Olympics. The post-Games euphoria proved infectious: 'I don't think I should have believed that Berliners would look so smiling and pleased. Berlin is delightful, clean, and easy to get about in, and one feels really happy as a foreign tourist.' Conoly had arrived in the German capital direct from Soviet Russia and he was not the last tourist to note the contrast between Slavic slovenliness and Teutonic efficiency, for in Berlin:

Everything is full of life and there is a spirit of confidence in the future. German streets are clean, and so are the German people. In my opinion, it would be a good thing if every other place in the world could look like Berlin. A wonderful town! A true world city!

Even though such ebullience could just as well have been applied to imperial Berlin in 1906 as to the Nazi Berlin of 1936, such descriptions were useful for the purposes of propaganda and Conoly's account was dutifully reproduced in the ethnic-Nazi house journal *Die Brücke* in accordance with its masthead motto *Comitas inter Gentes* ('Kindness between Nations'). The Conoly observations, along with the other diverse accounts, provided further ammunition for those who insisted, paradoxically, that German life was following normal, traditional patterns, yet also on an unprecedented path of social improvement. In providing this ammunition, the Australian innocents abroad, whether they were young, retired, novices or well-travelled, had compromised their innocence during the course of their travels in Germany. One correspondent from the Adelaide suburb of Klemzig (appropriately named after a town in Prussia) described Germany thus in July 1938:

Travel where you will, in every quarter, rich and poor, and you will see groups of magnificent young men, erect, with bright eyes and perfect teeth, many of them off into the mountains with a song on their lips.¹⁹

Soon those same young men with good teeth were to be marching and singing abroad following an alternative form of Nazi-sponsored (wartime) travel, although this time few Australians tourists were there to meet them. Some of those schoolboys of the class of '35 probably were, as members of the second AIF in North Africa or Greece.

Other Australian travellers to Germany had little innocence to compromise. These were the 'political travellers'; those who sojourned there in order to assess the specific Nazi elements to which they were attracted. These travellers were not interested in Germany's alleged normality, which the regime was at pains to stress to most apolitical visitors—they were seeking the extraordinariness of Nazism and had little difficulty in both finding it, then revelling in the perceived changes. Some of them thought they had discovered a model that was applicable to Australian conditions and in this they were at one with many of the enthusiasts who had never left the shores of home. Others, usually Australian women with

German husbands, preferred the model in its own setting and remained behind in Germany rather than return to the land of their birth.

The wanderer and mystic A.R. Mills ('Tasman Forth') was the trail-blazer, Having already left his native island, his international wandering began in middle age, from 1922, and continued periodically throughout his life. Whilst in Europe, via South Africa, October 1931 until early 1934, Mills began to turn from his earlier autodidactic interest in classical literature to that of the Nordic peoples, courtesy of the collection on Nordic life and thought in the Clapham Reference Library, to which he was introduced by a 'lady teacher of Domestic Science'.20 It was love at first sight, for the mythology rather than for the unknown lady, as Mills remained a bachelor until his sixty-sixth year. He was unable to interest the professors at the University of London in what were now his Odinist ideals, just as he had formerly failed to engage those at his Melbourne alma mater, but once in Munich he was in contact with General Ludendorff, the former warlord and now a noted Odinist and political renegade of the radical Right whom he admired; they later corresponded.²¹ Mills was not only continuing his search for spiritual alternatives; he was also now interested in political variety (although he did not participate in any political activity until late 1941, and then only on the margins). The Soviet Union had provided one alternative model for his personal scrutiny in the early months of 1932, but the 'egregious humbug of Marx' and 'Das Capital' (sic) failed to impress this invariably intense critic, understandably enough for, as he told the Argus, he had seen 'tens of thousands starving' there and allegedly met many disillusioned Australian communists: 'Russia will cure any Communist if he goes to work there." Germany then beckoned, although it was still, in 1932, the Germany of Weimar, not yet of Hitler: 'I decided to go to Germany and see what was going on there, if anything.' There was plenty going on in this period of democratic decline, but little to Mills's increasingly anti-Semitic taste for he had concluded: 'The Jews by the criminal legality of the Inflation owned Germany.'23 Therefore he returned to Britain, disconsolate and depressed.

While in Berlin, Mills had first encountered Hitlerism through the good offices of some 'Jewish lawyers', who told him that Hitler was 'a nonentity, a talker. A nothing.' However, this political traveller decided before the end of 1932 to combat his depression and to see for himself, returning not to 'Red Berlin', but to Munich, where Ernst Hanfstaengl (who would later see Campbell) dealt with another 'English' guest in his usual cordial manner and organised a meeting with the *Führer* in the Nazi party headquarters of the 'Brown House'. The meeting did not take place when Hitler was Chancellor, as Justice Clyne later believed, and on this matter of chronology, at least, his widow was a reliable source. ²⁴ The politician was on the verge of taking power respectably and had long parted company with Odinists like Ludendorff, but the traveller sought his host's views

on the revival of the Nordic religion. He did not receive the encouragement he hoped for; Hitler took no interest in the new paganism that obsessed so many of his paladins like Himmler. Mills had met the wrong Nazi, yet he was sufficiently impressed with Hitler himself and with the NSDAP in Munich to refer to himself hereafter as a 'National Socialist'. He may also have met an anti-Semite without equal; the notorious Nuremberg Jew-baiter Julius Streicher, whose autographed photo was one of two later found in his possession.25 On his final return to the old country, Mills continued to find men of like mind and in the course of what remained of 1932 and into 1933 he consorted with British fascists like Mosley, Arnold Leese and the idealistic fanatic William Joyce (whom he incorrectly recalled as 'James Joyce'). There were differences, but all of these British fascists 'commanded respect and even admiration', but as a convinced anti-Semite, Leese the 'racial fascist' was his natural soul-mate, an affinity that the various security services in Australia soon discovered-Mills retained an autographed photo of Leese in his personal papers alongside that of Streicher.26 By early 1934, the political traveller had returned home as a fully-fledged national-socialist dreamer and a convinced Odinist, keen to convert other Australians to both creeds—he distributed Leese's unimaginatively titled journal, Fascist, on the side, although he soon had journalistic ambitions of his own.

Other enthusiasts followed the path of this Tasmanian eccentric, once the dusk of the Weimar republic had passed into the dawn of the Third Reich, although most of these Australian travellers were more inclined to the secular and were more easily pleased than Mills, the perpetual contrarian. In this they were in the company of many British and American travellers who were pursuing similar political goals. These British wanderers included a self-styled 'motor tramp' who drove through the country in a vehicle flying a swastika pennant, which did wonders for the degree of hospitality offered to him; an eager participant at Nuremberg in 1936 who (unlike the Australian schoolboys) thought that 'Heil Hitler' constituted a 'mystical or religious password or watchword, summing up the nation's aspirations and its destiny' and another rally attendee so overwhelmed by that pageant in 1937 that he thought of himself as having ceased to be a traveller, rather having become part of Germany's rebirth.²⁷ The Australian travellers were no less overwhelmed, although none appear to have chosen the course taken by Colin Ross, a wealthy American who was so enthused by Nazism that he remained in Germany for much of the duration of the 'Thousand-Year Reich', mostly in Berlin but often in Vienna after 1938 as a client of the Nazi 'Maecenas', von Schirach.

One of the first Australian travellers had a loose link with Mills the trail-blazer. She was Anna, Lodewyckx, a seasoned adventurer like her academic husband and keen to share her impressions of Germany—her account will follow in the

chapter on academics. Like Mills, Mrs Lodewycka's contact with Nazism was early, but the favourable accounts she offered Australian readers from May 1933 were not matched by other political travellers until the new regime was more settled. William Boesser, a native-born Australian of German extraction, travelled throughout the country in 1934 on his first trip overseas, during which he toured six European states and penned 'An Australian's Impressions of Germany' after visiting forty-two towns.28 He claimed to have arrived as a sceptic, but if so, his scepticism was short-lived: 'My first peep into Germany disclosed conditions that tended to create favourable impressions of the people, and the further I went the stronger those impressions developed.' These conditions included qualities of personal cleanliness and tidiness, hardly exclusively Nazi virtues, but they were matched by more political traits that he also found endearing, including the civility and efficiency of German government officials, including the courtesy of the average policeman as 'a real friend to the traveller'. It was the 'wonderful state of 'social unity'-Volksgemeinschaft-that most impressed him, brought about by a 'National Socialist Labour Party' that obviously enjoyed the full support of this peace-loving people, aside from the three dissidents whom he met during his journey. After a sobering visit to fascist Austria, where Boesser implausibly found it difficult to find any supporter of that regime, he returned to Berchtesgaden on the pilgrimage to the elevated Obersalzberg home of Germany's 'constitutionally elected Leader'. This political pilgrim stood with the adoring masses outside the Berghof (Hitler's mountain retreat) through five hours of rainfall and experienced first-hand the process of Führer worship that was sweeping the country. He shared its sentiments: 'Obviously, the people regard him as their liberator and protector. He has given hope and happiness to millions of his fellow subjects.' Boesser saw no poverty, but only a modest level of material wealth, the absence of which, he believed, was compensated for by the new 'spirit of good fellowship' and by the promising future: 'Everywhere, confidence was expressed in the wisdom, capacity and courage of the Leader to bring about the many reforms necessary for the rehabilitation and regrowth of the nation.'

This Australian pilgrim returned to Germany in 1936 for the Olympics and remained for fifteen months. He correctly noted in a second account of his travels that unemployment had now vanished and that Germany had been transformed into an 'influential power—influential by virtue of its efforts to preserve our civilization.'²⁹ The German experiment was now, in his view, applicable to the wider stage, including Australia, as 'an inspiration as to the possibilities of advancement of mankind to heights only hitherto dreamed of.' Here was one national-socialist dreamer convinced that utopia had arrived, a view that was commonplace amongst the political travellers. Published in *Die Brücke*, these accounts accorded perfectly with the views of its Nazi editor, Arnold von Skerst, a mysterious Baltic-German

of radical persuasion. Although the editor agreed with the view of another Baltic-German, *Reichsminister* Rosenberg, that national-socialism could not be transplanted, he was one of the few party members who cultivated links with home-grown enthusiasts and fellow-travellers and who proselytized on behalf of the new regime—he spoke, for example, to the Newcastle branch of the Workers' Educational Association in October 1935 on 'The Way of Hitler'.³⁰

Many political travellers in the early period of the Third Reich at peace, 1933-34, had cause to note the material deprivation of post-Depression Germany and to contrast it with what they perceived as its spiritual wealth. However, those who visited, or revisited, the country even in these early years, and later, also noted signs of material progress, attributing these advances to the new political structure. Dr A.E. Paterson, former head of the Brisbane Children's Hospital, returned from Germany in November 1934 impressed not only with the standard of medical facilities, but also with the quality of the new highways such as that between Cologne and Bonn.³¹ That this construction had been initiated under the previous system, and completed in 1932, was mentioned neither by Paterson nor by Ray Beveridge, an occasional Australian traveller and correspondent in Europe, who suggested in November 1936 that the further completion of the Autobahn network constituted 'One of Herr Hitler's Dreams Realized'.32 Both of these travellers were convinced that Nazism was responsible for this material advance, which was halftrue as Hitler had provided the impetus for a network far more extensive than any envisaged under Weimar. Paterson was so enthralled by what he had seen of Volksgemeinschaft and by this technical advancement that he was even prepared to excuse 'certain measures' which the government had been forced to undertake in order to secure the existence of the nation and to eliminate the 'cancer of Communism'—he failed to detail what these measures were, for he too shared in the Hitler cult: 'He [Hitler] has inspired them with a renewed confidence in their destiny.' Beveridge was of like mind, arguing that only the new government could have extradited such construction, which would otherwise have been impossible 'even under the Kaiser's reign'. A study of nineteenth-century German railway construction might have altered that conclusion, but regardless, Beveridge made his political point by reminding his fellow Australians that 'in the Third Reich national welfare comes before individual gain. No individual can hold matters back, no parliamentary bickering.' Beveridge failed to explore the conditions that applied in the camps housing those who did seek to hold matters back—those labelled as 'political desperadoes' and disruptive 'social beings' in the description of an anonymous *Brücke* correspondent.³³

By 1938–39, the system of cultivating sympathetic opinion amongst foreigners, including Australians, had come under the wing of the *NSDAP* Foreign Press Department in Munich, where a Herr H. Rolf Hoffmann conducted extensive

correspondence with Australians who were political travellers, or who aspired to be. Some of his correspondents, like the Martin Place bank executive H.E.P. Bracey, simply requested German political literature such as the journal News from Germany in order to counter the hostility of the Australian papers.³⁴ Hoffmann readily met such requests. Others were more ambitious and hoped that the expression of sympathy for the German system would secure them a free fare to the putative national-socialist utopia. J. Beecham, a Brisbane JP and extensive propagandist of Anglo-German amity, wrote to Hoffmann 'In True Friendship' in November 1938 enclosing a 'Greetings Card to the Führer', but bemoaning his financial inability to visit Germany. Although he promised that 'personal contact would be well written up and also broadcast' (he contributed to Die Brücke), Hoffmann failed to provide him with the hoped for funds. He did, however, pass the card on to the Chancellery in Berlin.³⁵

Those Australian enthusiasts who did manage to reach the Reich under their own steam found a ready friend in this Nazi bureaucrat, who offered them an introduction to the 'Capital of the Movement'. Dr Mary Heseltine 'from Sidney' received an invitation to visit him whilst in Munich, as she was reportedly sympathetic to 'present-day Germany'36 There were more enduring links with others. Alex Griffiths, an advertising consultant in Collins St, Melbourne, attended the 1938 Parteitag rally at Nuremberg in September 1938 (the 'Rally of Peace') and had been profoundly moved by what he had seen there: "I can never forget those great days in Nuremberg.'37 He appeared to have made contact with Hoffmann at that time and maintained it thereafter, both receiving Nazi literature and returning appropriate clippings from Australian newspapers. Griffiths praised News from Germany as 'the only publication I have seen from which it is possible to gain a true insight and proper perspective of your country', maintaining a barrage of letters to the Australian press 'against the Jews and the trouble they cause in all countries'. Like other Nazi enthusiasts, his joy at their expulsion from Europe was qualified by the realisation that these refugees would seek asylum in distant places such as Australia—a displeasing prospect to a man who had convinced himself that 'Jews are being considered a menace to this country'. They were, but only by the country's Nazi enthusiasts.

Robert Elliott of Toowoomba in Queensland had been equally impressed with what he had seen when travelling in the now 'Greater Germany' from Innsbruck to Cologne in early 1939 and greatly appreciated the hospitality he had received, including that extended by the *NSDAP* Foreign Press Department. In June he wished to return to Berlin, 'so happy and interesting were my days in Germany' and asked for an introduction to the capital. Hoffmann dutifully directed him to the 'Welcome to Germany Services'. Once back in London in mid-July, prior to his departure for home *via* Southampton, Elliott was able to attend

the last rally held by the British Union in Earl's Court on 16 July 1939. The Australian, like the other 20,000 attendees, was 'most enthusiastic' but this was to be Mosley's political swan-song and also the swan-song for those who had travelled to Nazi Germany seeking political confirmation. Elliott was probably the last Nazi enthusiast from the southern continent to visit the German utopia in peacetime. His final request to Herr Hoffmann for further copies of *News from Germany* to be forwarded to Queensland went unanswered. The only Australians remaining in Germany after September 1939 were married women like Vera Bockmann and Kay de Haas of NSW, both of whom had chosen not to return home in the knowledge that they could not take their German husbands with them. Before the war was over, however, they would be joined in their adopted land by some of their compatriots whose arrival in Germany had been unpremeditated.

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If Berlin was keen to impress the ordinary tourist and to enchant the political traveller, it was also prepared to be a no-less captivating host for official visitors, even those from distant lands like Australia. In the course of the thirties, these official guests included a steady trickle of Australian educators, businessmen, public officials, sportsmen and women, and politicians, the latter so numerous and considered to be so influential as to warrant a separate examination. As with the tourists, the general impressions of Germany absorbed by these guests were favourable ones. In some instances their responses even bore a resemblance to the tendentious displays of the political travellers, although it would be left to the politicians to trespass onto this territory to a greater extent. These responses played some part in reinforcing the positive impressions that most Germans held of the regime and were also grist to the mill of the Nazi enthusiasts at home. By the beginning of the eleventh Olympiad in 1936 the Nazi regime seemed unlikely to be shifted in the near future—by the end of the landmark summer games in August, it seemed irremovable and had elicited considerable enthusiasm amongst foreign guests and Germans, even those of Jewish extraction, like the youth Peter Gay, who hoped that the amelioration of vulgar anti-Semitism during those Olympic weeks would endure. 40 It did not. The Argus had correctly anticipated in March a Nazi attempt to woo converts and to generate good-will and even though it was anti-Semitic business-as-usual after the closing ceremony, few Australian guests of the German government seemed to notice, or care.

Berlin had been designated the host-city of the 1916 Olympics and a new stadium had been constructed by the imperial government in anticipation. Unfortunately, the only things that were travelling 'swifter, higher, stronger'



by that year were artillery shells and it was not until 1931 that this unused stadium was offered a second chance, when the IOC again designated the German capital as the host of the summer games of '36. Some of these officials had second thoughts following the 'German revolution' of 1933-34, but calls for a boycott were defied, especially by the incorrigible Avery Brundage of the US committee. The Australian Olympic Federation soldiered on regardless, hampered by financial, not political, concerns. The federal government, through Prime Minister Lyons, promised £2000 for a team of a dozen athletes despite the fact that the proposed emblematic Australian map did not feature the PM's home island of Tasmania. The public was called upon to supplement this official parsimony and to some extent it did so, with the not disinterested German Club in Melbourne offering a further £200. These efforts resulted in a final team of thirty-three athletes (including four women) with nine others also offered official participation at their own expense; all were accompanied by several live kangaroo mascots, who travelled courtesy of the AOF.⁴¹ Few seemed concerned about anti-Semitism in the host country other than the seventeenyear old bantamweight boxer Harry Cohen. He declined to participate in the Nazi games owing to the persecution of German Jews—Cohen was sufficiently confident of his own Jewish heritage to wear the Star-of-David on his boxing shorts.⁴² When the team arrived at the peaceful Olympic village at Döberitz in July 1936, they were amongst the 1.2 million foreign visitors for the Games who had purchased 50,000 Olympic tickets in order to watch over 3,900 athletes considerable numbers in the age before mass tourism. The Australian exposure to foreign charm began with a concert at the village by the Berlin Philharmonic, but impressive though this undoubtedly was, the observant must have noted there were limits to Nazi hospitality, for the Australian women athletes had been excluded from the program.

The initial response of many the athletes appeared to have been lukewarm, or so they claimed in the post-war years. The habitual 'Heil Hitler' was greeted not with the harmless schoolboy riposte of 'Oi, Joe Lyons', but with more hostile rejoinders such as 'Bugger Hitler, Hail Selassie or Hail Mary, Full of Grace'. The team also agreed not to give the Nazi salute (confusingly similar to the 'Olympic salute' employed since 1896) at the opening ceremony on Saturday, 1 August.⁴³ Yet this ceremony, involving the representatives of forty-nine nations and 130,000 spectators, impressed some Australians against their better judgement. When Hitler, as head-of-state, entered the arena accompanied by IOC officials, one member of the entourage was the President of the Australian Olympic Federation, James Taylor, attending his fifth Olympics. He described the innovative ceremony, which included for the first time a lone-runner lighting the torch, as 'one of unprecedented grandeur as well as being inspiring'.⁴⁴ Others

Australians, including NSW Premier Stevens, were equally impressed by what the *Argus* called a 'spectacular demonstration, which reflected the German genius for organization'. Before he took his place, Hitler walked amongst the ranks of the athletes and stopped only once, to walk up and down the ranks of the Australian team. No-one was sure why, but Percy Oliver, an Australian swimmer, thought that 'perhaps it was our record during the war.' The 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry Regiment, in which this Austrian volunteer had served throughout that war, had been opposite the 5th Australian Division at Fromelles in July 1916 and Corporal Hitler had experienced the ferocity of the first Australian blooding on the western front. Hitler's behaviour on such public occasions was always carefully premeditated and he often studiously complimented former adversaries, but whatever his motive, the Australian team were flattered by the unexpected attention that was not extended to other teams.

The performance of the team in the following fortnight, however, did not match expectations and some of the athletes, unlike the officials and other observers, took a jaundiced view of the Berlin games once they had been comprehensively overcome on tracks, fields and in the water by teams of a more professional character. Australia departed with only one medal—a bronze for Jack Metcalfe in the triple jump—and the greatest disappointment was felt by the high jumper Doris Carter who had been filmed in training by the ubiquitous Leni Riefenstahl in anticipation of a victory—the Hungarian gold-medallist reached a lower height than Carter's own Australian record and there would consequently be no Australian athletic cameo appearance in the grandiose Olympia film. Carter later suggested that she had sensed fear about the disappearance of the quarter-Jewish staff at her accommodation facilities, but in this instance her concern was misdirected, for the winner, Ibolya Csak, was herself Jewish.46 But if some, like the former gold-medal cyclist Edgar Gray, were pleased to leave a 'depressing' Berlin, others did not allow their own disappointments to overwhelm their appreciation of the spectacle. Kitty Mackay, one of the unsuccessful swimmers, wrote rapturously to her family about the idyllic nature of the pine-forest village setting—'It is just like living in the country'—and endorsed the cultural life of the capital once the women were allowed eventually to enjoy the delights of the Berlin Philharmonic, which she curiously ranked as only the 'third best in the world'.47 The German Olympic Federation was her host for 'Madam Butterfly' at the Staatsoper, where she enjoyed the supper, the chandeliers, and the architecture, even if the orchestra and dancing facilities of a nearby beer-garden seemed more to her taste. Once the dancing was over, the lasting impression of the Berlin games was a positive one for the regime and the Argus summarised the whole on 17 August as an another event of 'sound organization' which had been 'splendidly conducted': 'The regalia

was an outstanding example of efficiency.' So too had it been at the Winter games at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Bavaria in the previous February, where the sole Australian competitor, the speed-skater and ice-hockey player Kenneth Kennedy concluded: 'They were magnificent, well staged and closely policed by the army. They did not interfere but you knew they were there to keep order and to make doubly sure nothing went wrong for the Führer.'48

Only one thing had gone wrong for the Führer and it was eagerly focused upon by those keen to discredit the Nazis games. The individual triumph of Jesse Owens was falsely claimed to have been the cause of an alleged personal snub by Hitler directed at the most outstanding athlete of the eleventh Olympiad— Owens himself later testified that no such offence had taken place, wryly noting that he had never been invited to the White House or congratulated by FDR. Edgar Gray's claim that he had witnessed such a snubbing was not supported by Owens's own memory.⁴⁹ Back home in Australia, the undeniable success of Owens and other black American athletes was not considered something that had detracted from the overall triumph of the games from the German point-of-view. The Argus suggested at the conclusion of the spectacle that if Australia were to handle the forthcoming 1938 Empire Games in Sydney as well, it would be a 'fine achievement' and Kenneth Slessor in Smith's Weekly had come to similar, if facetious, conclusions: 'Australia's Black Hopes to the Rescue' satirically suggested that 'It's Up to our Black Shirts Now'. 50 The article was accompanied by grotesque, demeaning cartoons of an 'Abo [sic] training camp in full blast' where preparations were underway for events such as goanna-frying. In this respect, Smith's Weekly was no better than the Nazi propaganda machine that had ridiculed America's 'black auxiliaries'; Australians did not need to travel to Nazi Germany in order to view propaganda that caricatured despised minorities. Those who had journeyed northwards for the eleventh Olympiad, however, had been given cause to depart with favourable impressions of life in Nazi Germany, given that the regime had succeeded in providing a dazzling spectacle, despite the Owens hiccup. Germany's ambitions to do so, outlined on 31 July by Dr Goebbels at a reception attended by both Premier Stevens and James Taylor, had been fulfilled and Die Brücke was, for once, without much exaggeration in its claim that Germany had 'won' the Olympic Games—the medal tally spoke for itself; Germany pocketed 89, including 33 gold; its nearest rival, the USA, could muster only 56, including 24 gold.⁵¹ More importantly, the Nazis had won the propaganda war through the extension of sumptuous hospitality they could ill-afford and succeeded in convincing considerable numbers of foreigners (including many Australians), that recent changes in the country were for the better.

Whilst the irrepressible Argus thought that the 'dominant impression of foreign visitors was that Germany was a nation of efficiency in uniform', it also conceded that most Australians saw enough of uniforms in those weeks to last a lifetime.52 Yet some Australian guests of the Reich in the Olympic year and after could not get enough of either uniforms or of the efficiency that allegedly accompanied their use. NSW Police Commissioner from 1935 'Big Bill' MacKay had accompanied the NSW Police rowing eight to Berlin as part of a grand tour of police facilities in the US and Europe. MacKay was a man of tough disposition—he was a noted door-smasher—and even tougher police methods and he found Germany to his liking. This was surprising to some extent, for as a police superintendent under Premier Jack Lang, MacKay had played a significant role in containing the New Guard back home. His relations with Eric Campbell were consistently sour. In Berlin, however, he stated his intention 'to study German police methods' as they had now been refined under Heinrich Himmler, a noted door-smasher in his own right and the Chief of the German Police since June 1936.53 The Commissioner was a quick learner and later admitted privately that his visit to Germany had left him with a 'very favourable opinion' of the way things were done and he continued thereafter to subscribe to the Berlin Weekly, supplied to him by the NSDAP Foreign Press Department in Munich.⁵⁴ As a uniformed man all his adult life, MacKay had been particularly attracted to the Labour Corps, the RAD, which as a good policeman he praised for subordinating the welfare of the individual to the nation. This organisation served as the model for his establishment of Police Boys' clubs in NSW in April 1937.55 'Big Bill' remained politically mercurial, however, and as the head of a state police intelligence agency from 1938 and as the 1942 director-general of a revamped federal Security Service, he happily placed the Australian dreamers in his sights, despite what he had seen and admired in peacetime Germany in 1936. Ironically, his own contacts, reading material and attitudes to Nazi Germany ought to have placed him under the surveillance of any other like-minded director.

Whatever criticisms might be made of the spade-wielding *Arbeitsdienst*, its ability to impress foreigners of diverse backgrounds was impressive. Alongside the Australian architects, camp volunteers, policemen (and politicians) who warmed to the organisation was another whose eye as an educator was more accustomed to programs intended to mould the coming generation. Dr Charles Fenner, the innovative South Australian superintendent of technical education, had employed the good offices of SA Premier Butler, who had travelled to Germany in 1935, and of consul-general Dr Asmis to give himself access to German educational institutions and youth camps before departing on a 1937 world tour funded by Carnegie-philanthropy. The access he was subsequently offered was comprehensive and thorough and included the ability to admire

the physique of the young men undertaking their year of labour service. Like Grace Wilson before him, Dr Fenner noted and approved of the social levelling that accompanied this 'service through labour' and was impressed by German 'thoroughness, completeness, efficiency, unity, and joy in work' which he attributed to the 'intense political feeling' that accompanied national-socialism. His account alone illustrated the success of the Nazi system of encouraging and fostering extensive travel throughout the country by sympathetic or impressionable foreigners.

Even those who were less impressionable, like the experienced former editor of the Argus, Alec Chisholm, were prepared to concede something to the new Germany. He visited the *Reich* at the climax of the Czech crisis of late September 1938 with the prior endorsement of High Commissioner (and former prime minister) Bruce in London, whom he had known at home, and with the intention of addressing the German Ornithological Society in Berlin—he was a keen amateur ornithologist and had already noted with approval Hitler's establishment of a bird sanctuary on the Obersalzberg.⁵⁷ After presenting his press credentials at the Propaganda Ministry in the Wilhelmstrasse and being issued with a press pass, Chisholm was invited to attend the rally of 26 September at the Berlin Sportpalast, where the Führer was expected to reiterate the ultimatum he had issued to Prague—many Australian listeners, including Prime Minister Lyons, expectantly awaited the outcome.58 Chisholm thought the gathering indecent, redolent of primitive emotion and of a perverse Gilbertian operetta, but he provided one of the most vivid descriptions of the fervour of a Nazi rally made by any detached Anglo-Saxon observer. His 1944 account, The Incredible Year. An Australian sees Europe in 'Adolf Hitler Weather', was tainted by the wartime atmosphere of its publication, being judiciously cautious about the qualities he had observed in Hitler, with the author making it clear that he had anticipated the inevitability of the war which had followed. His more distant reflections in the 1970s, however, were less tainted by the demands of wartime censorship and more charitable to his Nazi hosts and to their leader in particular. In a 1972 interview, Chisholm again recalled the invitation from the Goebbels's ministry:

They invited me to attend a meeting of the *Führer*'s that night. I agreed, promptly, and so I saw a mixture of Jack Lang, Eric Campbell of the New Guard and Billy Hughes, all rolled into one, and improved upon, when Hitler got going. It was a fantastic meeting, with a lot of stupidity about it due to the idolatry of the Germans of Hitler; but there could be no doubt he had a commanding presence.⁵⁹

Nor was he any longer ashamed to admit that he had tried to assist Anglo-German rapprochement by writing to Göring on his return to England,

describing the Reichsmarschall as the 'most intelligent fellow of the lot', although he failed to reveal other observations that he had made in that correspondence, where he had sought to win the favour of Hitler's chief paladin by commenting favourably on his humanity and his popularity, drawing a distinction between Göring and the 'war-mongers' who were making their presence felt both in Germany and England during the period immediately following the Munich Pact of early October. In a probable reference to Churchill, Chisholm had also noted that he had witnessed some of these men at work in the House of Commons in the previous week in debate against Chamberlain: 'I almost found myself yearning for the Reich system of government to rid the country of such nuisances.'60 'Unfortunately', even this extended flattery had failed to engage Göring's 'common sense'—the letter went unanswered—and he confessed in 1972 that his German trip had assisted only the cause of ornithology (Chisholm had lectured in Berlin on the lyrebird). It may also have assisted the attempts by the Nazis to portray German society as one rejuvenated by dynamic (and popular) leadership, and to have it acknowledged as such by foreign observers. This could only have been the impression gained by readers of the Melbourne Herald on 14 April 1939, when the returned journalist published 'Hitler and his People', in which he drew attention to the popular enthusiasm of German youth for Hitler, conceding that even more cynical 'older generations' were marked by their 'furtive admiration' for their leader. That furtive admiration was very widespread.

The final category of official Australian guests in Nazi Germany was that of the businessmen. Even though successful businessmen are often politically inattentive and loathe to align themselves with ideologues who have, in their view, a tenuous grasp on day-to-day reality, the alignment between German big-business and the Nazi Party illustrated that exceptional times stimulate exceptional behaviour. Few, if any, Australian businessmen of the 1930s had experience of ideological totalitarianism, but those who tasted the German experiment seemed to revel in the tempered prosperity brought about by a Volksgemeinschaft reliant on a subdued labour force. Sir Robert Gillespie, the flour-milling entrepreneur and executive member of the Old Guard, was impressed by what he saw at the congress of the International Chamber of Commerce in Berlin in 1937. His fellow executive guardsman, the monocled CSR sugar magnate and NSW UAP state parliamentarian (1935-37) Sir Phillip Goldfinch, was equally impressed by the disciplined workforce of Germany, as well as by the absence of the parliamentary game that he had briefly tasted in Macquarie Street and found more bitter than his sweet sugar industry. Here, these two 'Old' Guardsmen were, for once, in agreement with Campbell and the 'New', with whom they maintained links.61

The most prominent Australian businessman to visit Germany before the war, however, was William Robinson of the Collins House Group; industrialist, mining magnate and nephew of the inaugural Prime Minister, Edmund Barton.⁶² A seasoned traveller and a dabbler in politics, 'W.S.' was wary of anti-democratic 'false doctrines of autocracy, communism, collectivism etc.', but although he cultivated links in the thirties with the circle around Churchill and FDR, including the President's fix-it man Bernard Baruch, Robinson was conscious that 'Churchill's great mental equipment is devoid of balance and at times he lacks even common sense [italics crossed out in the original]'.63 An advocate of Australian industrial preparedness for any future conflict, he nevertheless took up an official invitation in mid-1939 to 'See for yourself how Germany is going ahead: no unemployment, production, at peak levels, social security, gigantic projects for industrial development, economic planning, organized efficiency, a dynamic will of pulling together', as German government publicity described it.64 As a 'high wages' man, he liked what he saw at the Hermann Göring Works outside Linz and told Essington Lewis of BHP of his favorable impressions of German methods of steel production and of the social programs that accompanied the elimination of unemployment in the former-Austria: 'Twelve new mines radiating over a huge area, all with their own villages—brand new with every possible comfort and convenience for labour.'65 The only fly-in-this-ointment for Robinson lay in his instinctive fear of Bolshevism, even in its national form, for he also concluded that 'the National Socialist Party is nothing but an intelligently and forcefully led Labour Party—almost Communism in elegant clothing'.66 What was to be especially feared in his view was not German expansionism, but the spread of the Red menace, for his pre-war glimpse into Nazi Germany had shown him that 'the difference between Nazi-ism and Bolshevism is that one washes and the other doesn't'. At home, the Nazi dreamers were saying much the same thing in public and although Robinson's private views did not prevent him from contributing markedly as a technocrat to the Allied victory that followed, his posthumous memoirs—If I Remember Rightly—failed to rightly remember the respect and awe with which he had once inspected the social and industrial marvels of Nazi Germany.

IV

W.S. Robinson was not to be the only prominent Australian to adjust his memory in the post-war years. He was joined by a handful of politicians who had travelled to the *Reich* before September 1939 for various purposes and emerged with a favourable view of the social developments there. Some were marginally impressed; others were ecstatic; all (T.W. White aside) thought the new Germany

an improvement on the Weimar-style of democratic politics that had preceded it, at least for the average German. This did not mean, however, that they wished to extend such a system to home, where democracy still prevailed in a more orderly fashion, and in this the politicians differed from many of the political travellers and from the home-grown dreamers, convinced as they often were that Australian democracy was on borrowed time, or ought to be.

Paula Hitler, the only full-blood sibling of 'that man' as Churchill later called him, recalled in her post-war memoirs that their doting mother Klara had very soon realised that her son was 'different' from other boys. Too few politicians in foreign countries, including distant Australia, were able to come to the same conclusion in time to avoid war in 1939. From 1932, the new federal government of J.A. Lyons and his United Australia Party continued to judge Nazi Germany in much the same light as it had assessed Hitler's predecessors. One up-and-coming backbencher, R.G. Casey, who fancied himself as a foreign affairs expert and was treated as such by the Prime Minister, even thought dictatorship was more suited to the German character than parliamentary democracy, telling a radio audience in April 1933 that a transition from one to the other was a sensible manoeuvre, sensible that is, for Germans themselves. 67 Canberra would have no part of the anti-Nazi protests that were organised in major Australian cities at that time, especially those planned for Sydney by Lord Mayor Hagon, and either the Prime Minister himself or the External Affairs Minister, J. Latham, warned mayors and premiers that relations with Germany were damaged by such uncalled for measures.68 Soon, Australian politicians, usually of the conservative persuasion, were prepared to extend this attitude of proto-appeasement by travelling to Germany for legitimate business but also in order to see for themselves what all the fuss was about. Like most of the tourists, many of the official guests and all of the political travellers who had taken the same journey, these politicians found much to their liking in the new Germany. Even the leftist Tasmanian Premier A.J. Ogilvie set aside ideology in 1935 in expressing his preference for the nightspots of Berlin over those of the dour Soviet capital—he too was impressed with the ubiquitous labour squads that kept the youth of Germany so engaged. 69 Ogilvie, like the prescient Casey, had little difficulty with national-socialism, as long as it was restricted to Germany itself.

The first 'Australian' parliamentarian to visit the country was an expatriate, Australian-born, member of the House of Commons, Captain W.F. Crawford Greene, a keen aviator who flew himself to Sydney in November 1933 with the apparent intention of informing his brethren about the new Germany. He was also probably the first Australian to have met Hitler as Chancellor. Like so many to follow him, the Captain was impressed by the studied moderation of the former-Corporal and he told the National Club that he had been introduced to

the German leader at the Berlin Foreign Office, being greeted by a handshake rather than a 'Heil'. Hitler then gave a 'closely reasoned and reasonable speech'. What the MP saw outside of this official reception also pleased him and he observed to an Australian audience made up of many employers that every German employee he had spoken to was a 'mad-keen Hitlerite'. There was now peace on the work front; it was marvellous, he said, to see the unemployed going to work, marching down roads, carrying tools and singing Nazi songs. Yet Crawford Greene did not think that the Germans wanted or were preparing for war: 'My impression can be summed up by saying that they are obsessed by a frenzied patriotism.' This obsession and frenzy were only in their early stages.

The desire to see such frenzied patriotism first-hand was felt in London after May 1935 by a group of Australian politicians attending a Dominion prime ministerial summit and the conference of the Empire Parliamentary Association. The conservative South Australian Premier, R.L. Butler, like his fellow Ogilvie, proceeded from London to the continent and sensing strength in unity, both premiers saw the German technocratic Economics Minister, Dr Schacht, in Berlin in June in pursuit of enhanced trade, always a problem whilst Germany hobbled itself with its autarchic-based currency. There was precious little progress made in this area, but again, Butler thought the employment initiatives of the regime commendable, not surprising given that South Australia and Tasmania were the two states most impacted by youth unemployment in the Depression decade.71 Federal Trade Minister Henry Gullett had travelled to Europe in the party of Prime Minister Lyons earlier in the year, where he had shown his naivety by presuming that the 'Latrina' signage on Italian railway stations represented the name of a passing town (much to the amusement of a condescending Menzies), and after London talks he too moved on to Berlin for what he called a 'joyous encounter' with Schacht.72 The good doctor, the architect of Germany's first twentieth-century 'economic miracle', impressed Gullett as 'really the brain of Germany' with charm, a 'real sense of fun' and 'very dynamic & dramatic'.73 This was not to be the last time that Schacht was used by the Nazi government for liaison with conservative Australian politicians even after his dismissal from his ministerial portfolio in January 1938. Although one of Ogilvie's entourage astutely doubted Schacht's assurance that he was not a party member, his oldworld charm provided a contrast with the abruptness and crude manners of so many other Nazi ministers; Gullett appropriately concluded that 'the rest are the fireworks'.74 Pyrotechnics or not, Nazi Germany had made sufficient impression on Gullett for him to suggest in a parliamentary statement as late as May 1939, now as External Affairs Minister, that Hitler had a 'shining record of service to his people' and that his recovery of a shattered Germany to 'a near future of great glory' was worthy of praise, provided that the pyromania of another war was not

forthcoming." Despite its conclusive warning, this parliamentary statement was sufficiently pleasing to the home-grown Nazi dreamers for it to be reproduced, in part and with italicised commentary, in their Sydney journal the *Publicist* in July.

Back home, Die Brücke had followed the Trade Minister's travels in the Fatherland with interest unaware that his boss, Prime Minister Lyons, also wished to experience some German political fireworks. On leaving London at the beginning of June 1935, Lyons set out for western Europe, including the Rhineland where an interview with Hitler had been set for the seventeenth. At the last minute, however, the German leader was unable to meet this commitment and the German leg of the tour was cancelled, to Lyons's lingering regret. Enid Lyons recalled their resentment and disappointment some time later: It was actually arranged. I remember we felt it was a little bit of an affront.'76 The PM had to be satisfied with the heads of government of France and Belgium, although he was able to secure two interviews with the next-best-thing, Mussolini, later in June 1935 and in April 1937, waxing lyrical on both occasions about the gifted leadership of the Duce.77 Although Lyons maintained at home in his September 1937 policy speech that his UAP was a democratic party which abhorred both communism and fascism, that abhorrence had been hard to find when he had earlier enjoyed Italian hospitality, including the acceptance of free travel from Naples to New York as a guest of the Fascist government aboard the state-owned liner Rex.78

If Lyons was denied the benefit of similar German hospitality in 1935, other Australian politicians were no less eager to take advantage of the Olympic year 1936, when B.S. 'Tubby' Stevens, UAP Premier of NSW and vice-president of the Australian Olympic Federation, was the senior Australian representative in Berlin for the duration of his visit in the first week of August. Stevens, elected to replace Lang in June 1932, was himself no stranger to the abhorrence of extremism and he had soon distanced himself from the New Guard, although happy to receive a delegation in order to discuss the further combating of communism.79 He was accompanied on his journey to the eleventh Olympiad by fellow-MP Sir Daniel Levy, Jewish but not unsympathetic to Nazism and the premier was accorded a 'cordial welcome' as the Sydney Morning Herald observed it, as the guest of Dr Goebbels himself. A sensitive man of complex intellect, Stevens was, like Hitler, a teetotaller and non-smoker, both unusual in that period of excess, but there was not a great deal else that he shared with the German leader. Nevertheless, the Germans were out to impress him from the beginning of his visit to the capital on 30 July, given his rank and political status. Housed at the prized Kaiserhof hotel in the Wilhelmstrasse government district, Stevens was accorded the full treatment, having been greeted on Hitler's behalf by a representative of von Ribbentrop, shortly to be appointed ambassador to

London, and he soon met the ubiquitous Dr Schacht, although not before he reminded the press agency AAP that 'this talk will be of an informative character and will be quite without direct political significance.'80 In this he was mistaken, for nothing in Nazi Germany was without political significance, least of all the Olympics, which Stevens also admitted were a major reason for his visit to the country; his first commitment in Berlin was to tour the Olympic village under the guidance of H. Anderson, the team manager. Taken under the Goebbels' wing during the opening ceremony, as was Taylor of the AOF, Stevens sat behind the Führer in the official box and it would be surprising if some courtesy had not been exchanged between the two heads-of-government given this proximity, which was immortalised for posterity in Riefenstahl's film Olympia. The premier did not appear to have succeeded in his wish to gain a more formal interview with the Chancellor before he left the country on 7 August. The business talks that he was able to hold in that short time, chiefly with Schacht and Dr Bücher of the German Electrical Company, had nonetheless left a favourable impression on Stevens, for he found that the Germans had done their homework on the state of Australian industry and trade.81

It was not simply the thoroughness of German research or the pageantry of Berlin that had attracted Stevens. Prior to his week in the capital, he had visited Bavaria in order to view the site of the earlier winter games at Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Bavaria, of course, meant Munich and Munich meant the Brown House, from which an industrious and social-minded premier emerged with a favourable view of the national-socialist spirit of reconstruction. Die Brücke happily reported his impressions: 'One gets the impression here of a country where everyone is glad to work and is delighted that employment gives him an occupation and the possibility of bettering himself.'82 The Stevens administration had spent a great deal of political capital since June 1932 in its attempts to diminish the pool of 200,000 unemployed men in NSW, often against the conservative opinion critical of the unbalanced budgets that followed. The premier noted no such difficulties in Germany, where he found the rate of reconstruction 'astounding'. Back home, there was surprisingly little press examination of this aspect of Stevens' journeying, although on his return home in October after an absence of seven months there was some subsequent parliamentary criticism of the cost of the trip (over £3,500). By late 1937, the ALP member for Leichardt, Matthews, had noticed that the premier had been awarded the 'Hitler Medal' by the German government and wondered whether it was due to 'services rendered by him to athletes' or for some other cause. Stevens in reply suggested that this award was an ex officio one, given his Olympic vicepresidency: 'I presumed it was intended as a memento of the Olympic Games.'83 It was, but it was also intended as a memento of the new Germany and could,

as Matthews implied, be taken as recognition of services rendered to the new regime, however inadvertently.

Stevens did not long remain the most senior Australian politician to visit Nazi Germany. Treasurer Casey had wished to proceed from London to Berlin in May 1937 following the Imperial Conference, but was unable to trump Lyons by doing so. In July 1938, however, Dr Schacht was again wheeled out to escort the Australian Attorney-General and prime ministerial heir-presumptive Robert Menzies (b.1894), who self-effacingly described himself as 'an irresponsible fellow from "out back".84 He was neither. Menzies had spent considerable periods in 1935 and 1936 in Britain, but had been unable, unlike his old class-mate A.R. Mills, to organise a desired appointment with Hitler.85 He had, however, discussed Hitler at length with British politicians and civil servants in April-May 1935, including Foreign Secretary Simon and the departmental head Vansittart, but was unable to decide whether the German chancellor was a 'real German patriot' or a 'mad swash-buckler' despite an inclination to the former interpretation.86 Yet, by the end of his first European trip, the rising minister appeared to have made up his mind, for on 6 October 1935 he sympathetically relayed the pro-Hitler 'sporting opinion' now circulating in London to the Australian Institute of International Affairs in Melbourne. As an able barrister, Menzies ought to have been wary of hearsay, albeit one that contained a caveat about the treatment of the Jews, but he quoted at length an anonymous young English sharebroker who had made certain observations: 'So I say good luck to Hitler! He has just done what I would have done myself if I had enough intelligence to think of it and enough boldness to carry it through.' 87

A second European trip in 1936 did nothing to alter this sporting opinion and the returned Attorney-General penned several articles for the Argus in August of that year, later published as a pamphlet, all of which expressed 'live and let live' attitudes towards Nazism.88 He also noted: 'I have not met Hitler. Which is a pity.' Menzies seemed determined to rectify this deficiency by the time of his third trip in 1938 and as a life-long scholar of assiduous habits he prepared himself by doing his homework beforehand, acquiring back issues of the BUF journal Action. This edifying reading included articles such as one on The National Socialist Miracle—Impressions of Astounding Change in New Germany' by a British clergyman who had recently visited the Reich, as well as material outlining 'spiritual freedom' in Germany. The only content that was of general Australian interest in Action was a review of the autobiographical Beam Ends by Errol Flynn. 89 Despite this primer for the student of Nazism, there was no disguising the fact that the political temperature in Europe was more feverish in mid-1938 than at the time of the two earlier trips—one Czech crisis (in May) was already causing consternation; a second (in September) would soon cause

panic. Accordingly, Menzies added a note of caution when writing to his parents in May by conceding the 'admitted uncertainty' of Hitler's temperament. 'But on balance I am for once with the optimists.'90 As the first Czech crisis deepened, such optimism would be sorely pressed.

By late July the Foreign Office had prepared a briefing paper for the irresponsible fellow from outback, in which it had praised the moderate Dr Schacht alone, and on the twenty-seventh Menzies arrived in Berlin for a three-day official visit. He was still unable to gain access to Hitler, or even to Goebbels and Göring, the czar of Nazi economic planning, currently focused upon expanding the German economy by shifting the borders of the country. Menzies was forced to be satisfied with meeting Göring's asinine relatives, a bevy of civil servants and with the political has-been Schacht (no longer Economics Minister), touring industrial sites and their associated workers' villages, inspecting the Olympic venues and cruising on the new highways.91 It remains a bone-of-contention as to how much genuine enthusiasm about the new regime that he displayed whilst in the country and afterwards—some have downplayed the critical eye that Menzies always cast on the doings of foreigners; others have sought to emphasise his critique of the techniques of Nazism that he now saw first-hand.92 The truth is probably somewhere in between—Menzies saw much that he liked, as well as much he found distasteful. Above all, he correctly perceived that Hitler was primarily a 'dreamer, a man of ideas, many of them good ones', but not a man for practical administration.93 These 'good' ideas must have included the social and building program of the new regime, including the working conditions at the Siemens works, the state of the highways and above all the Olympic site, which left a marked impression:

The most impressive sight in Berlin is the new Olympic Sports Field, which was erected especially for the Olympic Games. I have seen nothing like it. An enormous stadium, a great swimming pool, an open-air theatre and a polo ground, all the buildings of which are magnificently designed and built of reinforced concrete, faced with limestone. I really believe that no such dramatic piece of building has been done in the world for centuries. It is the very embodiment of strength and power and therefore of the German spirit.⁹⁴

On the other hand, Menzies found the city of Berlin 'drab' and the vaunted accomplishments of Nazism uninspiring in some respects: 'In spite of the glorification of athletic training in Germany, I was a little disappointed in the general physique, which is inferior to the Australian, although no doubt better than the English.' However, if the Attorney-General's response to the material aspects of Nazi Germany was qualified, the spirituality that he encountered there struck a chord. His own private conclusion was an instructive one.

Although Menzies admitted that he was pleased to trade the 'queer atmosphere of Germany' for the 'placid and rather old-world atmosphere of Holland', he privately conceded at least a 'small portion' to the Nazi revolution:

Nevertheless, it must be said that this modern abandonment by the Germans of individual liberty and of the easy and pleasant things of life has something rather magnificent about it. The Germans may be pulling down the Churches, but they have erected the State, with Hitler at its head, into a sort of religion which produces spiritual exaltation that one cannot but admire and some small portion of which would do no harm among our somewhat irresponsible populations.⁹⁵

Some of this private enthusiasm could still be read from the formal, more restrained, public statement he issued following his return to London, reported in The Times on 9 August, in which the minister stressed that 'the principles of the totalitarian State are not suitable for England [or Australia]', but at the same time acknowledging that the 'readiness of young Germans to devote themselves to the service of the State, contains within itself very high spiritual qualities'. The German press reproduced it without censorship and with their obvious endorsement; so too did the Australian Department of External Affairs.96 It was not until after the return home in September of the wandering minister that the Australian public received some public indication of such attitudes, hitherto communicated homewards chiefly in private correspondence, for in October 1938 the 'irresponsible fellow' still clearly felt that Australia's irresponsible populations could benefit from a small dose of that German spirituality, if not of the ideological system that had, by his own admission, stimulated it. At the November 1933 Healesville conference of the Young Nationalists, a younger, more wary Menzies had been careful to distinguish between the virtues of the (Italian) dictator and his system, praising the former whilst expressing caution about the latter—this distinction between a dictator and his system does not seem to have been as marked in his later mind following the trip to Germany. It still existed, but was now more blurred. Menzies thereby, unwisely, made a rod for his own back which his political enemies would prove eager to employ both then and later. When the heir-presumptive addressed the Constitutional Association in Sydney's Wentworth Hotel on 24 October 1938, apparently without notes, he reminded his audience that although he was 'no lover of German ideology', the Nazis 'were all men who loved Germany and were prepared to do their best to serve their country'. He also observed that this leadership had produced results that were rightly beyond the criticism of the average German sitting at his fireside. If these conclusions were not controversial enough, Menzies had also suggested that Australians would do well to emulate this sense of national service

and to improve their own standard of national leadership.⁹⁷ These statements soured Enid Lyons, but Adolf Hitler could only have smiled.

This was manna-from-heaven for Australia's Nazi enthusiasts, who revelled in the fact that such observations emanated from a minister at the highest level of government—Menzies's largely benign attitude to what he had seen in Germany was in itself unremarkable, but his exalted rank gave these observations an air of authority that was absent from the similar observations made by others. One of the rapt dreamers, the retired banker Sydney Hooper (himself a traveller in a chaotic, Weimar Germany), later recalled with approval this citation of 'Hitler's leadership as strikingly successful in Germany. Mr Menzies waxed enthusiastic about the feeling of the Germans for their Fatherland, holding this up for admiration and emulation.'98 This was a fair assessment of the thrust of the Constitutional Association speech and a valid interpretation of its character, although it was perceived elsewhere, also with good reason, as chiefly an ambitious attack by insinuation on the ailing leadership of 'the old man' (Prime Minister Lyons), especially by his wife Dame Enid and deputy prime minister Earle Page. Menzies responded with denial. 99 Over three decades later, the Dame was still angry and he was still in denial, professing from his hospital bed in March 1972 that the speech was not an attack on 'my Leader', but significantly making no apology for its focus on developments in Germany: 'Its theme as I recall it, was that the Nazis had inspired the belief in their own people in bad things, and that in Australia those who had responsibilities...must set out to inspire our own people with high ideals.'100 This account of the speech's focus on Germany was accurate enough, although any reading of it and of Menzies' other public statements at the time would be hard-pressed to isolate what those 'bad things' were. It was not until after the outrages of the Kristallnacht pogrom (9–10 November 1938) that Menzies would finally condemn Germany's 'injustice to her own minorities' and the 'barbarous and anti-religious features of her regime', and then arguably as a further contrast to the studied silence of his rival Lyons on these events.¹⁰¹ Only now, at a minute-to-midnight, had Menzies ceased to perceive 'something rather magnificent' about the Nazi experiment, once the Germans had themselves ceased 'pulling down the Churches' in favour of pulling down synagogues and those who worshipped within. This was a tardy realisation by a self-confessed 'irresponsible fellow' and it had not come before his misunderstanding of the realities of Nazi Germany had unwittingly helped to fire the zeal of the local enthusiasts. The young Menzies had made his name in the law and (like the young scholar Manning Clark later) had continued to offer the Nazis the 'benefit of the doubt'. This proved unwise, but any post facto backstepping did not convince those who, like Dame Enid, had long memories and bore grudges. She continued to be critical even in the 1970s of those politicians

who had distanced themselves from their earlier praise for the 'domestic miracles' of Nazi Germany—she was referring to Robert Menzies, with whom she had been in querulous correspondence that same month on this very topic.¹⁰²

Ω

They came; they saw; they were conquered, or at least were impressed. Few Australian visitors to Nazi Germany before September 1939 failed to fit this description. Those who did not, like Professor Roberts or Trade Minister White in August 1938, were the exceptions and ought to be credited by posterity as such. The more common response was something between the naive rapture of a Grace Wilson and the qualified admiration of a Robert Menzies. Some, like the political traveller William Boesser, had probably arrived with their minds already resolved; others, including many Olympians and their entourage, seemed pleasantly surprised that Nazi Germany did not meet their low expectations. A few, like Commissioner MacKay, thought they could apply some of what they had seen at home (and he did so during the war, at the expense of the Nazi dreamers). The politicians knew that this was neither possible nor desirable, but were prepared to give the Nazis their due at the expense of the growing list of those enduring the less benign aspects of their system—the 'sporting opinion' reported by Menzies. However, with the outbreak of war in September 1939, such enthusiasm became overnight an embarrassing liability and many of the guests and policy-makers who had earlier feted Germany were now overcome by a Damascene conversion to the cause of a crusade against fascism. Only the Nazi dreamers, like the irrepressible Mills, soldiered on-they had nowhere else to go until a negotiated peace or German victory could again loosen their tongues and pluck at their heartstrings.

The last peacetime verdict was left to *Die Brücke* on 19 August 1939, when von Skerst sarcastically lamented the impending dissolution of the links that the Third Reich had sought to build with its foreign visitors:

We believe that Englishmen (and Australians) who visit Germany in order to find out what these Nazis are really like have received and still receive a measure of hospitality and personal goodwill and friendship which upsets some of their preconceived ideas. So, if the banks of the Rhine are littered with empty hock-bottles and beer-barrels, if taverns still retain an echo of songs sung lustily by English and German voices in a carefree and shall we say careless? spirit of fraternisation, they must indeed appear as sinister witnesses of an activity which must be suppressed at all costs.

German propaganda, the journal suggested, had merely been based on a sense of 'goodfellowship'. The editor accepted no responsibility on the German side

for the souring of that fellowship and here he was probably at one with many of those who had received the hospitality of the *Reich* since 1933. He certainly had the agreement of those domestic publicists and propagandists of the Nazi idea, whether they had travelled to Germany or not.

CHAPTER 3 ASTONISHING THE BURGHERS— 'INKY' AND THE *PUBLICIST*

The business of a publicist is to tell the truth on important matters, and to publish it when it is unpopular, and even when it is dangerous. That is his function, and he is not doing his duty unless he fulfils that function.

Hilaire Belloc, quoted in the Publicist, July 1937.

For eleven years, 1931–1942, I was a Don Quixote, then I was unhorsed.

P.R. Stephensen to Miles Franklin, May 1952.

Clean Earth is dedicated to David Herbert Lawrence who once wrote to the author: 'Kangaroo was only just what I felt. You may indeed know something much deeper and more vital about Australia.'

P.R. Stephensen, recalling his 1930 unpublished manuscript.

Miles and Stephensen—an Australian Mercury—the 'Bunyip Critic'—flights from reality—'Australian Action'.

On Sunday night, 3 September 1939, an unknown street activist daubed 'NAZI HQ' in red paint on the window of the *Publicist* newspaper office and bookshop in the T & G building, 209a Elizabeth Street, Sydney, causing the affronted tenant, W. J. Miles, to complain to the police (in vain) in what would be the beginning of his wartime travails. The unknown activist's motives may have verged on the criminal, but any examination of the printed material available within the vandalised

premises could only have confirmed his prejudices; the Publicist shopfront contained one of the few bookshops in Sydney where new gems of Australian literature like Capricornia were available alongside the notorious Protocols of the (Learned) Elders of Zion, abutting the more widely disseminated, more topical Mein Kampf. Both Miles and his 'literary adviser' P.R. Stephensen subscribed to the theory of the Jewish worldconspiracy and even if they accepted that the Protocols were probably inauthentic, these business partners nevertheless agreed with Hitler that this Russian forgery was an accurate demonstration of the methods used by Jews to destroy the well-being of a nation—Stephensen later described this work as 'the most influential book in the modern world...Whether written by a Jew or a non-Jew, it correctly sets forth the mad Jewish dream of dominating the world by guile. In effect, it shows how the 'Chosen People' could achieve their objective.' The traditional saying 'If the Jews did not exist, then the anti-Semites would have to invent them' was never more aptly applied than in the case of the *Publicist*, a journal that had broad, ultra-nationalist characteristics and which maintained anti-Semitic and pro-Nazi vitriol for over three years prior to that nocturnal daubing. Although its circulation (never more than 3,000 per month, if that) and influence were both minimal, it had become, and remained, the mouthpiece of Australia's circle of Nazi dreamers, amongst other things.² In accordance with the tenets of their fellow anti-Semite and enthusiast of corporatism, Belloc, on the dangers and obligations of telling the 'truth', the *Publicist* had fearlessly thundered its message of Australian chauvinism, of an 'Australia-First', native national-socialism since July 1936, galvanised by developments in Europe. Alone of the Australian press in the thirties (aside from the inglorious and shortlived journalism of A.R. Mills and his National Socialist), it acted as a continual cheer-squad and regular apologist for the Nazi revolution in Germany. To Miles and Stephensen, Nazi Germany bordered on a utopia of kinds and provided an example of national resurgence which they were keen to emulate on Australian soil. Eric Stephensen (b.1912), later admitted that both his older brother and Miles had been 'living on their toes politically' in that they were keen for an 'understanding of the Hitler phenomenon' without ever suggesting that 'Hitler would be a good man to have in Australia'.3 This was a charitable, post-war reassessment and a half-truth. Even if the Publicist had been more than a journal of political commentary, there were times when the vandalising description 'NAZI HQ' was closer to the truth than the crabbed patron Miles or his mercurial client Stephensen were prepared to admit.

W.J. 'Billy' Miles (often simply known as 'WJM') was the financial brawn, if not the journalistic brain, behind the *Publicist* and its Australia-First ideals. Born in Sydney in 1871, 'WJM' was a successful accountant who had long dabbled

on the fringes of politics, being a founder of the NSW Rationalist Association in 1912 and of the Advance Australia League in 1917, which employed the slogan 'Australia first' in its campaign against Imperial Federation and which boasted of its intention 'To Foster Australian National Sentiment'.4 He had also longed for and expected a German victory in the Great War and been a noted opponent of the conscription of Australians for that struggle. Well-travelled from the time of his prosperous childhood, the widower Miles had retired by 1935 on a comfortable income and was therefore able to indulge in more eccentric political and journalistic pursuits when not occupied with his hobbies of chess, Shakespeare and punting. Meticulous in his invariable dress of wing-collar, laceup boots and waistcoat, Miles would think nothing of spending a sizeable £50 a week on his racing 'system' at Randwick—it never worked.⁵ Intolerant, pedantic, authoritative, ill-tempered, querulous and opinionated, this loud misogynist was a natural admirer of the authoritarianism rampant in Europe in the thirties and a firm believer in some sort of Australian imitation, which he referred to as the 'CAUSE'—only age and infirmity prevented him from an active participation in the political game, of which he remained an acerbic observer following his retirement.⁶ At this stage of life, Miles seemed to believe the pen mightier than the sword and he sought to sponsor Australian literature and journalism—the October 1937 issue was dedicated to 'Australian Authors'—but always on his strictly defined terms. Xavier Herbert's Capricornia of 1938 was its apogee and even this gem came close to denial over the author incorrectly addressing his patron as 'J.W.' Miles and as 'John': 'If you do it again I shall make no more communication with you: I am W.J. Miles." Stephensen, himself always cautious in Miles's company, charitably referred to his patron after his death in January 1942 as a 'statesman who never became a politician' as 'his ideas were never sufficiently paltry for the superficial expediency which has hitherto been the way of Australian government'.8 This hyperbole was, at least, the way that Miles had seen himself.

Liabilities of age and health, if not of disposition, were partly overcome once this reluctant retiree made the acquaintance of Percy Stephensen (often known as 'Inky' or just 'PRS') in July 1935, having digested Stephensen's first (and last) issue of the literary and cultural magazine Australian Mercury. He liked what he read and soon retained the author as a 'literary adviser' with greater projects in mind. Stephensen, born in Maryborough, Queensland, in 1901 of Swiss and Danish ancestry, was a clever, if not brilliant, country boy who attended the minute University of Queensland from 1919 and taught French at the Ipswich Grammar School after graduating in 1922, already a member of the fledgling Communist Party of Australia; the young teacher accordingly wrote to a university friend, Herbert Burton, that 'the whole Imperial system is

a capitalist dodge to make more money and profits from the blood and sweat of the toiling masses.'9 Such sentiments and Party membership were unmentioned in Stephensen's application for the state's Rhodes scholarship of 1924, which he attained despite having academic results below those often found amongst his Rhodes peers such as Kent Hughes (whom he missed by three years). This was, however, an early example of many instances whereby the personable 'Inky' was able to employ his characteristic charm and dash of charisma (or 'just too much egoism' as an early colleague described it) in order to secure a goal that talent alone would have denied him.10 He was invariably good company and the life of the party. At Oxford from 1925-27, the expatriate, tall, athletic scholar made a considerable impression on the cricket pitch, but narrowly avoided expulsion due to his political activity, which included the politicisation of Indian students. Disillusioned as he was by the 'bogus ideals' of democracy, he was more noted for tenacious contrariness than for academic excellence." Nevertheless, Inky had graduated with another Arts degree (second-class honours) by 1927 and began his life-long association with publishing by joining the specialist Fanfrolico Press in London with John Kirtley (b.1897), an eccentric, expatriate Melbourne fine book printer and later a prominent Nazi enthusiast, although never a member of the 'Australia-First' organisation.¹² Joined by his old university friend Jack Lindsay once Kirtley returned home in 1927, Stephensen soon found that all he had in common with Lindsay fils was an interest in the culturally cleansing 'universal struggle' advocated by Nietzsche, a concept which the youthful Jack had belatedly perfected first-hand through Lindsay père, Norman. 'PRS' had reached the same point second-hand through Norman's Creative Effort of 1920—the 'Lindsay Aesthetic' as he called it.13 Meanwhile, the overly ambitious Fanfrolico lost its own struggle for existence and soon folded, the first of many commercial flops over which the mercurial Stephensen would preside. Inky then went solo, always his best circumstance, establishing his own Mandrake Press in 1929 in a financial association with the Jewish bookseller Edward Goldston. A victim of the economic stringency of the times and of poor financial management, Mandrake also folded in 1930, despite its links with D.H. Lawrence, some of whose works Stephensen was touting without much success on vellum for the princely sum of £52/10/- each.¹⁴ Stephensen later recalled that the aim of these publishing enterprises had been 'to astonish the burghers', an aim that he had discussed in person with the proto-fascist Lawrence at Bandol Var in the south of France in 1928, where the great man had counselled: 'We must make a hole in the bourgeois world, which is the whole world of Consciousness today.'15 Lawrence (whom PRS later affectionately called a 'Pommy with a beard') had earlier recognised a common spirit in the similarly restless young man and his disciple had arrived back in London from a pilgrimage to the sunny south

jubilant, despite having sold only one book. Clearly Stephensen was not going to astonish anyone, even the timid burghers, through publishing. However, Jack Lindsay thought it likely that 'D.H.L.' had been impressed with the vigour of his young guest and it would be this quality that would take Stephensen places in the future.

Inky was never one to give up easily and following an offer from Norman Lindsay to return home in order to establish an Australian publishing house in association with the Bulletin (the Endeavour Press), PRS and his de facto wife Winifred left for Sydney in September 1932. Whether or not Stephensen was still a communist is a matter of dispute; if appearances were anything to go by he was not, for by the late twenties his Oxford, quasi-Bolshie 'designer-stubble' had been replaced by a toothbrush moustache. He claimed both before and after the second war that he had 'discarded' this pseudo-ideological, disguised form of 'banditry' in 1926, but Jack Lindsay recalled that his former business and drinking partner was a 'volatile communist with spasms of anarchism' as late as 1929.17 Significantly, his brother thought that 'PRS' remained sympathetic to Communism until 1935.18 In any case, a history of leftist activism was sufficient for the Commonwealth Investigation Branch to suggest that the returning expatriate 'should be reported upon if he identifies himself with Communism.'19 This was only the beginning of a security surveillance that would last for the remainder of the life of 'Stephenson', whose surname was continuously misspelt by policemen and security agents alike. The change of environment did nothing to sharpen his lax business practices and once again his timing was poor, for Australia was still suffering from what he termed a 'period of Economic Depression, which was also a Spiritual Depression'. 20 This was symptomatic of a lifetime of inappropriate and unfruitful choices. Not surprisingly, Endeavour Press had gone the same way as Fanfrolico and Mandrake by September 1933 and Stephensen had forfeited the good-will and intimacy of his mentor Norman Lindsay, who now lamented his failure 'to detect the megalomaniac under the mask of the brisk man of affairs' and who damningly assessed his former partner as 'one of those unfortunate creatures who put their own personal egotism before the importance of their job'.21 The subsequent establishment of his own overextended publishing firm in September 1933 (P.R. Stephensen & Co.) and the almost inevitable collapse by 1935 had continued the grim commercial pattern which endured throughout his life, despite the investment of funds by former prime minister Billy Hughes, the journalist Ambrose Pratt and the nationalist writer William Baylebridge, with whose quasi-Nazi political ideals he would later accord. His friend Miles Franklin, another later political associate, may also have contributed. This was good money following bad and Stephensen remained a frustrated man, a man of 'infinite possibilities' as he was later termed, who

seemed unable to fulfil his considerable potential, whether literary or, later, political. His introduction to Billy Miles in July 1935 seemed a turning point in his life, although the two were not a natural fit—the later mistaken suggestion by security that Stephensen had married Bea, Miles's notoriously eccentric only daughter was a risible misunderstanding of all three.22 The older man was a diminutive, withdrawn, embittered misanthrope bordering on invalidity; Stephensen was tall, athletic, personable and always able to maintain an air of optimism and charming good humour—an 'exhibitionist with a dramatic sense' as his younger brother Eric described him.23 The senior partner would have donned jackboots were it not for his age and a limp; few in 1935-36 would have seen Stephensen the former-communist as a potential fascist, let alone Nazi. That Stephensen chaired a Fellowship of Australian Writers reception in Sydney in January 1935 in order to welcome the communist writer Egon Kisch to Australia suggests at least some remnant of left-wing views, but before the year was out Stephensen had written a pro-German, pro-autarchic pamphlet, Trade Without Money, using material supplied by German consul-general Asmis.24 Soon he was preparing to jump ship (as Kisch had literally done), from the radical Left to the radical Right, holding a life-line extended to him by Billy Miles.

Despite his lamentable business history, the year 1935 had offered PRS more hope than usual when the inaugural Australian Mercury appeared in July containing instalments of Stephensen's magnum opus as its editorial, later expanded and published in full in January of the following year as The Foundations of Culture in Australia. An Essay towards National Self Respect. Here, at last, the author had found his legitimate voice and an opportunity to be the herald, the 'Mercury'. of a more nationalistic message than he had hitherto entertained. This was in accordance with Lawrence's perception that 'You may indeed know something much deeper and more vital about Australia.'25 The contributions of Pratt, Steele Rudd, Miles Franklin and Eleanor Dark were overshadowed by the first instalment of Foundations and this edition of the Mercury would surely have been forgotten without it. The tone of the work was evident in its drafting, which had taken place in a notebook entitled 'The Imperial Reporter's Note Book' with the adjective altered by Stephensen's hand to 'Anti-Imperial'.26 The first Mercury instalment of Foundations was chiefly literary in character; the uncirculated second, also written around July 1935, assumed a more political tone; the third, completed around January 1936, was part-funded and soon published by Miles along with the two earlier parts as a whole. It was written after the Miles-Stephensen accord and was unsurprisingly more empathically nationalistic in tone, pointing towards a variety

of native ultra-nationalism (even though it was printed by the Communist Party's printery). All of these instalments were stridently opposed to the cultural effects in Australia of British imperialism and looked forward to an Australian cultural renascence, but Stephensen was not an original thinker—many of the ideas expressed in *Foundations* were those of the earlier century and would have been already considered outmoded in the period after the Great War had the rise of national-socialism in Europe not revived them. In contemporary (and nineteenth-century) Germany, the author's outlook would have been referred to as *völkisch* and have led to an immediate divorce from the Left.

The critics have been unable to agree on whether the earlier, more liberal instalments were in contradiction to the tone of the third, or whether that final tone of native ultra-nationalism was inherent from the beginning.²⁷ The answer remains elusive and a simple level of authorial confusion ought not to be discounted, but a close examination of Foundations suggests the synthesis that whilst Stephensen was at pains to distance himself from aspects of European, and Australian, fascism in the two 1935 instalments, fascistic ideas had begun to appear in his thinking—there was a gap between the early and later chapters of Foundations, but it was not as much of a gulf as some imagined. By 1936, any earlier reservations had been subdued and the inevitable choice between Right and Left had been made, for whatever Stephensen thought of Hitler at this time, there was no escaping the fact that Nazism had earlier hitched very similar cultural ideas to its own political wagon. The first instalment of Foundations, however, was clearly conceived by a man who had not yet been captured by the Hitler cult, for he employed denunciations of the German leader as an over-grown school bully and a sabre-rattling 'military terrorist'—still Norman Lindsay's culturally-deprived 'Hun'. The Bulletin, with its 'Fascist outlook' was similarly denounced as senile, grotesque and decayed. Yet the same literary instalment also insisted on 'Race and Place' as the 'two permanent elements in a culture', giving the latter predominance over the former. This was not quite the 'bloodand-soil' of a full-blown national-socialist thinker, but it was at least a völkisch recognition of 'soil-and-blood', albeit by one still constrained, like Lindsay, by an old-fashioned antipathy to anything German.²⁸ This 'Spirit of Place' thinking, as PRS called it, was given a more political character in the second instalment and there were further indications that Stephensen's hostility to Hitler (still dismissed by him as a 'school-yard bully') was more based on nationalistic grounds than on ideological ones. The local inclination to censor literature was dismissed as a (pre-Nazi) 'Hun-idea, the Kaiser-idea', as reprehensible as the 'Junker-idea' which 'Australians have fought to abolish from the earth'. The local imitators of Nazism like the New Guard were characterised as 'Fascist tykes' who would be chastised by the 'democratic spirit of the AIF' were they ever to assume a threatening

status. Their efforts were ridiculed: 'The Heil Hitler buncombe which goes with Fascism will be treated in Australia with the contempt such preposterous saluting and goose-stepping deserves.' The long-standing animosity between Campbell and Stephensen explains much of this sentiment, given that the latter retained considerable antipathy towards the excessive imperial chauvinism of the New Guard. To him, in 1935-36 the guardsmen stood for the strengthening of the bonds of Empire; something that he had longed wished to be loosened. Lingering distaste for the Hun aside, Stephensen still thought Bolshevism the lesser of the two European 'cult' evils. The solution, he suggested, was not to imitate a Europe that he thought on the edge of a material and cultural precipice, a 'holocaust', but to wean Australia away from these literary and political examples in an effort to create her own vision. He accordingly closed this second part of Foundations by proclaiming 'Australia First' as the only constructive national idea. Here at least was something that Miles could agree with, but it was still a long way from Stephensen's own later version of the 'Heil Hitler buncombe' which would intellectually contribute to a 'holocaust' of a different nature.

There were some clues in this uncirculated second instalment of Foundations about what was to come both in print and in the political arena. While Stephensen admired the 'national vim' of the Nineties, he conceded that 'more than a restoration' of this spirit was needed in the resurgent Australia of the future, an Australia that would benefit, like the merino, from further eugenic evolution.²⁹ Nor was this the 'Australian National Socialism' of which Stephensen would later boast, but it was already clear at the end of this chapter that only the radical Right (and then only a section of it), not the Left, would ever support the type of cultural-political renascence that he envisaged. Stephensen may have still preferred Bolshevism in mid-1935, but the unavoidable fork-in-the-road between what he later characterised as 'National' or 'International' socialism could at least be perceived before the final instalment of Foundations appeared with the rest under Miles' auspices in January 1936.30 All that the author needed to do was to subdue his Lindsay-like antipathy to things German and to swallow the pill of Hitlerism. The sugar-coating of Miles' patronage helped him to do so and it was not coincidental that the final instalment of Foundations set aside literary concerns in favour of those centred on 'Australian nationality' which the author now saw as a 'political and economic question' as well as a 'cultural' one. The tone of the work was now rabidly chauvinistic and without much remnant of leftwing thinking. Hitler was still denounced, but only as a run-of-the-mill 'bloodstained' European politician and then teamed with democratic fellows such as Hoare, Laval and Churchill. This was a considerable enhancement of the German leader in Stephensen's estimate. The most pressing need now for Australia in this analysis was to 'populate or perish' as the proto-Nazi, Nietzschean writer

William Baylebridge had suggested in his derivative work *National Notes* of a generation earlier. Espousing anew this view of his literary friend in 1936 did not make Stephensen a Nazi dreamer, but he was drifting in that direction with his apocalyptic visions of Australia as the future home of the white race: 'Europe may indeed prove to have been no more than the experimental laboratory of the white race; which may eventually find its fullest maturity in our Australia; particularly if the old laboratory explodes, chemically asphyxiating its inmates.' This chillingly accurate forewarning was followed by an acknowledgement of the dangers inherent in such views, for Stephensen closed his analysis of 'Race and Place' with an attempt to soothe the reader:

Visions of race-grandeur become dangerous only when they imply the extermination or subjugation of other races: our Ideal of White Australia implies no such murderous doctrine. We can be 'expanding and swift henceforth,' not at the expense of other peoples; but by our own virtue, and under our own Australian initiative and dynamic; and in our own land.

This may have been persuasive in 1936; it was less so by 1945 once millions had been asphyxiated by those who shared similar racial perspectives. Nevertheless, the final instalment of *Foundations* had offered 'Race' an equality of consideration with 'Place', or close to it, unlike the earlier, pre-Miles instalments. The tail was now wagging the dog.

Stephensen's position as espoused in his magnum opus of the full edition of Foundations was not yet the much vaunted 'Australian National Socialism' of later years, but according to his brother in 1981 it was 'Australian socialism, as against Russian and German socialism'. 31 Regardless of this apologetic description, the completed Foundations was stamped with an anti-imperialist, xenophobic and racially-conscious character—a quasi-national-socialism in appearance, albeit with Australian characteristics, despite its ritual denunciation of varieties of fascism abroad and at home, for which read the moribund New Guard. Stephensen's earlier antipathy to the Hitler cult would undergo private revision in the course of 1936 under Miles' tutelage. The other side of the coin, anti-Semitism, might have already been at work if fraternal observations were valid, for Eric Stephensen recalled that his brother soon developed an aversion to Jewish 'control' of the media on his return home in 1932, once he was frustrated by the 'Jewish controlled Syndicates' of the 'Jewspapers'.32 If so, then Inky was already inclined to the proverbial 'socialism of fools' that anti-Semitism constituted, an outlook that was far from the democratic and egalitarian 'Australian mode' to which he had also referred in Foundations. A meeting of minds between Miles and Stephensen on this point could only have strengthened their resolution to work together on new projects, for there were to be no further editions

of the Mercury even though the extant page proofs of a second edition of August 1935 showed the early drift towards the chauvinistic Right with poetry submitted by Baylebridge (typically, a reworked piece from 1913) and a young poet who would become a significant Australia First dreamer, Ian Mudie. It also contained a letter of praise from the artist and critic Lionel Lindsay (b.1874, older brother of Norman), later a significant critic of Semitic influence in the art world.³³ Meanwhile. Stephensen was confident enough of the quality of Foundations to despatch it to an eclectic group of Australian and foreign critics of the Right (Hughes, Pratt, Lionel and Norman Lindsay, Professor A.R. Chisholm, de Valera, Mencken, the anti-Semites Roy Campbell and Chesterton) and to those of the Left (Kisch, H.G. Wells, Gorki, Gandhi and Huxley). Foreigners in general unsurprisingly ignored it, although there was considerable correspondence in the Australian press in the early months of 1936 about the merits of the work, which had impressed many such as the scholar Morris Miller and Billy Hughes, who had praised its first, partial appearance in the Australian Mercury, alongside his namesake, the expatriate scholar Randolph Hughes (one of the few contemporaries who distinguished between the various parts of the work, finding the whole not to his satisfaction, unlike the first component).34 An unknown, aspiring writer in Darwin, Xavier Herbert, was also profoundly moved. Never one to shrink from self-defence, Stephensen himself wrote a spirited rejoinder in the Melbourne Herald in April to criticisms of his 'provincialism' by denouncing 'internationalism' and suggesting instead the half-truth that the 'whole tendency of twentieth-century thought is in the direction of a sharpening of national concepts everywhere'. 35 He also took to the air-waves in May in the same cause, a forerunner of things to come, for P.R. Stephensen was now an author of some notoriety at home, and ready for greater things. No longer a communist who could write 'To Hell with Capitalism and the Empire!', as he had done in 1923, he was now a quasi-Nazi enthusiast, able to pursue the same destructive agenda by other means.³⁶ He was not alone in recognising that his moment seemed at hand. His former colleague John Kirtley was typical of those who wrote to 'PRS' privately endorsing Foundations and condemning those unable to recognise greatness staring them in the face. In doing so, he professed both his 'fanatical love for this our glorious native land' and his 'fanatical hatred' of the 'dirty bums' opposed to the national chauvinism expounded in Stephensen's work.³⁷ This was a foretaste of much that followed, as Stephensen began to polarise his fellow countrymen.

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In November 1935, Stephensen proposed to Miles an 'Australia First Party Plan' which called for, amongst other things, a dominant centralised government overseeing increased immigration according to racial quotas (70% 'Teutonic

and Celtic') with control over culture, the media being restricted to 'Australian' hands. Despite this, the Plan continued to express concern about a home-grown 'Fascist dictatorship', although the recent demise of Campbell's Centre Party had shown there was little prospect of that.38 Miles, with his antipathy to politicians of any variety, thought the Plan premature and would eventually propose to Stephensen that they collaborate on polemics rather than on the political game accordingly the monthly Publicist was born in July 1936 in the place of a political party. Unrelated attempts to found such a group in Melbourne in the same year, under the auspices of the Victorian upper-house parliamentarian E.L. Kiernan, also failed to bear much fruit; the southern capital would have to wait until the wartime emergence of Leslie Cahill and his 'Australia-First' group to witness their version of serious ultra-nationalist street action.39 Stephensen, bankrupt and impoverished despite the modest success of Foundations, was in no position to argue with Miles on this point and was satisfied with his retention as a 'literary adviser' at £5 per week, an adequate if not generous stipend given that £3/9/was the average male wage—by his own estimation, this income barely put Stephensen into the ranks of the 'Little Bourgeois'. 40 Some thought that Miles was pleased to maintain him as a financial dependent whilst exploiting his skill at propagandising, for the Publicist immediately took its momentum and journalistic impulse from the younger man. 41 The 'Bunyip Critic' (as Stephensen called himself after that mysteriously aloof creature of indigenous mythology) now had his chance to astonish the burghers, although subject to the sclerotic editorship of Miles, ludicrously named 'Alcedo Gigas' (after the Latin Dacelo Gigas for kookaburra—the symbol adopted for the masthead). Later the editor was known no less ridiculously as the 'King of the Sydney Kookaburras', also occasionally taking the nom-de-plume 'John Benauster'. Whatever his title, feathered or not, Miles lacked the gravitas needed to edit and disseminate a journal of serious political discussion, despite its self-righteous assertion that it alone was 'The Paper Loyal to Australia First'.

The 'Kookaburra' stressed in the inaugural issue of the journal that he was a 'conservative', whilst Stephensen introduced his vision of 'Australianity' and the 'Austral Creed' which included a vulgarised form of the Nietzschean, national 'will to survive and to expand' that would draw its inspiration from German philosophy via native sources such as the works of William Baylebridge. His *National Notes* of 1913 had just been reissued with Stephensen's collaboration. 'The Bunyip Critic' started his column with what today would be clumsily called a 'mission statement': 'Our national need in Australia Today is for a philosophy of self-confidence, growth, physical fitness, belief in our future as a people, a will to survive and to expand.' There would be no intellectual guidance on this mission from degenerate 'British' (*sic*) sources such as Waugh, Huxley or T.S. Eliot;

rather, inspiration would come from the works of Baylebridge, evidence that the true Australian national philosophy is 'entirely Antipodean to that of Englandin-Decline'. Britain was no example, but contemporary Germany presented itself as a model to Baylebridge and Stephensen. So from its beginning the *Publicint* declared an ideological leaning on the 'faith' of a Nietzschean, proto-Nazi (the character of whose works are assessed later). It would not be long before some critics came to notice the Nazi associations of Baylebridge's thought, for it was obvious that both this Australian evangelist of Nietzsche and those Germans of similar mind had tapped into the same nineteenth-century ideological sources. The *Publicist* was now doing the same. The back pages of the early issues had also suggested a more prosaic inspiration, reminding readers that the *Foundations of Culture* contained 'the ideas' on which the journal chiefly based itself. Readers would have to wait some years before a more detailed program was outlined.

The theme of Baylebridge as the fount of wisdom was continued in the second issue of the Publicist, also in July, with a good deal of coverage devoted to this 'mine of intellectual gold', including particular praise of National Notes, whose reissue Stephensen immodestly termed a 'true Australian literary event of the first magnitude'. Never one to set aside rhetoric, the Bunyip Critic described this revived work as 'the most important philosophical-political work' ever published in Australia and suggested that the coincidence of its reappearance at the same time as the Publicist as 'one of those coincidences proper to great moments in history'. This second, up-to-date edition of National Notes would be utilised in the attempt 'to hypothecate the basis of Australian True Nationalism'. Any reader who subsequently turned to this obscure work for inspiration and illumination found that it contained a series of aphorisms, which the Publicist described in May 1941 as 'aphorisms affirming a philosophical basis of Nationalism'. Any selection of them indicates that the 'True Nationalism' advocated by the Publicist was 'National Socialism' in everything but name, for in 1936 Baylebridge continued to preach his 'hard doctrine' of authoritarianism, eugenics and compulsory Volksgemeinschaft that was now a mirror of what was happening in Germany. Some seemed to be aware already of parallels between Stephensen's 'True Nationalism' and European models, for the Bunyip Critic found it necessary in only this second issue also to deny that he was attracted to 'Fascist Nationalism'. Even by July 1936, this was a difficult, if not impossible, denial to maintain and the remaining issues of this first year continued to establish the ideological niche that the Publicist chose to occupy for the remainder of its life. The gospel of Baylebridge was further quoted in September and a two-part 'The Humbug of Democracy' reminded readers that Miles was continuing where the New Guard's Liberty had left off in March 1934. The year concluded with a blast at an old friend, Norman Lindsay, when the Bunyip Critic mocked the sage's suggestion that Australia's path to self-creation

should be through the novel. Stephensen thought this, and the older cultural focus of Lindsay's *Creative Effort*, outmoded and 'romantic'. He caustically noted that two of the Lindsay sons, including Jack, were still expatriates writing about England; *Foundations* had labelled such 'émigrés' as cultural 'shirkers' who had 'cleared out, funked their job'.⁴³

In lieu of the opportunity to harangue public meetings with similar flights of demagoguery, Stephensen also began a series of Monday evening radio talks on 2SM in November in which he took the opportunity to propagate his evolving, nationalistic message. The noticeably less riveting Miles occasionally filled the slot, insisting that the talks be preceded by bars of 'something lively and exhilarating' such as the overture to 'Carmen', but no jazz—as always, his view prevailed, not surprising given that he paid the weekly cost of £5 per broadcast.44 The Miles agenda continued to do predominate throughout 1937, although the editor often left the increasingly rabid note of the journal to his literary adviser, who opened the year with another paean to Baylebridge in a denunciation of 'kakogenics'—breeding from the worst stock. The February issue could have reminded some of the politically cadaverous Eric Campbell (only recently denounced by Miles as unfit to oversee any proposed compulsory military training of youth) whose insulting denunciations of ordinary Australians had done little to increase his electoral standing. Despite his habitual hostility to Campbell, Stephensen appeared to follow his example in 'The Weakness of Australians', where he noted: 'Intellectually and politically, Australians are as weak as weaning calves, who bellow for milk from the maternal udder, without having the gumption to put their heads down and masticate the grass at their feet.' This tone of querulous contempt for the masses was one that Stephensen had acquired from the mature Miles and he would refine it over the coming years. The May 1937 issue of the Publicist, the eleventh, was a further milestone that confirmed any lingering suspicion amongst observers about the political direction of the journal. At a time when most Australians were focused on the Coronation in London, Miles chose to reproduce the bulk of Hitler's address to the Reichstag of 30 January last. It was not uncommon for edited passages of these lengthy speeches to feature in the Australian press, but only the Publicist (not even Die Brücke) chose to present them in toto or close to it. Miles argued that such exposure was necessary as a rejoinder to the otherwise unqualified press hostility to Hitlerism, thereby serving as an exercise in freedom of expression. Stephensen, in confidence to the young poet Ian Mudie, was blunter: 'When we print Hitler's speeches in The Publicist it is merely because we have to do something to break the British spell, by showing what liars the Poms are about "democracy" and war.'45 This might have been the case, but these speeches did not always make for riveting reading, being addressed as they were to a more

patient German audience—a little sub-editing on Miles's behalf would have strengthened his point. The inaugural Führer harangue chiefly dealt with finer symptoms of German foreign policy, although Publicist readers possibly identified with Hitler's suggestion that Bolshevism was a 'threatening evil'. Miles certainly did, and probably Stephensen now as well, assuming that he had revised his earlier Foundations view. He told his radio audience, however, that his chief concern in that month of 'tumult and shouting' was to avoid the Coronation by retiring, like Diogenes, to his tub in order to read Spengler's Decline of the West. 46 The editor was a convinced monarchist, despite his paradoxical anti-imperial attitudes, but his literary adviser remained a sceptical 'Bolshie' in this respect at least.

Miles ensured from this time onwards that his journal endorsed every aspect of German Nazism that came under its scrutiny in the belief that there was no conflict between national-socialism and 'Australianism'. He appeared to have no concern for public opinion other than brazenly to deny it and would go where even the appeasers feared to tread, endorsing Germany's claims for the return of colonies like New Guinea in September 1937. This was hardly 'Australia First', but it did elicit good wishes from Baronesses von der Golz in Pommerania (sic) in December and an editorial acknowledgement: 'Your German leaders appear to us to be doing very well. May Germany prosper!' Both the Sydney Kookaburra and the Bunyip Critic had now determined aspects of the German system that were transferable to Australia, including the Führerprinzip—the leadership principle. Accordingly, this issue advertised: 'An Australian Leader Wanted-in Australia', critical of R.G. Casey's recent speech during the Imperial Conference in London which had stressed Australian imperial loyalty. Stephensen reinforced his boss in a radio talk by justifying the successful authoritarianism of such a system in Germany, concluding that any responsible Australian government would, and should, follow the same pattern 'If Australia ever came to a state of financial chaos or domestic turmoil and desperation similar to that which preceded Hitler's coming to power in Germany.'47 This was the first public indication of a sense of destiny assumed by Stephensen; a sense that he could step forward and don a Caesarean mantle in a time of crisis in accordance with the 'Great Man' theory of Thomas Carlyle already subscribed to by Mosley, who acknowledged that a 'magically gifted individual' could transform his era and people. 48 Both Stephensen and Mosley over-estimated themselves. Miles had retarded the egomania detected by Norman Lindsay in Stephensen as early as 1932 by refusing to endorse the 'Plan' in 1935, but it had not disappeared—Australians would see more of it in the future, now that the Publicist had displayed its Nazi sympathies for all to read.

The *Publicist* was past its first anniversary in late 1937 and was now widely known throughout the country, if not widely read beyond Sydney. Advertisements for the journal appeared in diverse places such as the *Sydney*

Morning Herald, in Honi Soit (the University of Sydney paper), in Jack Lang's Century, in Die Brücke (from November, as a 'Political Propagandist Monthly') and in cinemas. 2KY had also run advertisements until November 1937, when Stephensen cancelled the contract in the belief that the station was unduly interfering and was briefly replaced by 2UE. Meanwhile, the 2SM Monday evening slot continued according to PRS's conviction: 'There is nothing like these talks on the air-refreshing, provocative, original.' Nor had 'WJM' and 'PRS' forgotten the provocative and the original in their enthusiasm for Australian literature. The advent of Herbert's Capricornia was touted from September 1937 and their seminal role in its appearance will be examined later. Stephensen now habitually described himself as an 'Australian book-publisher and publicist' and even looked forward to an Australian national theatre, under the aegis of a 'Minister of National Culture' (perhaps himself), and even to an opera house, once he had heard the superb soprano voice of Kirsten Flagstad disfigured by the acoustics of the Sydney Town Hall-coincidentally, her husband was a prominent member of Quisling's Nasjonal Samling back in Norway. 49 The promotion of Australian literature to the Publicist meant the ubiquitous Baylebridge and by the last issue of 1937 the Brisbane critic Firmin McKinnon (who had known Baylebridge in his Queensland years) had drawn the author's 'Nazi German' associations to the attention of the Queensland Society of Authors and Artists, suffering Stephensen's scorn in consequence. 'A Defence of Baylebridge's Defenders by One of Them' drew the critic's notice to the chronological development of Baylebridge's ideas in that they long preceded the 'Nazi Germans', an implied denial of links between the philosophy of the 'Australian Nietzsche' and the quasi-Nietzschean ideology prevailing in the Third Reich. McKinnon was thus corrected by the Bunyip about the chronology, but the critic had nevertheless been correct about the ideological links to Hitlerism via Hegel and particularly Nietzsche (he later clarified himself with style in Meanjin in 1942). Despite Stephensen's denial, by the end of 1937 it was clear to other critics as well that the crude Nietzschean strand in national-socialism was a common thread connecting the distant Baylebridge, Stephensen and Miles with whoever momentarily passed for a philosopher amidst the ideological jousting of Nazi Germany. Even though it has since been argued that a more delicate Nietzsche primarily intended his 'Superman' (*Ubermensch* or 'Overman' as Samuel elegantly called him) to establish power over himself rather than over others, the Nazi interpretation was valid, if vulgar, and was widely shared by some of the more subtle political practitioners such as Oswald Mosley as well as by the more brash. This interpretation has been referred to as the victory of the Nietzscheans over Nietzsche, but it was one that fitted comfortably into the élitist, social-Darwinist world-view of many Australia-Firsters.50

The year 1937 was the year of modest respectability for Nazi Germany, being without any of the radical initiatives that had disturbed international opinion in earlier years, such as the reintroduction of conscription, the establishment of an air-force, the Nuremberg racial legislation and the remilitarisation of the Rhineland. The following year, however, was to prove one of immense drama and one that challenged mightily those, like the Publicist, who were identified or identified themselves with the German position and who propagated further their own version of the Nazi dream; a white Australian 'Dreamtime'. These challenges in no way weakened their resolve to do so. Just as 1938 would witness an escalation of anti-Semitism in the Reich, culminating in the Kristallnacht horror of November, so too did the Publicist escalate its own anti-Semitism. The visiting German academic Dr Karl-Heinz Pfeffer had noted in 1936 that Australian anti-Semitism was generally of the 'silent' variety, the type that sought through vigilance to exclude the 27,500 Australian Jews from mainstream social life.51 Miles and Stephensen, however, seemed to wish to give these sentiments a voice in the course of 1938, greeting the New Year as they did with goodwill to all men 'Not excluding the Germans'.

The first issue of the year carried a 'Benauster' editorial, which endorsed an article of the previous month by the columnist 'Rex Williams' (Stephensen) denouncing Marxism as 'Jewish'. This had been the first indication of a program of anti-Semitic invective that Miles now took up with gusto, arguing that socialism and communism (they were much the same to him) were galvanized and steered by Jews. The 'natural reaction' against these Jewish philosophies was what he called 'Fascism', although Benauster clearly nursed reservations about the ability of average Australians to respond 'Fascistically' (that is with an appropriate degree of fanaticism), for in the same issue he outlined his '40 Symptoms of Decadence'. Here, after identifying the curse of the absence of patriotic feeling amongst his countrymen, he offered an eccentric analysis of the symptoms of national decline. Much of this analysis of decadence was the product of what D.H. Lawrence called 'Fascism in the head' or, more acutely, of a mind inclined towards native Nazism and they would be expanded upon in that direction by Stephensen in October 1941.52 The symptoms included the 'relative lack of social cohesion' (symptom 6); the lack of 'Australian distinctiveness' in the arts (symptom 10); the 'reliance on the idea of "democracy" as being in itself a strength' (symptom 12); the 'particular antagonism towards Germans, Italians and Japanese because of their indifference to "democracy"...those peoples have a truer political sense than have Australians' (symptom 13); the 'too big and too expensive city populations becoming an over-burden on the land', leading

to 'revolutionary industrial political action' (symptom 14); the 'absence of patriotism and the meagreness of public spirit' (symptom 23); the denunciation of a banking ring in London which 'deliberately creates depressions and slumps so as to reap profits thereby' (symptom 29); the 'decrease of masculine influence and increase of feminine influence' (symptom 31); the 'increase of Jewish influence, which is always international' (symptom 32); the 'excess of crime', the 'sympathetic interest in criminals' (symptom 39); the 'decline of homelife', leading to 'decreased parental control' and to the 'increased "looseness" of morality (symptom 40). Those who knew Miles the domestic martinet and bully must have puzzled over the final symptom, but the others were unsurprising and brought into question the common-sense, if not the sanity, of their author— 'the 'increase of insanity, and deterioration of teeth' (symptom 21); the 'general decline in logical thought, with increase of credulity...increased reliance on quackery, astrology, fortune-telling (symptom 28); the 'general sophistication of ignorance' (symptom 28); the 'flight from reality': a 'futile attempt to avoid the effects of facts' (symptom 39).

The identification of decadence in the '40 Symptoms' with those who advocated dissidence, cosmopolitanism, democracy, urbanisation, tradeunionism, internationalism, feminism, judicial reform and the reorganisation of the traditional family, was certainly 'Fascistic'. The broad denunciation of Jewish influence spoke for itself and imitated the 'truer political sense' of Nazism, in particular the anti-Semitic point of the NSDAP program of 1920 in contradiction of the tenth symptom, where Miles had called for an end to Australian 'imitativeness' and of the twenty-third, where he had derided excessive 'interest in other countries and peoples'. Even this was an echo of the February 1920 'Twenty-Five Points' program of the Nazi Party (described by Hitler as a summary of 'national-socialist philosophy'); there were also others. The symptom denouncing the absence of 'social cohesion' was of the same mind as Hitler's denunciation of non-citizens and his call for a restriction of citizenship to those of a certain blood; the denunciation of 'democracy' matched that found in the anti-parliamentary point of Hitler's program; that dealing with crime paralleled the Nazi call for the ultimate punishment of criminal elements, whilst those symptoms of family decadence were similar in nature to the Nazi calls for improvements in the health of mothers and children; both authors, Miles and Hitler, saw education as a method of combating malign foreign influences and of reconstructing the national spirit. The '40 Symptoms' and the Nazi Party's 'Twenty-Five Points' were different documents separated by nearly two decades and by the very different experiences of Australia and Germany since the war, but they were products of the same philosophical mind-set that sensed a decadent 'Jewish-materialistic spirit' in the air.53 Both were extraordinarily xenophobic

and hyper-critical of foreign cultural influences, even if Miles railed against the 'acceptance and imitation of thought, fashions and habits from abroad (symptom 16) whilst simultaneously endorsing the British monarchy and dressing like an English gentleman (which he was not). Both could only make the targets of their venom shudder.

The literary adviser dutifully took up his editor's theme of decadence in the same issue when he sketched an equally eccentric outline of a mooted Australians History of Australia'. Always keen to shock his readers, Stephensen crassly highlighted the 'lure of Black Velvet' which had lead to miscegenation as the salient symptom of Australia's 'Fourth Decade', 1818-27, whilst the 'Sixth', 1838-47, was marked by 'a great impetus from arrival of 7,000 immigrants of excellent type from Germany', accelerated in the 'Twelfth', 1890-1907, by arriving 'German settlers...breeding real Australian families.' The most recent 'Fifteenth Decade', 1928-37, followed a similar pattern of analysis with Otto Niemeyer, the London banker being (incorrectly) branded as 'Jewish' and with modern society degenerating into a vacuous consumerism fuelled by 'wageearning, cinema-frequenting females' and a 'feminised press', a denunciation reminiscent of the 1920 call by Hitler the arch-misogynist for a cleansing of the German press. However, Stephensen's attitude to an earlier attempt to arrest national decline, the New Guard, had undergone a subtle transformation. Campbell's defunct movement was still denounced as 'British' in its outlook, but for the first time branded as 'pseudo-Fascist' in that it had abused the 'Fascist technique', which Stephensen now favoured. This was the first acknowledgement by PRS, the former communist, that fascist (or Nazi) methodology could produce results when applied appropriately. In the meantime, a young, untainted historian of nationalist disposition would be required to turn Stephensen's vision into reality—when he later met an ambitious, rising Canberra academic called Manning Clark, Inky thought he had found his man.

Stephensen hinted on 2SM at the beginning of 1938 that an apocalypse was on the way: 'It seems to me that that social life in Australia today, by the emphasis on doles and festivities, seems to be drifting dangerously towards a decline.'54 The festivity that was especially on his mind was the forthcoming Sesquicentenary of the nation, 26 January 1938, and Stephensen's extraordinary response was to militate amongst the aboriginal population in favour of a protest against British imperialism. As a budding Nazi dreamer, this position required some tortuous political logic, but he had already shown an ability to contort itself when he had denounced the treatment of the original inhabitants at the hands of European settlers in the *Publicist* of October 1936: 'This is the most disgraceful chapter of our national story.' Later, the thirty-fourth 'Symptom of Decadence' had also been critical of the 'careless, callous and hypocritical treatment of the Aborigines'

and in accord with such sentiments, Stephensen was a driving force behind the Aborigines Progressive Association and its protest meetings at the time of the 'Day of Mourning and Protest' in Sydney on Australia Day 1938—his role in this significant protest has been forgotten today, or conveniently overlooked. The pamphlet issued by this organisation under the names of its aboriginal president, J. Patten, and its secretary, W. Ferguson, was identified as 'actually written by P.R. Stephensen', himself the former secretary of the Aborigines' Citizenship Committee, where he had befriended Patten. It was printed by the Publicist.55 The meeting and subsequent demands for a 'New Deal' were given considerably more coverage in the Publicist than in the mainstream press, which seemed strange given the increasingly Nazi leanings of the journal. However, in its attempts to embrace 'Australianity', the Publicist was also prepared to embrace the 'Old Australians', an ironic path that the chauvinistic, literary Jindyworobaks would also follow, despite the considerable ridicule of their critics. Stephensen was therefore prepared to extend the white hand of friendship to the aboriginal, but only in the paternalistic and völkisch belief that the interbreeding and absorption of the two groups was practicable without 'throw-back' consequences, according to the analysis of Professor Archie Watson of the University of Adelaide. Stephensen, the born-again eugenicist, had come to accept that there was a similarity of blood between the two races, an astonishing (and heretical) conclusion for the time and which the Publicist circulated in the pamphlet printed on behalf of the Aborigines' Progressive Association. With the assistance of another academic, Professor Täuber of Zurich, Stephensen even convinced himself that life had originated in Australia—the professor arrived in Sydney on April Fools' Day 1938 in order to disseminate a parallel, startling theory that these 'proto-Australians' had crossed the land-bridge into Asia and then on to India, where they had formed the first elements of the so-called 'Aryan race'. Stephensen, although always one to adopt any theory that suited his particular band-wagon, appeared to have preceded Täuber's judgements, for as a budding author soon after his return to Australia in 1932, he had drafted a novel called The Settlers (in part owing to the literary encouragement of Miles Franklin) in which he expounded such theories through his characters: 'The Aryan race began in Australia. Australia is the original home of the white man (and the white race). In coming to this land we are returning home... The European here returns to his source.'56 The probable origin of this convenient view was the 'Black Caucasian' theories of the Adelaide anthropologist Dr Herbert Basedow published in 1925.57 If Stephensen had intended to astonish the burghers of the thirties, he could not have chosen a better hypothesis to do so than these suggestions that white Australians and the aborigines were blood-brothers. Although the The Settlers never saw the light of day, the Basedow-Täuber thesis did via the Publicist when

it promoted in May 1940 what it called 'National Socialism' and 'Aryanism', which, as Stephensen confided to his friend Rex Ingamells in mid-1941, included the 'oldest Aryans on earth', the 'Ancient Aryans' of the aboriginal race.⁵⁸ By then, this extraordinary theory had allowed Nazi enthusiasts like Stephensen to ally themselves with writers such as Ingamells, Xavier Herbert and Ian Mudie, who celebrated Australia's aboriginal heritage. It was therefore a useful, as well as a convenient, theory and Stephensen never abandoned it, summarising it in 1952 as 'Great thought, this!'⁵⁹ It is interesting to speculate what the Nazi racial philosopher and literary czar Alfred Rosenberg would have made of this theory and of the politico-literary alliance whereby Australia's Nazi dreamers, both political and literary, espoused theories of Aryan superiority alongside those of respect for the indigenous people of the continent. This was perhaps the most significant 'flight from reality' of them all in an extraordinary year.

Miles's thirty-second symptom of decadence had warned about the increase of Jewish, internationalist influence, an attitude that soon led him to defend the attempts of Hitler's Germany to combat what it too had perceived as a social problem. In a four-part (February-May 1938) editorial attempt to counter the anti-Nazism of a 'wrecker' (the Sydney historian and political scientist Professor Stephen Roberts in his The House That Hitler Built), 'Gigas' defended Germany's recent press laws compelling the disclosure of shareholders and endorsed Nazi complaints against the Jews-their over-representation in the professions; their alleged control of culture, newspapers and of political office in times of distress; their alleged association with communism, all views that the Publicist shared. Without any sense of irony, the March 1938 issue reproduced a Roberts quotation originally intended as a warning, but provided in these columns as an endorsement of Nazi policy—an anonymous German professor had told Roberts in 1936: 'The other nations are not yet awake and the time will come when the world will be grateful to us for upholding civilization against the Jews.' This observation accorded well with 'Australians Awake!' the adapted maxim that would become commonplace amongst Australian enthusiasts for Hitler's Germany. The Bunyip Critic in April similarly called for a greater understanding and study of the German (and Italian and Japanese) system of government and political objectives at a time when the Reich had begun the considerable augmentation of its territory through the Anschluss with fascist Austria. Like millions of (non-Jewish) Austrians, Stephensen greeted developments with a 'Heil and a What Ho?' and demonstrated that he too was as good an anti-Semite as the next man, by suggesting in May that Nazism was 'a revolt of people oppressed by the Shylocks of the Paris-London-New York financial axis'. This was especially so 'in Germany, where Hitler has bucked off the Yankee Dawes Plan, as well as the Anglo-French Versailles Plan, of permanently enslaving the German people

Paris-London-New York reparations—extractors, bailiffs, and debt-collectors'. He claimed that any fear of local 'Fascism' was a phobia of the 'jewspapers', there being no such party in Australia, without mentioning his own earlier desire to establish something that approximated such an organisation. In its absence, Stephensen was now probably Australia's most prominent propagandist of the Nazi ideal, adapted for local conditions. He could tell Australian university students looking towards the end of the millennium that:

When we speak of the future of a Nation, we have to assume that the Nation is something more than a collection of individuals. The Nation has a real life and growth of its own. Its life is counted in centuries, whereas an individual's life is counted in decades, or less. ⁶⁰

Any who had missed the repetition of these völkisch sentiments on 2SM, or any who doubted that Stephensen was now under the shadow of the swastika as well as the boomerang, could study the July 1938 Publicist where the Bunyip Critic approvingly quoted Hitler's address to the Reichstag of 20 February last on the causes of national decline, the arrest of such and the launching of a 'resurgence'. Australia, said a bunyip in imitation of an eagle, should heed the call of the Führer for an 'inward and outward regeneration of the people'. The Bunyip also openly smiled upon the Nazi Party for the first time when he noted that this organisation gave the call for 'Regeneration' an 'earthly, not a heavenly, meaning'. This endorsement of radical secularism was not fascism—it was Nazism pure and simple, and Stephensen now felt no compunction in correctly likening the thought of Hitler with that of Baylebridge (and thus, more loosely, with that of Nietzsche, whose teachings were pressed into the service of totalitarian ideology as so often with philosophy). The old denial of such a link was now discarded and the common thread of race and blood was admitted, even extolled, as a dominant factor that was now viewed by Stephensen as of greater significance than economics and 'Marxian class'. Admittedly, he continued to struggle with the concept of 'Race' over 'Place', still believing that a 'British' society of mixed blood like Australia would be better served by chiefly following the 'Spirit of the Land', genius loci, as Lawrence had seen in Kangaroo, Herbert in Capricornia and Miles Franklin elsewhere. Despite this, and his reassertion in the Publicist of September 1937 that 'Place' was the 'binding tie', the transformation of 'Inky' the Communist into 'Inky' the racially-conscious Nazi was all but complete by July 1938.

Whereas Stephensen had once dismissed Hitler as a jingoistic bully and been sceptical of the 'Heil Hitler buncombe', the readers of the Publicist could now digest at leisure quotations from and references to the periodic addresses that were now made by the German leader before his emasculated legislature. This

was not sufficient for Miles and according to his belief that 'the German story is worthy of attention', these orations (some over 20,000 in length like that of February 1938) were serialised in the Publicist, sometimes stretching over and dominating up to four issues-never one for subtlety, the editor headed them in Gothic script as 'Hail Hitler!' Miles was convinced that they were 'peaceinducing' and pedantically italicized the parts he thought particularly relevant to Australians, but as 1938 progressed they appeared more belligerent than hitherto, until in September, at the time of the second Czech crisis, they threatened war. The June issue had boasted that 'Hitler has our high regard' and accordingly quoted him on his 'new ideal' where he urged the rehabilitation of the state by an 'inward and outward regeneration of the people', a topic that PRS had expanded upon in July. The September issue continued this praise of 'Leader Hitler' and of 'National Socialism', making no apology for its sympathies: 'Why not?' This acceptance appeared now to be wholesale, for in the same issue, Miles denounced the visiting lecturer Dr Shein of Jerusalem in no uncertain, threatening terms: 'To Jerusalem with the Jews! Or to Heaven!' The Nazi journals Völkischer Beobachter and Der Stürmer could not have done better. The October issue was produced before it was known that the appeasers had saved the peace, if not the Czechs, and Miles pessimistically expected war whilst simultaneously endorsing Germany's 'peace propaganda': 'Read Germany Speaks', he urged, 'she speaks with good effect—Hitler has taught her well.'

Hitler had also been an effective teacher for Stephensen, the once-reluctant fascist who had become a fast learner. His first October broadcast over 2SM directed its venom at Australian Jews in a manner hitherto unattempted even in the Publicist. Whilst he was to the point in his suggestion that Australians were not in a moral position to condemn any foreign policy of racial exclusiveness given their own affection for the White Australia Policy, Stephensen then recirculated the essential arguments of the European anti-Semites as if extracted from a Nazi primer. What he later called a 'reasoned case against Semitism' listed the causes of the prejudice that he now championed by placing the onus on the victims. Anti-Semitism and the 'Jewish problem' were a result of the Jewish failure to assimilate; a result of their exclusiveness and arrogance as the Chosen' people; a response to their specialization in commerce and finance rather than in production; a reaction against their congregation in cities and their moneylending practices. Any future outbreak of anti-Semitism in Australia, he warned, depended on Jewish willingness to become 'good Australians'. 61 On the eve of Kristallnacht in Europe, this argument could not have persuaded many Australian Jews, or those of other faiths aside from those, like Miles and A.R. Mills, for whom anti-Semitism was instinctive, not reasoned. Miles was now so anti-Semitic that he even set aside his habitual hostility to the similarly inclined Social Credit movement in Britain and Australia by endorsing in the November Publicist the recent call by their founder, Major Douglas, for the Jews to dispose of their Messianic 'complex'. When considered as a whole, these sentiments provided an indication of the extent to which he and Stephensen had now adapted Nazi principles to Australian conditions by the final months of 1938.

So inspired by German politics and mores did Stephensen now seem that he again turned his mind to an 'Australia-First' party, the concept that Miles had sidelined three years earlier; a sure sign that the Publicist alone was no longer enough for the 'literary adviser'. 2SM listeners were told of this vision on the last day of October 1938, where Stephensen denounced the existing parties as 'sectional', 'exotic', 'cranky' or as standing for 'Britain-First'. His alternative proposal was the vague 'Australian Action', possibly modelled on the Action Française politico-literary activism of Charles Maurras in France. The November Publicist and later issues fleshed out the details of this action in 'Towards the Formation of an Australia-First Party', delineating a 'Twelve-Point Policy' (also circulated as a Publicist pamphlet and a forerunner of the wartime 'Fifty Points'). This grab-bag dozen, which had already been sketched in fourteen predecessors of August 1936 and in ten of July 1937, denounced 'democratic' institutions as having failed; outlined opposition to military dependence on Britain (including to conscription); urged 'local' control of Australian finance (as opposed to the bogey-men of 'international finance'); advocated the employment of trade policy in the pursuit of a 'good will foreign policy' (an expansive view of the appeasement policy of Prime Minister Lyons) and also recommended programs of family support and employment enhancement which took their inspiration from those operating in Italy and Germany. This was all in the service of a 'homogeneous' population enjoying a 'specifically Australian culture', notwithstanding a continued advocacy of the British monarchy, probably at Miles's insistence. Stephensen was confident by 21 November that Australians were beginning to awake from their 'Democratic Sleep' and asking themselves 'What should be done?'—he wanted to assist in their awakening and then to guide them by forming '100 discussion groups' as a precursor to establishing a formal political organisation; following issues contained extensive correspondence on these 'Twelve Points'. 62 The Publicist also printed and circulated a flyer calling for 'interested parties' to form such groups. 63 This suggested number of a hundred or more was unduly optimistic, given the small number of local Nazi enthusiasts and the bad press their cause had received only a fortnight earlier when German synagogues had burned on Kristallnacht (9-10 November), but the Publicist had chosen to ignore this, preferring instead to highlight Hitler's Putsch-commemoration speech at Munich on the same day. Like the mainstream Australian press, it had also ignored the subsequent aboriginal demonstrations in Melbourne led by William Cooper on behalf of the persecuted Jews of Germany, even though the paper had posed as the champion of aboriginal rights earlier in the year.⁶⁴ In this last issue of a difficult year, the rhyming editor also warned of worse to come: 'Bad times are coming near. We hope, but don't expect, you'll have a Prosperous New Year.' Those bad times had already arrived on the streets of German cities and all the Nazi dreamers of this journal could offer was 'a new way of thought in Australia', as Stephensen had called it in his last radio broadcast of 1938:

We stand for the principles of authority and leadership. We do not believe that people could, or should, lead the leaders... governments must govern. Democracy leads to instability and party bickering, when all are for the Party, and none are for the State... there must be a ruling class, a leading class, a master class, if you wish to call it that, which formulates and dictates the long-range policies of a nation.⁶⁵

It was not 'new thought'; it was recirculated Nazism and Stephensen continued to urge Miles to support the foundation of a political party immediately in order to convert theory into practice. A weary Miles, now beginning to feel his age, showed no sign of granting this request.

V

The Bunyip critic began the New Year 1939 by recirculating his anti-Semitism, the particular aspect of Nazism that was beginning to concern all after that night of shattered glass. Stephensen repeated the sentiments that he claimed had motivated his original campaign of the early thirties against 'Jewish controlled Syndicates': 'Without Semitism, there could be no anti-Semitism. If the Jews did not so vigorously practice their Racial Doctrines, there would be no reaction against them.' This mind-set was also applied in other columns to the most unlikely analyses, including one that lauded the Japanese monarchy on its 2,599th anniversary and was expanded into a separate Publicist publication in March 1939. There was no 'Jewish problem' in Japan, but this was Stephensen's point: 'Japan was, and remains, the only country in the world that is completely free of International Jew Finance. No Jew moneylenders, or their agents, have ever got a foothold in Japan.'66 Japan's self-dependence, like that of Germany and Italy, had excited hostility in 'Moscow, Chungking and Jerusalem' and Stephensen hoped that the example of these three could stimulate Australia towards 'national selfdiscipline, self-sacrifice, and unity'.

There was now no doubt that the Stephensen had become Nazi Germany's most ardent defender in Australia (with the possible exception of von Skerst

of Die Brücke) and it was a role that Inky relished given its ability to astonish burghers, both Semitic and Aryan. He joined Prime Minister Lyons in a vigorous attack on H.G. Wells ('Is H.G. Wells Mad?') following the visiting author's suggestion on 4 January that Hitler was a 'certifiable lunatic' and that Mussolini was a 'renegade socialist', an insult that also fitted both Lyons and Stephensen themselves.⁶⁷ In February and March, Stephensen momentarily set aside the seven-year long, habitual vitriol that he had directed towards Lyons as a 'Britain-First' politician and towards his United Australia Party (a 'democratic lie') in favour of some extensive radio praise of the Prime Minister as a 'statesman'. perhaps now keen now to make new political friends wherever he could.68 This change of direction, which failed to endure, was owing to a recent prime ministerial broadcast which had outlined the responsibilities of the press and had warned of the authoritarian repercussions of continued irresponsibility. Stephensen may finally have detected the bold 'authority and leadership' for which he had searched in vain in the previous December, even detecting some sympathy for the old line of the Publicist about pernicious influences on the press, and he put his praise in writing on 6 February and 3 March, when it was received by a beleaguered Prime Minister keen also to make friends wherever he could. Attached to the second letter was the text of a radio talk that Stephensen intended to give 'in appreciation and support of your [2 February] National Broadcast'. Lyons liked what he read and replied to the address of the Publicist with measures of his own fulsome praise, contrary to the advice of his inner circle that he ought to avoid contact with such a Nazi enthusiast. On the contrary, the Prime Minister thought Stephensen's text full of 'sound judgements' that were worthy of 'a wide circle of thinking people' and he took the opportunity to congratulate the author of Foundations (which he had clearly read with sympathy) on his 'many admirable statements...on the need for developing in this country a national outlook and culture as a contribution to world welfare'. 69 This was high praise indeed and Stephensen would never receive higher. The two men had little in common other than a friendship with Ambrose Pratt, an intimate of Lyons and Stephensen's former business associate, but by early 1939 both had painted themselves into the same political corner through the public perception that they refused to criticise Nazi Germany under any circumstances. For Lyons the appeaser it was the single-minded pursuit of peace that motivated his public indulgence of Nazi outrages; for Stephensen it was the sense of a shared ideology, but the sudden death of the Prime Minister in early April robbed the Bunyip of any opportunity to collaborate with his new-found friend (who so resembled a koala-bear that the Mint declined to issue a coin bearing that image out of fear it would be given the Lyons moniker). In any case, the mercurial Stephensen would soon again be denouncing Lyons as an imperial 'rubber-stamp' politician. The

new incumbent, Menzies, would for the moment have none of Stephensen (or Pratt), despite the fact that he had been far more publicly praiseworthy of certain aspects of Nazi Germany than had his predecessor. 'Inky' thus returned to what he knew best—propaganda without responsibility—still unable to turn his skills to direct political agitation despite the premature assertion of 1939 as the year of 'Australian Action'. This action would be postponed until the demise of Miles in late 1941 offered a fleeting prospect of its implementation.

The real action of this year was directed from Berlin and once the rump Czech lands were absorbed into the Reich in March, Stephensen dutifully expressed a level of enthusiasm unique amongst 'native' Australian journalists-even the Argus, which had hitherto extended a notable tolerance to Hitler's misdemeanours, seemed at the end of its tether. In an account that was almost an unedited repetition of the official German line, he told his radio audience on 27 March that Hitler's 'peaceful victory' in Bohemia-Moravia constituted the return of territory lost to Germany in 1919 (it did not, nor was this so for the Sudetenland to which he also referred), ritually dismissing the subsequent enmity as chiefly choreographed by 'Communists and Jews with their international connections'. As an ex-communist himself, the propagandist had his own case to answer and he did so in the May Publicist by asserting that he had left the party in 1926 once he had recognised the Soviet as a repressive form of 'State capitalism' built on terror. This revelation did not, however, extend to the state capitalism of Nazism, for Stephensen openly and unashamedly declared his intention in the same article to hitch a ride on the Nazi juggernaut rather than be crushed beneath its wheels. He was now an advocate of 'National Socialism', which he optimistically defined as 'private capitalism controlled by, and subordinated to, the State, within an area that is compact geographically, unified ethnically, and self-sufficient economically'—a list that matched his vision of a future Australia, aside from the geographical compactness. It was, he continued, the 'only hope for real progress of Workers of the World, providing material progress and the key to future human civilisation and peace; the remedy to Australia's present ills'-utopia was knocking at the door. The Bunyip Critic even wondered why Australia should not join the 'anti-Komintern [sic] pact, the alliance of the three 'Axis' powers. This risible suggestion not only indicated that the flight from reality was now a headlong plunge, it also demonstrated that the Bunyip was no longer, by May 1939, simply an enthusiast under the shadow of the swastika; he was basking in its reflected glory and would hereafter happily describe himself as an 'Australian National Socialist' in pursuit of a native version of the Nazi dream.

No reader of this May edition could have been in any doubt where the mercurial Bunyip had settled politically. If they were slow learners, they needed

only to read further and to digest the first instalment of Hitler's watershed, pugnacious Reichstag speech of 30 January 1939, reproduced owing to its 'topicality' and with the editor's boast that the Publicist would be the only Australian paper to print it in its entirety, an accurate observation (it was printed in five instalments from May-September). This speech had transfixed world opinion and been the cause of considerable anxiety for the Australian Prime Minister and his miniscule Department of External Affairs.70 Hitler had called therein for a redistribution of the world's resources by negotiation or force, implying that the latter option seemed the more likely. Stephensen the broadcaster had already acknowledged the just case of the 'have not' nations on 13 March and it was no surprise to see their argument in print two months later. In order to reinforce and advertise it, Stephensen urged his radio listeners to study the printed instalments at their leisure and to form their own judgements free from 'hearsay, guesswork, or from distorted propaganda'. This, he said, was an obligation upon the fair-minded given that Hitler's case was never presented elsewhere in a manner other than the critical. Stephensen had never, he pleaded, 'read anything <u>fair</u> to Hitler'.

The Catholic radio station 2SM finally drew a line-in-the-sand over such sentiments of fairness and terminated the Monday evening talk program of 'Benauster' and Stephensen in late June 1939, but not before the former could also endorse the latter's diplomatic vision of an Australia aligned with the swastika, the fasces and the rising sun. In his final broadcast of 26 June the older man added his own touch:

Not only is Hitler a very clever and far-seeing man, but the whole great resurgence of the German people, under Hitler's leadership, after a disastrous war is a very important fact in itself for Australians. It is all of a general kind with the great resurgence of the Italian people under Mussolini.

This was the same voice that over the same air waves only a week earlier had criticised his fellow countrymen thus: 'Australians are bedazzled by Europe, and cannot see Australia properly.' Miles was never one to acknowledge contradiction, even when it stared him in the face. Regardless, the patron now seemed on the verge of allowing his client off the leash in order to initiate 'Australian Action' of some kind, for in the last broadcast on 26 June Miles confessed that he saw 'Fascism and Nazism as natural reactions to Communist propaganda, and were Communism to strengthen in Australia we would expect to see it countered by some movement similar to Fascism in Italy or to Nazism in Germany'. Stephensen certainly foresaw a job vacancy for an Australian Führer and set out the selection criteria in the July edition of the *Publicist*:

We need here a Mahomet, a Hideyoshi, a Cromwell —or a Hitler— a man of harsh vitality, a born leader, a man of action, not one sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. Fanatics are needed, crude, harsh men, not sweet and decorous men, to arouse us from the lethargy of decadence, softness and lies which threaten doom to White Australia unless the regenerating force emerges here before 1950. Wanted, a Leader!

This call was an echo of the September 1937 editorial, but modesty (or Miles) still prevented 'Inky' from a Napoleonic self-anointment, but only just. The detested Hitler of Foundations was dead and buried, having been replaced by an altogether different figure of authority, a 'fanatic' considered worthy of domestic emulation. Like many a fanatic before him, including Cromwell and Hideyoshi the 'great unifier' of sixteenth-century Japan, Hitler was about to become a wartime leader and the thirty-ninth edition of the Publicist was to be the last in peace-time, appearing on the day that the panzers rolled into Poland, 1 September 1939. It was more than appropriate that this issue contained the fifth and final instalment of the protracted 30 January Reichstag speech in which Hitler had warned of the possibility, even probability, of violence. He had also warned of the annihilation (Vernichtung) of European Jewry in the event of such a war. This chilling and prophetic passage had escaped the notice of most Australian editors at the beginning of the year-Miles now presented it in highlighted italics in evident approval and added his own anti-Semitic spice: 'Workers of all classes and of all nations recognise your common enemy!' He failed to mention the week-old Nazi-Soviet Pact which appeared to have stilled the European crusade against Jewish Bolshevism for the time being. The Bunyip Critic echoed his patron, concluding his peace-time contributions in similar vein: 'Nationalists oppose Jews because Jews oppose Nationalism...It is only when the Jews are weakening a community that the community must defend itself.' So, to the Publicist the coming war was not about Poland, or German hegemony or the survival of democracy; it was about the Jewish world-conspiracy outlined in the Protocols which stood unashamedly on the bookshelves in the Elizabeth Street shopfront.

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That final peace-time issue had included a claim by Miles that he was indifferent to the possibility of the export of national-socialism to Australia and to the imitation of that movement by local nationalists. No consistent reader of the thirty-nine issues of the *Publicist* published from July 1936–September 1939 could conceivably have entertained that claim as plausible. Certainly, the *Publicist* and its contributors had been occupied with subjects that were not directly

connected with Nazi dreaming. Travel, aboriginal affairs, feminism, conscription, Australian literature, education and friendship with Japan were all scrutinised in this wide-ranging journal over the three years of its peacetime circulation by a diverse collection of contributors, some of them more extreme than Miles or Stephensen. Yet the thread of a quasi-Nazi, ideologically-based world-view was ubiquitous, whether it was an interest in Baylebridge's revived 'New Nationalism', in eugenics, in a particular interpretation of Nietzsche, in unrealised 'Australian Action' or in straightforward, paranoid anti-Semitism. The journal had recognised in its tribute to Belloc in July 1937 that the course it followed was potentially 'unpopular' and 'dangerous', although neither Miles nor Stephensen seemed fully aware of just how hazardous their course could become, even if the patron at least had expected the 'coming war' as early as the second issue. He was, however, protected from adversity by his wealth and by the impunity of his advanced age. The Bunyip Critic, his client, had neither to protect him, but up to the outbreak of war Stephensen had made no secret of his desire to astonish the burghers relentlessly. The outbreak of war with Germany was an obvious crossing-of-the-Rubicon for the journal of 'Australia-First' and could only have appeared to be the end of their national-socialist propagandising, at least for the duration. Miles had concluded his 2SM broadcasts in June with 'Good night, Australians!' It must now in September 1939 have seemed that it was 'Good night' for 'NAZI HQ'. This was not the case, a rather surprising outcome given the depth of the journal's Nazi sympathies. Inky Stephensen, who now sported a toothbrush moustache, was always the optimist and sensed instead revolutionary opportunities that would finally make a 'hole in the bourgeois world', the goal that the irrepressible Lawrence had delineated for his young disciple in 1928. Miles was characteristically more guarded (conscious that the journal was limited in funds, manpower and geographical influence), but his role was diminishing with advancing age to the benefit of his younger partner. The Publicist had earlier considered the publication of the anonymous, execrable poem 'Take Action' set to the tune of 'Onward Christian Soldiers', the first lines of which ran: 'Onward Oswald Mosley/ Marching through the gore.'72 It was now time for the Nazi enthusiasts, including the Kookaburra and the Bunyip, to look for an Australian Mosley and to pull on their own marching boots as the 'Roaring Forties' approached.

CHAPTER 4 'STUDY NATIONAL SOCIALISM'— PROPAGANDISTS AND OTHER 'POLITICALS'

National Socialism will be somewhat different in its incidence in British countries than in Germany. The differences in outlook, and environment, and necessity, will have their influence.

A.R. Mills, in the National Socialist, December 1936.

National Socialism has been caused by the failure of capitalist democracy to solve social problems.

Adela Pankhurst Walsh, Empire Gazette, April 1938.

It's great stuff this Leadership business—If you're the right kind of man.

C.E. Carroll on Hermann Göring, Anglo-German Review, February 1938.

Without Rancour, Without Hysteria—the Spirit of the Race—Herr H. and Mrs Britannia—'idealism and energy': the *Anglo-German Review*—The Link.

The *Publicist* had not strayed out of the control of editor Miles in the peacetime years, with a restless Stephensen never far behind, and the paper remained largely a two-man show in which the primary propagandising on behalf of the Nazi idea fell upon their shoulders. However, there were a number of other notable contributors to the propaganda efforts of the Nazi enthusiasts both within the

fold of 'Australia-First' as well as outside it. In Sydney, many of this circle would gather on Thursday evenings 4.30-6.30 PM, close to the T & G building office of the Publicist, chiefly at the Shalimar café ('Coffee sixpence'), where Stephensen had hosted Kisch in January 1935 in his earlier political life and where in June of that year he had formed the NSW branch of the Book Censorship Abolition League. This informal Australia-First circle formed a discussion group known as the Yabber Club (sometimes 'Yabba' after the allegedly aboriginal for 'to talk') and this venue, along with others, acted as a meeting place for those who sympathised with their world-view. Stephensen later described it as 'a place where we yabbered on editorial policy, or confabulated' and as 'a discussion circle of supporters of the Publicist." A few were regulars—Miles; Stephensen; Cecil Salier (b.1880), a retired AMP insurance and investment business executive, who had admired Foundations and was also a member of the Royal Australian Historical Society; his similarly retired AMP associate Valentine Crowley (b.1884), a regular Publicist contributor, who had attended the January 1938 Institute of Political Science Summer School in Canberra to advocate the 'Australia-First' world-view, without much success (the only mark he had made there was to clash with the fierce Mrs Pankhurst Walsh, the representative of the Empire Gazette, over issues of imperial patriotism); the former banker Sydney Hooper (b.1869), an old business associate of Miles, and the Japanophile Edward (Cory de la Roche) Masey (b.1906), described by security as 'an intellectual type', but who earned his living as a representative for Johnson and Johnson.² It seems difficult to imagine a Nazi dreamer peddling baby powder, but the Yabbers were a disparate lot although all friendly with Miles, whom some had known for decades. Many others attended on occasion when in town-Mills; Kirtley; the poet Ian Mudie; the writers Xavier Herbert and Harley Matthews (b.1889), a former ANZAC from 1914-17, now a poet, vintner and Publicist critic of British army discipline.3 Others came and soon went, like Peter Russo the academic journalist and Japanophile, whom Miles correctly believed had seen the dangers to his career of aligning himself with Australia-First. Female members of the circle such as Miles Franklin and later Adela Pankhurst Walsh (often referred to by Miles as the 'Amazonians') also attended, but were discouraged by the rampant misogyny of the Sydney Kookaburra, who insisted in the Publicist of April 1939 that 'Feminism' was the most aggravated symptom of decadence. Stephensen's conviviality occasionally went some way to ameliorate the effect of his patron's distemper. Franklin was still complaining after Miles's death about one memorable evening on which he had 'simply roared me down once at the Yabber Club when I attempted to express my point of view'. 4 Yabber attendance varied from as many as seventeen to as few as three, when Miles's table-talk slipped further into monologue. The Yabber circle (consisting of both 'poeticals' and 'politicals' as Stephensen later categorised his followers) met several

hundred times up to the early part of 1942, attracting the largely unwarranted attention of the security agencies, especially the Commonwealth Investigation Branch, after the outbreak of war. There had probably been a security informant in their ranks from 1937 (perhaps Tinker-Giles, later the wartime Treasurer of Australia-First) and certainly one ('Agent 222') in 1941.⁵ Its peace-time activities were harmlessly inane.

This assessment could not be made about the propaganda that was pedalled by some its members and their fellow travellers outside the comfortable, café environment, especially from 1938, for the vitriol that had already been circulated by Miles and Stephensen was often matched, even surpassed, by that of others who shared their enthusiasm for the 'German revolution'. Some of these mostly obscure 'politicals' were offered the columns of the Publicist; others, like A.R. Mills and Adela Pankhurst Walsh, followed an independent journalistic path that made even that paper seem moderate at times. One expatriate, the Tasmanian Cola Ernst Carroll, was a prominent Nazi enthusiast in London through his Anglo-German Review, although maintaining links with the land of his birth. Despite this extensive and diverse propagandising, those Australian enthusiasts inclined to direct political action rather than to literary agitation were still waiting in September 1939 for Stephensen's vaunted 'Australian Action', but their agitprop had at least indicated that they were psychologically prepared for any coming struggle in pursuit of their 'Dreamtime'. Throughout the years of their peacetime propagandising, they had all been sustained by what became the motto of the most extreme amongst them, A.R. Mills: 'Study National Socialism'.

The *Publicist*, limited though its circulation was, provided the perfect vehicle for the Australian chauvinism and dreams of the native admirers of Nazism, assured as they were of the patronage and mysteriously deep pockets of W.J. Miles. In July 1937, the editor had denied that his philosophy constituted 'Australia Over All' (or 'To Hell with Every Other Place'), but the first accusation was warranted to judge from the columns of the *Publicist*, 1936–39; the second clearly was not, for Nazi Germany remained a centre of sympathetic focus for those columnists seeking heaven on earth, not Hell. It had all started harmlessly enough. Cecil Salier, the retired AMP finance executive, who shared an enthusiasm for Shakespeare with his old friend Miles, had also shared his travel experiences with the inaugural readers in 'Home Coming'. Here, following four months of touring in England, Italy and Austria, Salier concluded that European scenery was beautiful, but he felt the burden of the continent's 'historical connections': 'I have sensed the

weight of twenty dead centuries with their burden of strife and passions'. He was glad to come home to the bush and the beach, revelling in both 'Australia Over All' and 'To Hell with Every Other Place'. Salier would subsequently write diverse columns dealing with historical topics (his chief hobby) and, in October 1936, he advocated proportional representation, one aspect of Weimar Germany that obviously appealed to the Australia-First dreamers. However, such seemingly innocent home-sickness and electoral analysis eventually assumed pro-Nazi characteristics, with at least one 'Other Place' and its anti-Semitic ideological obsessions receiving an inordinate amount of attention in the columns of the peace-time *Publicist*.

In August 1937, the journal reprinted a recent address given to Mt. Gambier branch of Rotary in which a retired dentist, Dr G.E.P. Philpots of Melbourne, had praised the new Germany. The good doctor heartily approved of recent political developments, although he had only visited the Second (pre-war) Reich, not the Third. His impressions were nonetheless broad—Adolph [sic] Hitler had replaced a corrupt government and 'I sincerely believe that Herr Hitler is sincere'. Philpots shared the Nazi belief that the Führer had saved Germany from chaos, from 'going Red', and was thus worthy of the gratitude of the Anglo-Saxon world. 'National Socialism', he erroneously believed, had grown out of 'German tradition' and its leader was 'worthy of respect and admiration'. There was nothing in this address that was not in accord with Miles's own interpretation of European events, even if the speaker had not, as yet, displayed much anti-Semitic sentiment, surprising given that he was an Odinist associated with A.R. Mills. Many poems and reviews subsequently appeared in the Publicist under the name of 'G.P.', a probable reference to the initials of Dr Philpots. They all espoused the sentiments of the Rotary address, including 'Black, White, Black' which expressed anxiety about the future racial composition of the Australian population. Not surprisingly, 'G.P.' lauded 'Germany's rapid resurgence by National Socialism under Hitler's leadership' in an April 1939 book review in the same journal and welcomed any absence of 'tendentious propaganda' about the Reich. He needed only to read elsewhere in the Publicist to find that.

Other columnists eagerly filled any anti-Semitic void left by Dr Philpots, including the now regular 'political' columnist 'Rex Williams'—a nom-de-plume assumed by Stephensen probably in order to give the journal the appearance of breadth. 'Williams' had condemned the 'Jewishness' of Marxism in the December 1937 issue by denouncing modern Jews and Communists as 'rigid, doctrinaire and intolerant' without any acknowledgement that the paper for which he wrote could be similarly categorised. It was not only politically active Jews who irritated him, but also those engaged in cultural activities. In his 'Notes of the Month' for November 1938 (the month of *Kristallnacht*) Williams

had lapsed into artistic criticism of what the Nazis called 'cultural Bolshevism', finding a recent 'American-Jewish burlesque' at the Theatre Royal in Sydney to be lewd and distasteful. He then jumped to the extraordinary conclusion that the show had been a 'demonstration to Australians of the reasons for anti-Semitism in other countries'. 'Williams' thought that Sydney's Jewish community would do well to take note of the supposed public outrage against this local 'degradation of culture'. No doubt they did, particularly following the night-of-broken-glass in Germany, even if the show was not in any way associated with Jews, American or otherwise—it was managed by a man called Howard.

The anti-Semitism of the Publicist needed no external stimulant, but one was there for the asking by late 1938 with the appearance of Jewish refugees in Australia in noticeable numbers; there were some 15,000 pre-war, refugee arrivals. 'Williams' may have fancied himself as the chief scourge of Australian Jews, aside from the Sydney Kookaburra, but his position was challenged by L.M. Veron, who suggested in the August 1938 issue (in 'Australia and the Jews') that 'too many' were arriving and then those were 'not of the right temperament' to make good citizens. Not until December 1939 would Publicist readers learn that 'Veron' was actually another nom-de-plume of Miles, assumed presumably to make the ranks of anti-Semites appear larger than they actually were. Although denying any desire to persecute these refugees from European persecution, 'Veron' reiterated the anti-Semitic shibboleth that 'There could be no anti-Semitism were there no Semitism', an opinion that Stephensen later circulated over the air-waves and in print with gusto. He concluded an historical survey of British anti-Semitism by threatening, and wishing, that there were 'millions' of Australians with anti-Semitic feeling waiting to take matters into their own hands should the Commonwealth government continue to make the mistake of admitting such refugees. This was fantasy, but the readers of the Publicist would hear a great deal more anti-refugee rhetoric in the coming years, especially after July 1939 when Dr I. Steinberg, secretary of the Freeland League for Jewish Territorial Colonization, toured the remote Kimberley region Western Australia and suggested that millions of acres were available there for the settlement of some 10,000 people.⁶ This issue of Jewish resettlement was especially touchy for these readers in later years, but even before the Steinberg proposal had been made public, the 'Jewish Influx' was causing anxiety to readers such as 'Coogee', who wrote to Miles in the March 1939 issue in order to protest about the admission of wealthy Jews. These refugees had been expelled from Germany, he argued, owing to the influence they had exercised through their ill-earned wealth and now 'Germany is transferring her troubles to us'. He not surprisingly considered it unlikely that these refuges would adjust their ways and choose to live in peace and goodwill in Australia. An understandable, anti-Semitic reception awaited them, he claimed, whatever their behaviour.

'Williams' and 'Veron' had another rival in their quest to be the hammers of Australian Jewry—Martin Watts (b.1894), a war veteran and winner of the Military Medal who dabbled in chicken-farming on a Moorebank, NSW, property neighbouring the acreage of Matthews. Watts was an irregular Yabber attendee, possibly owing to his tubercular illness, but he penned an article for the Publicist in February 1939 which distilled the peace-time anti-Semitism of the Australian Nazi enthusiasts: 'As I See the Jews: Without Rancour, Without Hysteria.' If these two qualities were absent, pitilessness was not. Here he denied that the persecutions and suffering endured by the Jews were in any way different from the animosity exercised against other peoples throughout history—the Holocaust would soon challenge that belief. The animosity was, Watts maintained, chiefly channelled in the other direction, as the Jews exercised their 'guile' and 'callous ruthlessness' on their 'victims'. This 'cuckoo nation' had chosen to live amongst other peoples in order to 'secure richer pickings' and if they wished to avoid the consequent persecution of their resentful hosts, then Watts suggested that they assimilate and 'disappear as soon as possible'. Should they be unwilling to commit ethnic suicide, he suggested that they gather themselves in 'some part of the world' (although clearly not in Western Australia). Watts employed his own callous ruthlessness in this analysis, foreshadowing greater persecutions to come in Europe and indicating that the Australian Nazi enthusiasts were as morally culpable for future atrocities as those who actually engaged in them. Watts, forgetting that he was discussing people not chickens, seemed to acknowledge that Jewish women and children were as likely to be victims of future persecution as their menfolk, but he thought this inevitable and excusable, for they also shared the 'spoils when victorious'. If the Jews as a whole suffered, it was because of the 'fortunes of war', given their preference 'to live by bargaining instead of by hard yakka'. It was astonishing that the Publicist could foster and circulate such blood-curdling reasoning under the guise of being 'without rancour', but it was not alone in so doing. There were other, more extreme Australian Nazi dreamers who thought that the absence of rancour was an unduly charitable position to hold.

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One of the most extreme anti-Semites of this period was the well-travelled Melbourne solicitor Alexander Rud Mills, who had moved to Sydney at some time in 1936. A link between this him and Eric Campbell's legal firm in Sydney was later suggested by Military Intelligence but not proven, for Mills seems to have shifted in order to broaden his political, not his slender legal, horizons. Regardless of any links with the remnants of the New Guard, Mills

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soon immersed himself in Stephensen's Foundations and in the Publicist, being an occasional visitor to the Elizabeth Street shopfront. He certainly met Miles and probably Stephensen, although both men later denied any pre-war personal connection.8 He also made contact with a shadowy Nazi official, Wilhelm Carl Josef Heiler, who was the NSDAP group leader in Sydney and a German security agent who nominally worked for the 'Labour Front' so admired by some of the dreamers.9 Already a prodigious (self-published) writer, Mills declined for the moment any offer to scribble for the 'The Paper Loyal to Australia First'. That this was to the advantage of the Publicist was soon demonstrated by his own brief journalistic efforts, when Mills published two issues of the National Socialist. A Paper Devoted to the British Race and British Culture, the first in December 1936, the second (and last) in February-March 1937. The sub-title and the masthead, God Save the King, demonstrated that Mills was not at one with the Australian chauvinism of the Publicist, but the content of the two issues of the National Socialist indicated that the ideological agenda was familiar to those associated with Australia-First, dreaming of native national-socialism. The first issue, costing 11/2 d., carried a swastika oriented in the Nazi-style in the masthead for the benefit of any in doubt about the intentions of the 'Editor and Director', even if Mills quite correctly pointed out that this sun-symbol had been employed by the Anglo-Saxon ancestors whom he so revered—to employ this symbol in 1936 as a reputedly ancient British one was disingenuous. The contents of the paper were vintage Mills; obscurantist, disjointed, erratic and above all, anti-Semitic. His widow later insisted that 'A.R. was not anti-Semitic at any time', but that benign view could not be sustained by any reading of her husband's writing. 10 Mills was chiefly a mystic, or 'esoteric Nazi', but he did have his political side and that side was a Nazi one clearly aligned to Leese's 'racial' fascism. Aside from the masthead swastika, National Socialist made its commitment to the Aryan fetish on the first page of the first issue by headlining 'Aryan' for an article in which Mills dismissed any notion that the term was only a linguistic one: 'Aryan has much and perhaps all to do with race'. He suggested that those 'anti-Aryans' in denial on this point ought to be subject to close visual examination, tastelessly implying that they would be seen to be Jewish in appearance. The issue continued in a similar racial vein by denouncing the murder of 'Gentile' women by the Bolsheviks in Spain, by denouncing 'usury' (a short-hand term to describe international, 'Jewish' finance) and by denouncing 'Jewish influence in the British press'. As evidence of this, he cited British press refusal to publicise the prayers of Soviet Ukrainians who were, according to Mills, daily beseeching God to deliver them from the Jews through the medium of Adolf Hitler. Mills would nurture this racial fetish up to his deathbed in 1964, although unlike the genuflecting Ukrainians, he would not have the opportunity to experience its machinations personally. Nevertheless, any

reader of the National Socialist could not but help detect his commitment to the foreign ideology that disseminated such ideas.

Mills's first and penultimate editorial 'The Spirit of the Race' chose to use allegory to make the author's point, contrasting the pure native spirit of the Bunyip (not Stephensen) with that of the encroaching, polluting Dingo. Despite the title, it had little to do with politics, national-socialist or otherwise, but with Mills's chief obsession—religion. This was a topic that he had written about a great deal and would continue to do so, but its placement here can only have confused readers, who could not have been aware that his other reference to the 'Jackal' seeking to distract the 'Lion' was a component of his relentless anti-Semitism. There were plenty of other more candid references to this prejudice for those who sought them. Whilst Mills saw 'National Socialism' as the panacea to all the modern problems he haphazardly addressed in this issue, whether it be the 'doctrinal lie of Equality', the emancipation of women or the Bolshevik menace in Spain, it was the Jewish question that befuddled him to a degree that bordered on the insane. The Jew was behind everything, according to this issue of the National Socialist—behind the English misunderstanding of Nazi Germany, behind the League of Nations, behind the push for refugee resettlement, behind Freemasonry, behind communism at home and abroad, behind the sweated labour of Australian girls, behind the low standard of health of British army recruits, behind Australian democracy. The diagnosis was obvious to Mills; so too was the therapy. 'National Socialism' with its social and racial values, he declared, was the 'only way out' of attempts to pollute the Australian population with refugees. It was the only solution for toiling girls, who would be protected from exploitation and 'most or all of them will be married' in order to produce the 'healthy children' which Mills (like Baylebridge and Stephensen) was either unwilling or unable to produce himself. The shape that such an ideology would take locally was not to be an imitation of any alien form: 'National Socialism will be somewhat different in its incidence in British countries than in Germany. The differences in outlook, and environment, and necessity, will have their influence.' He repeated this mock assurance in the following issue. Clearly, those differences would not include any amelioration of anti-Semitism in a country that knew no 'Jewish problem' other than the one that dwelled in the minds of men like Mills.

The second and final issue of the *National Socialist*, February–March 1937, was of no greater clarity than the first. The swastika was removed from the masthead, despite Mills's earlier insistence on its Anglo-Saxon usage, but the mania remained fixed. Soviet Russia, the issue noted, was ruled by warring Jewish factions and its current internecine political struggles could only be understood through the prism of the ideological alternative that Mills was offering: 'Study National Socialism.' A further exposition on the 'Spirit of the

Race' (which warned of impending Maori extinction in New Zealand owing to a failure to preserve the spirit of their own) was overshadowed by the core of this second issue: 'Some Ideas on National Socialism.' Here, Mills set out the core of his political beliefs. Liberalism and communism were tools of the Jews used to 'set up a world State' under their hegemony—an early condemnation of globalisation found elsewhere in national-socialist philosophy. National Socialism, on the other hand, aimed at the 'development of people to an even higher plane, mental, cultural and spiritual, in the direction indicated by the instinct of the racial strain that predominates in them'. In the case of Australia, this strain was the 'Nordic-Aryan'. As the foundation of the ideology was 'Race', Mills expounded on a program of 'Racial Hygiene' that was little more than a pale imitation of Baylebridge, with the similar aim of attaining the elusive 'Purity of Race' and of avoiding racial mingling. Once he moved on to the question of political leadership, however, the author shifted attention away from native sources and towards the example provided by the man he had met in Munich in 1932. Hitler's Führerprinzip was the model for the 'Aryan way' of command, for Mills recognised that the 'majority' were incompetent to make laws, or anything else, without the guidance of a leadership circle. Whatever else the University of Melbourne had done for this errant solicitor, it had introduced him to the elitist ideas of Plato, which he now espoused in a modern format by extolling the 'Adolf Hitler' leaderships schools in Germany. It is assumed that Mills regarded himself as qualified to be one of Plato's 'Guardians'.

Elitist fantasies aside, the essence of this second issue and of its predecessor was again summarised by Mills when addressing a topic about which he did know something—'Justice'—in an indictment of the money-worship of the legal system. Here again, 'Study National Socialism' was offered as the solution to this problem and any others. There the National Socialist would have rested in early 1937, Mills having exhausted his resources and being bereft of any further ideological advice. He had written the entirety of the papers himself and had attracted only a single advertiser; the 'Australian Unity League' had urged his more curious readers to write for further literature on the ubiquitous 'Jewish Question'. This one-man band was established by Ernest Jones (b.1870), an English-born retired auctioneer, printer and full-time mystic, whom the NSW police were later convinced had been connected with the issuing of the National Socialist; the two men were certainly on the same ideological wave-length.11 The author of Hitler, The Jews and Communists: Australians Awake! in 1933, which he posted to Dr Becker in Tanunda with a cordial dedication, Jones was also a later correspondent with Herr Hoffmann of the NSDAP Press Department in Munich, in 1938.12 Jones audaciously requested a cordial reception in Germany from this party official, even a Führer interview, for the forthcoming visit of the

UAP parliamentarian Percy Spender whom he claimed was 'deeply interested in the Jewish question'. However, he had misjudged this parliamentary renegade, who proved a relentless opponent of Germany and of attempts to appease her ambitions.¹³ It is doubtful if Spender was aware of this attempted intervention and the Security Service eventually dismissed Jones as 'something of a crank' with an 'active brain but erratic mind'.¹⁴ He was certainly active, being associated with shadowy extremist organisations other than his Unity League, such as the 'Guild of Watchmen' and others that he founded, all fanatically anti-Semitic. Like A.R. Mills, Jones also had dealings with Herr Heiler and the conclusions of security about his state of mind could have been equally applied to that other local mystic at the time of his Sydney sojourn, 1936–37, and later.

The National Socialist and its eccentric founder would have disappeared without trace but for the eagle-eye of another refugee from the Tasmanian bush, Bartlett Adamson, the literary editor of the Sydney journal Smith's Weekly and a contributor of epigrams to the Australian Mercury. Stephensen and Adamson were no longer friends, however, despite their high profiles in the Fellowship of Australian Writers and their common membership of the Book Censorship Abolition League, for Adamson remained faithful to the leftist causes that the other had largely abandoned. He was perhaps already a member of the Communist Party, certainly of their front-organisation Writers' League, and later, as president of the FAW, alienated any writers associated with Australia First, including Miles Franklin. Smith's Weekly had been a constant gadfly of the New Guard and even though Liberty was long gone, Adamson was more disturbed than most at the appearance of what could be conceived of as a swastika-bedaubed successor, even if a sound journalist such as himself had little to fear from the scribble of Mills. On 12 December 1936, Smith's announced to its readers that a 'Nazi Organ Published in Sydney' had featured a 'Savage Attack on the Jews'. Extensive and appropriate quotations from the first issue of the National Socialist were accompanied by a report of a visit to Mills's 'unfurnished' office at Pitt St, Sydney. The gentlemanly occupant appeared harmless enough, but he happily confessed his links with Mosley and the more extreme Leese. He also fondly recalled his single visit to Hitler with some hubris by denying any friendship with the German leader, but adding 'Yet he may know me.' To the reporter's sceptical astonishment, Mills denied being 'anti-Jewish' and declined to discuss the financing of his jaunt into the world of the Fourth Estate on behalf of the Third Reich. Like a dog with a juicy bone, however, Smith's did not let go and followed with a second report on 2 January 1937. This article assessed the more important and characteristic side of Mills's scribbling, where he employed anti-Semitism in the cause of his religious mysticism. In the meantime, the gentleman had responded to the criticism of his politics with a characteristic suspicion of conspiracy, believing that 'an [unnamed] untruthful and treacherous man' had delivered him into the clutches of 'enemies'. This was as unconvincing as a companion article in his last edition where Mills had argued that Australians should relegate their affection for 'play-ball' sports to a 'proper sphere', presumably behind a sense of anti-Semitic, racial purity. Such a fundamental misunderstanding of his compatriots was in itself a guarantee that Alexander Rud Mills had no future as a journalist in the country of his birth. Publicly chastised, he returned to Melbourne and thereafter restricted himself to proselytizing for Odin as 'Tasman Forth', aside from one sally into the columns of the *Publicist* in January 1940, and then on the topic of 'Religion and Politics'.

Ш

If Mills had proven over-sensitive to criticism, another propagandist of Nazi dreaming, Adela Pankhurst Walsh, seemed more robust and irrepressible. Later uncharitably described by one of those associated with the Australia-First circle as 'a screaming rat-bag if ever there was one', she was nonetheless the leading figure of the handful of women attracted to that group. If these women were 'Amazons' in Miles's description then Mrs Pankhurst Walsh was Hippolyte, their queen. Like Stephensen, she was a convert to the radical Right from further left and her reputation suffered accordingly. Adela Pankhurst (b.1885 in Manchester) was a member of the 'suffragette' family, the youngest daughter of the leader of that movement, Emmeline Pankhurst. Like the other activists associated with the Women's Social and Political Union in the years before the Great War, Adela endured imprisonment and forcefeeding, but by early 1914 she had withdrawn from feminist agitprop after a fallingout with her mother. Adela was never comfortable sharing the limelight. In April of that year, however, she was in self-imposed exile in Australia at the invitation of the dynamic, local 'Mrs Pankhurst', Vida Goldstein. Active again in the same cause and on behalf of a broader socialism, Adela married Tom Walsh, the militant secretary of the Seamen's Union, in 1917; much of her honeymoon was spent in Melbourne's grim Pentridge prison, but it was the beginning of a happy personal and political partnership. Tom fell out with his old union in 1925 and thereafter campaigned against communist influence within the union movement and elsewhere, despite the fact that both he and his wife had been foundation members of the Communist Party. He appears to have taken his wife with him on the journey from left to right (although she was ultimately to travel further down the same track). By 1928 'APW' had founded the conservative but socially-minded 'Women's Guild of Empire' in Sydney, founding and editing its monthly journal the Empire Gazette, which boasted of being anti-communist, anti-party and anti-Douglas Credit. It only remained in the thirties for her to shift from the conservative right to the more radical fringe,

from her old socialism to the newer brand of national-socialism, for it soon became apparent that APW was one of those who took the Nazis seriously in their claim to be socialists as well as nationalists; the 'Question Box' column of the Empire Gazette was even convinced that the 'socialist features' of Nazism outweighed the capitalist ones, a view that was at least sustainable until June 1934 and the 'Night of the Long Knives' in Germany. 15 Yet any move towards the dreaming, Australia-First circle still seemed unlikely as late as 1937 given two factors. The first was the hostility that the Publicist displayed towards the 'British First' Guild, returned in kind in the columns of the Empire Gazette, and the second was the anti-feminism cultivated by Miles the misogynist, tolerated by the more equable Stephensen. The Publicist exercised both factors in July 1937 when the editor railed against the 'Amazons of the British Garrison in Australia—An Aggressive Guild of Empire', reminding its readers that Mrs Pankhurst Walsh had once been a 'socialist propagandist'. This was true of both her (and of Stephensen as well) but a small amount of research would have shown Miles and his ilk that the Walsh couple were already propagandists of an all together different form of socialism.

Tom Walsh had joined the New Guard in September 1931 and remained until April 1933 but probably found this quasi-military organisation unsuited to a man of his pacifist tendencies (he was perhaps the only member of the Australia-First inner circle—briefly for a few months at the end of 1941 at the side of his wife who had been a New Guardsman). Nevertheless, the distant, new Germany was another matter, as Miles would have discovered had he tuned to 2UE for the eccentric, weekly radio talks that Adela and Tom presented throughout the thirties on behalf of their Guild. A closer study of the Empire Gazette would also have shown him that the gap between Mrs Walsh and himself was not as broad as he thought. As early as August 1933 she had already made clear over the air-waves her strong preference for Nazi over Weimar Germany. The post-war republic, she noted, had been dominated by big business and organized labour at the expense of primary producers, small investors and the unemployed; social conditions had led to the development of 'Kulturbolschewismus' (cultural depravity), the marginalisation of the churches, lower morality, pre-marital sex, contraception and abortion. This all but Nazi interpretation lacked only anti-Semitism, which Walsh avoided for the moment in her acceptance that the Protocols were a fake, although she drew attention to Jewish prominence in the Sparticus (sic) and communist parties, as well as in the financial and political scandals of the Weimar era. She remained confident, however, that once these manifestations of the 'new liberalism' of Weimar had faded, including the disreputable new literature of the post-war period, the antipathy towards the Jews would fade. 16 She was not alone in failing to comprehend that Nazi anti-Semitism was not motivated by any passing economic or literary circumstance, but by intransigent ideology. Her call

in the Gazette of September 1936 for 'reconciliation' between Jews and Germans indicated her failure to comprehend the real nature of the German revolution.

Whilst Adela was thus dipping her toe in the shallows of anti-Semitism as early as 1933, her husband was disinclined to do so, for his talks and book reviews of the period were, if anything, philo-Semitic, expressing the view that anti-Semitism was economically based and could be addressed by a measure of 'Christian understanding'17—this was hardly national-socialism. His analysis 'The Jews and Modern Capitalism', written in February 1934, suggested that modern capitalism was a creation of Jewish philosophy and of their 'innate characteristics' of enterprise. He also referred to modern anti-Semitism as a 'primitive, belligerent spirit', concluding that civilisation owed a debt to the Jews in finance, credit, industry and scientific discovery. Nothing could have been more remote from the views that would be circulated two years later by the Publicist. However, by 1937 there were discernible signs of a Walsh-Miles synthesis. In the same month that the Sydney Kookaburra so vituperatively assaulted the 'Amazons of the British Garrison', 'APW' was serving the cause of the Publicist by hauling the world-view of her husband towards the ideological orbit of the Nazi enthusiasts. In her July broadcast on 'Fascism', Mrs Pankhurst Walsh showed a measure of residual Marxism by agreeing with her husband that German anti-Semitism had an economic basis: 'The Aryan theory in Germany is really a reflection of the difficulty of accommodating both German and Jews in the country under the severe economic nationalism of Europe.'18 It was not, as many others were forced to admit even before the outbreak of war. She also continued to believe that the level of anti-Semitic violence would recede; instead it escalated. Despite this basic misunderstanding of one aspect of the Nazi doctrine, she offered her listeners a basic lesson in another—that of Volksgemeinschaft. It was this 'socialist' element of Nazism which 'includes all classes of the community in the State and administers production on a national basis for the whole community' that particularly appealed to her as a renegade from the left, in a way that also fuelled Stephensen's concept of 'Australian socialism'. Val Crowley later likened this state of (enforced) social unity to 'Mateship'.19 If a certain level of authoritarianism was required to achieve it, then Pankhurst Walsh had no difficulty with the regulation of the 'activities of capitalists and workers, primary producers and manufacturers, so that they do not injure each other and cause strife which would be injurious to the State as a whole'. She had herself endured and abhorred repression in her days as a suffragette, but was now willing to watch dissidents elsewhere endure that of a more refined nature.

Even if Miles was still unable to swallow his pride and unwilling to admit this strident woman into the Australia-First circle, her propagandising on behalf of the *Reich* had not gone unnoticed, for von Skerst allowed her to use the columns

of Die Brücke in their Christmas issue of 1937 for her review of the recent analysis of Nazi Germany by Professor Roberts of Sydney University; she had earlier broadcasted the review on 5 December and Tom had furnished a copy of the text to the German vice-consul. The listeners and readers were left in no doubt that the reviewer was without any seasonal spirit, for she was most unimpressed by the Roberts interpretation, The House That Hitler Built. She condemned its psychological approach, its failure to place the rise of Hitler within the scope of recent German history, its neglect of the Jewish question and, above all, the author's failure to recognise a 'Revolution' when it was staring him in the face. Again, Pankhurst Walsh took the opportunity to list Hitler's social achievements overlooked by Roberts-the youth Labour Camps, the 'Strength Through Joy' movement amongst the workers, the housing programs, all achieved in the name of the 'new spirit'. A similar account followed in her own Empire Gazette in April 1938 to the concern of the middle-class members of that organisation who were far from revolutionaries. Miles could not have done better and he did not do so when he reviewed the same book in the course of 1938 in the Publicist. These parallel reviews indicated a meeting of minds, finally, between the Kookaburra and the Amazon and they would uncomfortably co-exist for the following four years. Von Skerst was even invited to a Guild of Empire luncheon in early 1938, a sure sign that Adela Pankhurst Walsh was now close to the circle of Australia's Nazi enthusiasts; she had earlier hosted Dr Ralph Farrell of the University of Sydney, who offered more subtle impressions of the Reich than could ever be offered by this editor.²⁰ The *Empire Gazette* was indulging in May 1938 in that perennial of Nazi propaganda, the argument that German Jews (some 0.77% of the population) had been over-represented in all aspects of German life prior to the Nazi revolution. Statistics were provided to demonstrate their predominance in academia, commerce and culture.21 Although the Kristallnacht of November was soon after judged as 'a great disappointment' and as excessive, Mrs Walsh now had no difficulty in suggesting that there was a 'Jewish Problem' which could only be solved by forced resettlement in Africa or America (but not Australia, given her later fears that the new arrivals would come to dominate local economic life).²²

Any who still doubted her transformation needed only to listen to her 2UE broadcast of 19 February 1939, 'Nazism: Pros and Cons', which stressed the former at the expense of the latter.²³ Here, 'APW' constructed a dialogue between 'Mrs X and Mrs Britannia', perhaps two sides of her own split personality. If these characterisations were not extraordinary enough, the first draft of her talk had 'Herr H.', a 'working man', in place of 'Mrs X'; it would have been one of the more preposterous wonders of the radio age in Australia to have heard a female commentator attempting to imitate the voice and character of Adolf Hitler on

air. Although robbed of this opportunity, 'Mrs Britannia' was to the point, for she was supposedly horrified at the loss of liberty in Germany, concerned about the persecution of the churches and critical of the recent force employed against Austria and Czechoslovakia: 'We democracies stand for International Law, not naked force.' In the months following the November pogrom the fate of the Jews also demanded some explanation. 'Mrs X/Herr H.' was more loquacious and answered each point in detail. On liberty: the people elected the new government in 1933 and the opposition has been stifled only to secure internal peace and unity and only a small minority, the internationalists, would go back to '30 parties' (this tag had been commonly used by Hitler in his speeches before 1933). On the churches: 'We saved them from Bolshevism and forcible closure.' On recent force: 'Only force has secured German territorial justice following the violations of Versailles.' On the Jews: 'Our case against the Jews is that, they were not Germans-not loyal to the Germans, either in the war or afterwards. Why not take them from us-to a national home in Palestine.' This was orthodox Nazism in all the points but one. The first was a half-truth; whilst Hitler no doubt continued to enjoy popularity, the election of March 1933 had not been the tsunami that 'Mrs X' implied; nor had the suppression of opposition been so targeted. The second was preposterous. The third was perhaps the most plausible, if distasteful; whilst the appeasers and their 'Versailles guilt' had been stretched to accept the creation of 'Greater Germany' in March 1938, even its further expansion in September, the doctrine of might-is-right still lacked much appeal in Germany and elsewhere. The final assessment of the Jewish question indicated how far down the Nazi path Mrs Pankhurst Walsh had now travelled. Her earlier anticipation of the likely decline of anti-Semitism had disappeared in favour of a less charitable outlook towards the persecuted and the calls for expulsion were now dangerously close to the later insistence on liquidation by other means. As if 'Mrs X' had not made her point forcefully enough, Pankhurst Walsh summed up the dialogue as chairman by calling for an extension of the appeasement, the 'negotiation and understanding', practised by Chamberlain and his Australian counterpart, Lyons. In the meantime, 'We must pray...for peace.' The Germans could do likewise in the churches that had so recently been saved from Bolshevism, beseeching God that their enemies would not resort to the use of force that 'Mrs X' had endorsed in other circumstances.

Thus, a most unexpected alignment between Pankhurst Walsh and the *Publicist* circle had occurred well before the outbreak of hostilities, when a further closing of ranks became obviously necessary. 'Australia-First' may very well have been also classified as 'Women Last', but a common world-view had nonetheless brought Pankhurst Walsh and Miles together.²⁴ As well as affection for the Nazi revolution, there was a common high regard for Imperial Japan, particularly in the case of

the Walsh couple. Both Adela and Tom received their ideological sustenance from Berlin, but the funding for much of their activities, including the Empire Gazette, appears to have come from Tokyo through their close relations with the various Japanese consuls Murai, Wakamatsu and Akiyama.25 For its part, the Publicist Publishing Company would circulate the extensive essay by Stephensen in March 1939, Japan's 2,599th anniversary, where the author would set aside any momentary racism by suggesting that the Japanese were in no way inferior to 'pinks' and that the international antagonism towards Tokyo was organised by Jews.²⁶ Even before the Nazis in Europe had accustomed themselves to the concept of alliance with Asia's leading power (something with which they remained uncomfortable), some of the Australian Nazi dreamers had reconciled themselves and their interpretation of the Nazi ideology with geographical reality, accepting the geo-political likelihood of Japanese domination of the region—they would be subsequently less comfortable once the Japanese shadow fell further southwards, over Australia itself. Stephensen could also have spoken for Pankhurst Walsh when he concluded his paean to Tokyo by noting: 'Japan has already taught Italy and Germany, and will yet teach Australia, by example rather than precept, the meaning and value of national self-discipline, self-sacrifice, and unity.' Both the Publicist itself and the Empire Gazette could have said 'Amen' to that, but whilst reconciling Berlin and Canberra with Tokyo was a Herculean labour, so too was keeping Pankhurst Walsh and Miles within the same tent. Mrs Pankhurst Walsh was no longer a member of the 'Women's Guild of Empire' by the time of the declaration of the new European war, although there was a final factional confrontation in this otherwise demure organisation in October 1939. By then, she had formed a new 'People's Guild', which endured until March 1941, although she continued to circulate written material for another three months. Without her the Empire Gazette went into recess after the outbreak of war, briefly returning soon after as a shadow of its former self under a 'new order of control'. The 'founder' was to go on to her own 'new order'—that of the Australian Nazi enthusiasts—but she would prove a mercurial and erratic member of that circle and would continue to give Miles much cause for the extended exercise of his Amazonian phobias. Eventually, she would even force the hand of P.R. Stephensen at a juncture of great danger and help to bring the whole Nazi house-of-cards down around their collective ears. Had he lived, Miles would not have been surprised by this outcome—it would only have confirmed his prejudice against the decadence of women in politics.

IV

The circle of Australian propagandists on behalf of the Nazi dream included one of considerable stature who chose to conceal, or at least to brush over, his

Australian origins. A few of the group were British expatriates who preached 'Australia-First' with the fanaticism of the convert. Cola Ernst Carroll had gone in the other direction and was an Australian expatriate residing in Britain. He played an important role amongst the British enthusiasts and fellow-travellers through his editorship of the Anglo-German Review, while maintaining a close eye on Australian developments. He had published therein in December 1937 his own review of Professor Roberts's critical House ('An Australian Professor Looks at Germany') in the same month as the Walsh broadcast on the same work, even before her review had appeared in the columns of Die Brücke. It was every bit as damning as its Australian counterpart, branding the House a 'dangerous and immoral book, calculated to breed hatred against another country, distrust of its aims and contempt for all the things it holds most dear'.

Those unacquainted with the parallel views of the expatriate lady were offered the opportunity by the expatriate editor to read the text of her own radio broadcast on the matter in the *Review* of February 1938. Von Skerst dutifully reproduced the Carroll review in his January 1938 issue, clearly in full agreement with his fellow editor (identified as 'C.E.C.') that the Professor had arrived in the *Reich* with his mind already made up. If so, he was at one with many of the travellers mentioned earlier and with other academics to follow.

Carroll had a link other than their common political tendencies with his acquaintance, the much-travelled A.R. Mills—both were born in Tasmania. Carroll, born on the island in 1896, was the son of a British father of Swiss origin (he variously spelt his second-name as 'Ernst' or 'Ernest') but had left Australia well before his maturity, attending the universities of Zürich and Basle. He had served with distinction in the Great War in the Royal Artillery, although badly wounded with a fifty per cent disability in 1916. After transferring to the Royal Flying Corps he was shot down and captured, escaping, like Biggles, shortly before the Armistice.²⁷ Carroll followed journalism after the war, becoming the author of Here are the Great Cities. Some account of the glories of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea in 1935, a Spengler-like account that contrasted the glories of antiquity with the degeneracy of modern times. His day-job, however, was as editor of the British Legion paper with its readership of ex-servicemen. This and his war service gave him a public cachet that was not enjoyed by many of the other dreamers. Even the normally inscrutable security services thought that he possessed 'personal charm'. From late 1936, Carroll founded the Londonbased journal, the Anglo-German Review, a monthly of a quality that shamed the ramshackle Publicist even if in per capita circulation they were respectably comparable (about 12,000 per issue for the Review)—many Australian readers subscribed to both. It was initially hoped that the Review would attract British ex-servicemen, many of whom possessed a greater degree of sympathy for postwar Germany than was often encountered in more mainstream public opinion. It was funded through German sources and sustained by German advertisements, maintaining throughout that it was the official journal of, unexpectedly, the German Historical Society of South Australia and other small organisations, but chiefly from July 1937 of the 'Link', a shadowy association intended to foster Anglo-German friendship. Rand Admiral (ret.) Sir Barry Domville R.N. remained its most prominent members, but its tentacles stretched as far as Australia and included many associated with the 'Australia-First' circle. Given his proximity to Germany and the links that he established with top-ranking Nazis such as Walter Hewel (Hitler's foreign-affairs confidant and an early member of the inner-circle), Carroll was much closer to the core of attraction than could be dreamed of by any of the more remote Australian dreamers and this was reflected in his confident journalism.

The Anglo-German Review—'independent and non-political'—first appeared in November 1936 in the belief that Germany's case 'deserved a fair hearing'.29 Like Miles and Stephensen, Carroll believed that Jewish influence in the local press was menacingly excessive and he responded in April 1937 with a menace of his own, warning that this 'unwise and dangerous attitude' would not only damage British Jews, but also be hurtful to those remaining in Germany. His articles, and the journal as a whole, reflected this particular prejudice, although Carroll's journalistic skill produced work that was considerably slicker than anything that originated from the pen of Miles the autodidact or from the mercurial Stephensen. Nevertheless, any Australian reader of the Publicist or Die Brücke who saw the new Germany as a utopia was on familiar ground when the inaugural issue of the Review featured an account of service in an Arbeitsdienst labour camp. Similar rosy accounts would follow on aspects of life in the *Reich*: in March 1937 of the 'Strength-through-Joy' movement that had replaced trade unionism; of 'May Day in the Reich' in June; of the 'grandiose spectacle' of Nuremberg in September; 'Art in the New Germany' in November 1938, at a time when historic synagogues were aflame. Occasionally, Carroll reproduced a Hitler speech, or excerpts, as in April 1939 when the Führer had expressed the desire for friendship with Britain. However, the editor of the Review possessed enough political nous not to reproduce these lengthy orations ad nauseam, as was the custom of the clumsier Miles. He was more fortunate also in his access to contributors of a superior quality to those to whom Miles often resorted. In its short life-span from November 1936-August 1939, the Anglo-German Review received contributions from former prime minister David Lloyd-George (November 1936); ambassador Joachim von Ribbentrop (January 1937); prominent appeasers Lord Londonderry and his wife (February 1937 on 'Hitler: a personal estimate', also in April 1938 and March 1939); Walter Hewel (January

1938 on his early days); the Aga Khan (May 1938 on 'Hitler-a Pillar of Peace') and from Reichsminister Goebbels (March 1939 on 'Humour and Malice'). These contributors contrasted markedly with the motley and otherwise insignificant columnists of the Publicist. The quality and scope of the editorials of the Review were also of a class that overshadowed the often barely coherent, eccentric railings of the Sydney Kookaburra. Carroll ranged over the issues of the day that were of interest to any Nazi enthusiast, wherever they might live and argued his case with a persuasive force difficult to find in the columns of the Publicist. He began each issue with a survey of foreign affairs and of British opinion relevant to Germany, where he would often employ a moderate argument that could appeal to more temperate readers as well as to Nazi dreamers. In March 1937 his 'Call to Reason' was an instance of this practice, being a plea for the implementation of appeasement, Australian policy since the beginning of the Lyons government in 1932 and shortly to be taken up by Chamberlain. Like the distant Dr Philpots, Ernst Carroll believed in Hitler's 'sincerity' and said so in June 1937, but his commitment was deeper than that, for he also suggested in October 1937 that it was impossible to understand the 'New Germany' without having experienced Nuremberg and its 'pious dedication to an ideal'. Accordingly, the Review featured extensive pictures of the rally of that year (the 'Rally of Labour') an approach that the Publicist had never considered, despite the fact that Miles's pockets were deep enough for the production of an illustrated paper.

Although Carroll was a man of journalistic skill and cultural sophistication, he was no less of a Nazi dreamer than those of his compatriots back home. His responses to the international tension that surfaced in the course of 1938-39 also revealed that he was no less of an anti-Semite than some of his cruder compatriots back home. In February 1938, following the fifth anniversary of the Nazi seizure of power, he called for Britons to 'rejoice with the German people in their new unity and strength' and profiled one of the leaders of the 'German Revolution', Reichsmarschall Göring. Admiral Domville was charmed by the personality of Reichsführer SS Himmler, already a figure of widespread fear; Carroll directed his affection towards the more genial fellow aviator whom he admired politically and on the personal level, concluding: 'Göring is a power.' In the course of this important year, Carroll also lauded Germany's building program, which provided evidence of a commitment to a peace in the longer-term ('Builders are Men of Peace'), defended the extension of Germany's borders in March and September ('Invasion de luxe'), and continued to profile the culture of the new Reich ('Art in the New Germany'). The uglier side of these rosy accounts was found in November, following Kristallnacht, when the editor likened the assaults upon German Jews to that recently endured by a fellow Nazi dreamer, the notorious Miss Unity Mitford, at the hands of a 'mob' in Hyde Park; 'Must

one be a German Jew to deserve sympathy to-day?' He resorted to the theory of Jewish world-conspiracy in order to explain the undue interest of the world's press in recent German events; this theory that had long since surfaced amongst Publicist readers and contributors. British Jews were, Carroll claimed, making a 'subterranean attempt' to sour Anglo-German relations, but he remained confident that they would merely alienate those presently in sympathy with them. This confidence did not extend far into 1939, but the Review continued to advocate appeasement after the German absorption of the rump Czech state in March, when even Chamberlain and Lyons were in despair. Carroll's argument that the German leader ('whose great qualities of idealism and energy no one can deny') was prepared to collaborate with the appeasers was now a thin one. By August, and the last issue, the editor had recognised that he was swimming against the tide of public opinion, but he preferred drowning over a change of course and refused to submit to the 'aggressive, warlike spirit' that was stalking the land, stimulated as it was by the 'false values [that] dominate the Press'. The same issue quoted King George V in the early years of the last war that he had 'never dropped a friend' including his German ones, but Carroll and the Anglo-German Review were soon to be placed in a situation whereby they would be compelled to drop their German friends, willingly or otherwise.

Ernst Carroll never forgot his dominion roots and he had ensured throughout its brief run that the Review kept abreast of fellow-travellers of Nazism wherever they lived in the Empire. Australia in particular received a degree of editorial attention that could only be explained by his origins—in August 1937 he even referred to the 'strange beauty' of the Australian bush, something absolutely alien to his predominantly British readers. The centenary of distant South Australia was celebrated in the January 1937 issue, with special emphasis placed on the German contribution to early colonial development, including the wine industry for which the State had been long renowned. Later in the year Carroll allowed Dr C. Hennings of Freiburg University to expound on the 'German Settlers of Australia', for whom he ambitiously claimed the figure of 'not less than a hundred thousand'.30 Statistics aside, Hennings was able to trace German influence in the main states of the Commonwealth from the seed of able-seaman Zimmermann and the Forsters, father and son, who had sailed with Cook, and he naturally (and accurately) concluded that the German input into Australian development had been significant. If British readers of the Review found this of marginal interest, Australian readers certainly appreciated Carroll's wider outlook. R.G. Service of Adelaide thought in September 1938, at the height of the Czech crisis, that 'It is a great pleasure to find at last that there is at least one British periodical dealing frankly and compellingly with the most important questions that confronts us today.' Presumably he thought that the Publicist was doing its bit at home as well.

Carroll's interests and those of this 'British periodical' extended to the other dominions as well in a manner that would have been unlikely had the Review been edited by a metropolitan, British journalist without some dominion experience. No significant nuance of dominion policy escaped the journal's attention, including the issue of the return of the former German colonies, of marginal interest to mainstream British readers but a wonderful concentrator of the mind for those in the dominions. The April 1937 issue was critical of South African policy over the future of South-West Africa, the mandate which Pretoria insisted must remain its own, even though in favour of concessions to Germany elsewhere. Australia was in much the same boat over New Guinea, expressing a strong desire for colonial appeasement, but not in its own back-yard. The broader issue was canvassed in 'Germany's Claim to Colonies' in December 1938, where Carroll advocated the unqualified revival of the former German colonial empire, confident that New Guinea had been well administered before 1914, as H. Willmore of Guildford, a former resident, had suggested in the previous issue. Here Carroll was in advance of the Australian Nazi enthusiasts, for even the Publicist had ceased its advocacy of the matter, which had become a stick used in the anti-Nazi press like Smith's Weekly to beat both German aspirations and those Australians thought to retain some sympathy for them. Carroll, however, would not be intimidated and he grasped at any suggestion of dominion approval of the German regime. Whereas Prime Minister Lyons had been frustrated in his desire to meet the German leader, his Canadian counterpart, Mackenzie King, had not and the Review was there to celebrate this public relations coup and to profile even the visit of the New Zealand Minister of Labour also in Berlin at the same time.31 It would be difficult to imagine anything of less interest to the average Review reader in Cheltenham, Guildford or Brighton. Nevertheless, lest Carroll the antipodean islander could be accused of having overlooked others of similar origin, he even included an article in August 1938 by Captain R. Nimmo (head of the YMCA in Wellington): 'A New Zealander Looks at the Reich.' Unsurprisingly, the captain saw the same things as those southern dreamers who had preceded him: 'Instead of finding, as I thought I would, a people more or less cowed and oppressed by dictatorship with insufficient means of food and support, I found to my amazement that they were a happy, united and industrious people.' He also noted widespread affection for Hitler, except amongst the Jews, who were soon to be given further reason for their antipathy.

Ernst Carroll clearly considered himself to be a sensitive man of culture and throughout its short life-span, the *Review* prominently featured articles on that timeless strongpoint of German *Kultur* which Nazism sought to claim for its own; classical music. 'In Memory of Mozart' celebrated a century-and-a-half of *Le Nozze di Figaro*; 'Wagner Today' celebrated Hitler's own muse; 'Salzburg,

city of Music' followed the *Anschluss*; 'Mozart in Prague' followed the absorption of Bohemia–Moravia into the *Reich* in a not-so-subtle attempt to emphasis the 'German' character of the Czech capital.³² Like any journal of ideologically based polemics, the *Review* had its demons, like Churchill as the 'biggest warmonger in the world today', and its heroes, like the incipient fascist T.E. Lawrence and the *Führer* whom this adventurer was said to have admired. Like the *Publicist*, it had its crank contributors such as the professor who in January 1938 expounded his hypothesis on the Scottish origins of Nazism: 'Was Carlyle the First Nazi?' However, the Australian opponents of Nazism could only have been relieved, had they known of his origins, that Ernst Carroll had long since left the antipodes in favour of the Strand. Had the *Publicist*, or a journal of similar disposition, been edited by a man of his calibre, the cause of the Nazi dreamers could have attracted a greater mainstream following than was the case.

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Distant though Carroll and his Review were, there were connections between this metropolitan dreamer and his southern cousins. Dissatisfied that the moderate, high-brow 'Anglo-German Fellowship' was insufficiently appreciative of the depth of the Nazi revolution, Domville and Carroll had established 'The Link' in July 1937, possibly with German encouragement, and this organisation was soon celebrated at length in the Review as the chief agency connecting Nazi Germany with those in Britain, and the dominions, of a similar world-view (including the Duke of Windsor, pictured at the Berghof in December 1937).33 From December 1938, there were regular updates of Link activities, including their Christmas party attended by the photogenic, recently-abused Unity Mitford, the darling of the 'Osteria Bavaria' café set in Munich (a sort of Yabber Club frequented by Hitler himself). The organisation could boast of 35 branches containing 4,329 members, many of them outside Britain, by mid-1939 according to the British security services. They assumed German funding of both the organisation and the Review given that they shared offices in the Strand, but were unable to establish their suspicion despite a phone-tap on Carroll.34 The spooks were able, however, to track Carroll and Domville's correspondence with Germany and they found that the editor was in contact with Ribbentrop's party foreign bureau and that Carroll had been offered 10 Reichsmarks for every pro-German letter which appeared in the British press. Given the worthlessness of the German currency on the international exchange c.1939, this was not much of an incentive, but it was enough to satisfy some of sedition, but membership of the Link was now sufficient for a mention in the security files, just as membership of the Australia-First circle counted for much the same in Australia.³⁵ Domville's connections were of a higher rank and he had provided Carroll with a letter of introduction in March 1938 to 'Reichsführer' Rudolf Hess (his title was in fact Reichsleiter, the other title belonged to Himmler). The Admiral asked Hess to assist Carroll on a forthcoming trip to Germany in order to obtain 'certain official facilities' for the Review. He also enquired as to when the minister, his wife and young son were coming to England—unfortunately it was not until May 1941 that such a Hess visit occurred, under somewhat unexpected circumstances, and then the Admiral was indisposed.³⁶

The Link's finest moment came on the cusp of war at the 1939 Salzburg festival (31 July-5 August). Carroll had informed the Foreign Office in advance of the intention of about 100 members of the Link to attend this festive occasion where a German affiliation of the organisation, Der Ring, was to be inaugurated. The July edition of the Review also featured a prominent article on the forthcoming jaunt. Link members were to be seated in the Hitler's box at the refurbished Festspielhaus and to be feted by Dr Goebbels at the nearby Klessheim castle. The ultimate compliment, an invitation to the Berghof was also anticipated.37 After enjoying the spectacle of Richard Strauss conducting Rosenkavalier, enough to turn the head of any music buff—Nazi or otherwise—Carroll expected to travel to Nuremberg for another spectacle, the 1939 'Rally of Peace'; he had already attended the rallies of 1936 and 1937. Although the group was able to travel to Munich, under the supervision of Herr Hoffmann of the party's Foreign Press Department, Carroll was one of the many disappointed by the cancellation of the rally and his forced, hasty return home. Further disappointments were to follow, but he continued to work for a negotiated peace with Germany through a lobby group called the 'British Council of Christian Settlement in Europe' until his activities were curbed. Ernst Carroll was then interned in Brixton prison alongside Admiral Domville until the tide of the war they thought unnecessary had turned against their 'pillar of peace'.

Stockinged cavaliers, baroque reception halls and the twentieth-century's premier (if politically tainted) composer were a long way from sunny Australia and from Carroll's not-so-sunny Tasmania, but the Link provided a connection between these two worlds, as it was intended to do. It also provided a link between the Nazi enthusiasts scattered across the continent—there were branches in Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth—as well as a link between Australian enthusiasts and German Nazis at home and abroad.³⁸ The formation of similar organisations had been suggested before 1937 when a Sydney railway porter, spiritualist and wartime member of Australia-First, Edwin Arnold (b.1904), had written to consul Dr Asmis in December 1933 suggesting that the establishment of an association of 'Australians friendly to Germany', assuring him of 'my unfaltering attachment to German ideals and aspirations'. Later he recommended the *Publicist* to the

diplomat and wrote asking for a reference to a teacher of the German language 'whose views are those of the German Government'. Asmis was non-committal on both occasions, possibly having detected what the Security Service would later call Arnold's 'tendency to be a crank'-only after the declaration of war, once Dr Asmis was safely back in Berlin helping to design plans for post-war Australia, would Arnold demonstrate this tendency to its full extent and establish his own local Nazi party.³⁹ Similar tendencies afflicted the 'Anglo-German League of Friendship', pompously announced for 'no distant date' in the columns of Die Brücke in November 1935 by the Brisbane JP, J. Beecham, who would later write begging letters to Hoffmann in Munich, but this appears to have been a figment of his rich imagination. Beecham, was another fan of the German labour camps and had dreamed in the same journal in April 1935 about the present 'Germany's Hitler' becoming the future 'white man's Hitler'. Aside from these two flights of fancy, there were other nominal organisations of similar sentiment in Queensland, SA, Victoria and NSW-Friends of the New Germany; Friends of the Third Reich; Friends of the Hitler Movement. 40 It is uncertain whether Beecham, Arnold or the members of these groups joined the Link (although traces of Arnold were later found amongst the papers of the Sydney firm that acted for this organisation), but their combined efforts paled by comparison, given that the Link enjoyed a level of official endorsement not granted to any earlier organisation.41

The chief Australian-based representative of the new front group was Arnold von Skerst, editor of Die Brücke and the only member of the NSDAP in Australia in its ranks, in apparent defiance of Gauleiter Bohle's injunction that party members were to avoid interference in local politics, for interference was surely the aim of the organisation, whether it be through writing to newspapers and defending the German position (often using the same terminology employed by members such as Domville in Britain), or by holding meetings of those sympathetic to Nazi ideals.⁴² Both of these practices were employed in 1939 by one prominent member in Western Australia, Melaine (sometimes Melanie) O'Loughlin of South Perth, who had come to the Link via advertisements in Die Brücke. 43 Mrs O'Loughlin (b.1886) was not from the Emerald Isle but from Moravia, although she had lived in Australia for 31 years. Her youth had been spent in various parts of the Austro-Hungarian realm, mainly Vienna, and she did not see Germany until 1928, when visiting her first husband's family. However, she had become a born-again German nationalist and Nazi enthusiast like that other Austrian provincial who now governed the Reich. She first wrote to Billy Miles on 20 April 1939 (Hitler's festive, fiftieth birthday) having also seen an advertisement for the Publicist in the same journal and having subsequently noticed the similarity of views between Carroll and Miles. She continued their

correspondence later in July by extolling the principles of the Link, although she later admitted that she declined direct participation in 'patriotic movements' owing to her strong accent and the 'misunderstandings' that may ensue from it. Miles, himself not too keen on direct action, had never heard of the Link, but soon agreed with her about its usefulness: 'Of course the Jews and Communists are in our opinion a real threat to Australia and so we show our hostility to them.' Even if rarely given to complimenting women, he was obviously impressed by both her and the Link, later describing the lady as 'a woman of dynamic energy, emotional and impulsive, warm hearted and public spirited', attempting also to console her following the outbreak of the war that they had both feared and which the Link had hoped to discourage in its modest fashion. However, Miles was never very good at consolation.

Another woman of dynamic energy, but who similarly avoided direct political involvement and preferred to work through the Link, was Ilma Bohlmann of Adelaide. Australian born of German parent, Mrs Bohlmann thought the Link a 'very good way for a better understanding' and, repulsed by the coverage that Germany was receiving in the local press through the crises 1938, she corresponded with the ubiquitous H. Rolf Hoffmann in Munich. Her revulsion about the local press was countered by enthusiasm for publications supplied to her by the considerate Hoffmann, such as *Germany Speaks* and *Germany's Hitler* (an official, sanitised biography thoroughly recommended by Beecham to a wider audience). Although unable to attend the (final) Nuremberg 'Rally of Greater Germany' in September 1938, she had listened avidly on short-wave radio.

It is a credit to your country, notwithstanding the love and loyalty to your beloved Fuehrer who has his people so united for a just and common cause and I sincerely hope this will go on for all time and I know that Germany will still go ahead carrying out her good work ably led by an excellent Leader and his Party members. I trust that you will have many more of these happy times. With Kindest Regards. Heil Hitler. 46

Unfortunately, the 'happy times' were soon over for Herr Hoffmann, Richard Strauss, Unity Mitford and the rest, including the relatively harmless Australian members of the Link like Mrs Bohlmann—her husband and son were both interned for much of the duration. On the eve of war, 'Alcedo Gigas' had used his kookaburra senses in the September *Publicist* to detect coming conflict, disingenuously puzzled over the cause of Anglo-Saxon animosity towards a Germany that had made 'great progress under National Socialism'. For a final time, Miles endorsed the Link and its aim of maintaining Anglo-German accord and, staring that failure in the face, he glumly concluded: 'Humans are stupid.'

The outbreak of war signalled the beginning of the end for Australia's pro-Nazi propagandists (even if some of them thought otherwise), just as it had done for the *Publicist*. Even though a series of German-sponsored 'goodwill' propaganda missions (notably that of Count Luckner in 1938) had indicated a level of sympathy for Germany's plight amongst the broader Australian population, this was not extended to the ideology of national-socialism. The Nazi dreamers had failed to make much of an impact in that area despite their propagandising up to September 1939. Two publications from the period provide some insight into the problems they faced in attempting to swing public opinion in favour of the 'German revolution'; one was from the time of its beginning, 1933, and the other from the end of the period of fragile peace, six years later.

In 1933, a pamphlet appeared in South Australia called 'Wake Up Australia' under the name of W. Selkirk, originally of Orange, NSW. Its theme was a warning about the menacing Jewish world-conspirators who had already taken control of 'High Finance' through a circle of 'German Jews' (sic) and who were also in the driving seat of Soviet Russia—Trotsky, Lenin and Otto Niemeyer were branded as members of the 'chosen people'. The pamphlet advertised some of Miles's favourite reading, The Protocols of the Elders of Zion and warned: 'While the Elders Live, the British Empire is doomed.' The author soon received a note of congratulation from a Tasmanian gentleman farmer by the name of W.H. Wilson, a mystic of similar disposition who would later become prominent in the circle of the dreamers—his eccentric vision is discussed later. Selkirk took up residence in Adelaide at some unspecified date and worked for a firm of printers. He was associated with the 'Guild of Watchmen' (another manifestation of Ernest Jones) and Guild publications had advertised 'Wake Up Australia' as a 'stirring appeal', but Selkirk was not an avowed Nazi enthusiast; he was too much of a mystic who advocated instead the 'Law of the Lord' as the 'solution of all problems of modern life' and saw Australia's salvation lying in the 'Laws of Jehovah in Operation'. 47 There was no mention of the Nazi revolution in his work as he thought German developments too secular, but here was one difficulty for the Nazi enthusiasts in their attempt to portray Germany and its ideology as a model for an Australian 'Dreamtime'. The unqualified lunatic fringe such as Selkirk, and others like Mills on the fringe of the fringe, would forever constitute the fly-in-the-ointment, spoiling any attempt to appeal to a broader audience. However polished the arguments of propagandists like Carroll (and occasionally Stephensen), national-socialism remained an alien ideology that would never 'wake up' Australia as it had Germany, where the slogan 'Deutschland Erwache' struck a certain chord in circumstances that could not be replicated elsewhere.

The second publication, from July 1939, gave notice that these propagandists were to face increasing difficulties in the future. On the twenty-seventh of that month, the West Australian published an article by William Hatfield: 'Using the North-Responsibility of Australia-Case for Jewish Refugee Settlement.' The success of Nazism in Europe and its program of the forced emigration of Jews was a double-edged sword for Australia's Nazi dreamers. On the one hand, they rejoiced in the national resurgence of Germany and the cultural cleansing, as they saw it, which accompanied it. On the other hand, however, these displaced persons would need to go somewhere and the Australian Prime Minister, Joe Lyons, was not alone in his opposition to further Jewish settlement in mandated Palestine. 48 To some, empty Western Australia seemed an obvious option (others considered Kenya, New Guinea or Madagascar, the Nazi preference). This was not the first time that such an option had been discussed—in July of the previous year, the Evian Conference in France (attended by Minister T. White) had examined the ambitious 'Kimberley Scheme' which had sought a home for 50,000; the similar suggestions of Dr Steinberg's 'Freeland League' had also appeared in the Australian press only weeks earlier.⁴⁹ Once war became a reality, it was not immediately apparent that mass Jewish emigration from Europe would cease. As the prospect of a German victory also loomed from mid-1940, the minds of Australia's Nazi enthusiasts and propagandists were wonderfully concentrated on the prospect of the southern continent receiving those expelled in their many hundreds-of-thousands. That frightening prospect must have been hotly debated within the confines of the Yabber Club, for a number of prospective solutions were soon advanced by the members of that circle. Here again, the Yabber circle would find wartime sustenance in their earlier, peacetime maxim: 'Study National Socialism.'

CHAPTER 5 'CHAOS OR WHAT?'—ESOTERIC NAZIS, MYSTICS AND OTHER AESTHETES

There is no distinction between a Jesus and a Hitler in their effect on the mass mind.

Norman Lindsay.

The principle of Equality is at war with all God's nature—the enforcement of that principle is a war on all vitality and health.

Tasman Forth (A.R. Mills), The Odinist Religion Overcoming Jewish Christianity, 1939.

We badly need something of a Hitler leader here today! Without persecution, of course.

Arthur Vogan, FRGS, Nullius in Verba, Sydney 1933.

Creative Effort—Ariosophy—Tasman Forth—Hael Odin—a 20th Century Colonial—Richard le Measurer—Australians Awake!

Even Stephensen's propagandists and 'politicals' had been forced by circumstances to abide by what Eric Campbell had earlier called 'First Thought, then Action' prior to September 1939. The reluctance of Miles to unleash Stephensen and his 'Australian Action' meant that the moment for direct political activity had not come before the outbreak of war. This worried some more than others, as many members of the circle of Australia's Nazi enthusiasts were inspired by mysticism

and aestheticism and little inclined to the grubby reality of day-to-day political fieldwork and the tedium, not to mention the danger, that this would bring. They preferred the contemplative life, confident of their intellectual superiority and convinced that they possessed aesthetic sensibility that set them apart from the mass of their compatriots. In this attitude, they were following the path trailblazed by the master of Australian aestheticism, Norman Lindsay the 'sage of Springwood' who was also a 'prime instigator' in the field of aesthetics. However, Lindsay would distance himself with great deliberation from politics, and especially from alien ideologies like Nazism, relinquishing his friendship with Stephensen in the process. He remained insistent that only 'feminine half-minds' were prepared to substitute free-thought for a creed: 'No genuine intellect has ever yet accepted a creed, for the acceptance of such a thing dismisses a claim to intellect.'2 Lindsay was too much of a free-thinker to be a Nazi dreamer, but this reluctance to espouse a creed was not shared by other mystics and aesthetes of otherwise similar disposition. Although they eschewed direct action, their interest in political theory remained, even if for them 'National Socialism' was more of an intellectual exercise than a practical program and more of a mindset than a guide for the reconstruction of the nation.

For a few of these persons of self-designated refinement, notably the mystic Alexander Rud Mills, the national-socialist ideology was almost a religion that would only be sullied by reducing it to a program of political action. On his return from Germany, Robert Menzies had noted in August 1938 that Nazi stateworship was evolving 'into a sort of religion which produces spiritual exaltation', but he could also have found such approaches closer to home. In striking a semi-religious attitude to Nazism, Mills the enigmatic solicitor and sometime journalist was ahead of his time, something quite rare for a man who spent most of his time looking back towards a past, ancestral Golden Age. Once the ideology had been reduced to ashes in 1945, many of its erstwhile followers turned for inspiration to a perverted religious form of their world-view—these are the socalled 'esoteric Nazis' some of whom toyed with the old Nordic religions, while others like Savitri Devi (who saw Hitler as an incarnation of Vishnu) wallowed in the very deep pool of Hinduism. However, those who seek the origins of these mysterious folk need to delve further back than the endgame of nationalsocialism, for such esoteric attitudes were also present from the beginning and, in Australia, Mills stood in the front ranks of those who preferred Nazi mysticism to 'Australian Action'. Given the woeful experience of his National Socialist, 1936-37, he had made the right choice.

Mills was not alone in his preference for *völkisch* mysticism over the violence of the street and the public meeting. The noted architect and aesthete William Hardy Wilson was of a similar disposition. Generously described as 'a mystic,

with down-to-earth moments', Wilson was a man apart from most of the Nazi enthusiasts with whom he associated on occasion from the late thirties (if this lone wolf could be said to have associated himself with anybody).3 Unlike Mills, Wilson never described himself as a 'National Socialist'; he was a noted student of oriental aesthetics, eventually advocating some sort of Australian-based, East-West cultural fusion in those 'down-to-earth moments'. After 1945 he even toyed with the Marxism he had earlier vilified and accordingly fell out with Stephensen, who had followed the same path of ideological swapping, in reverse. Yet Wilson's mysticism had Nazi-like traits and his obsessive, aestheticallybased anti-Semitism certainly placed him in the same category as the Australian devotees of the most prominent anti-Semite of the age. When dealing with the issue of the origins of what he called 'creativeness', to which he attached the most fundamental importance, Wilson the delicate aesthete was far from having his feet on the ground. Like Mills, he had also absorbed some of the teaching of Australia's leading aesthete, the 'embattled Olympian' Norman Lindsay and taken much of that teaching to its logical conclusion.

Aside from the most prominent mystic, Mills, and the most prominent aesthete, Wilson, there were lesser figures whose feet were also generally removed from terra firma. The sometime anthropologist Arthur Vogan, charitably described by the Australian Museum as a 'gentleman adventurer', shared the animosity of other Nazi dreamers to those whom he considered were undermining Western culture—the eternal Jew. Vogan even boasted of having been the first Australian importer of the Protocols in 1920 and he was an early mentor of Eric Butler, who carried the anti-Semitic torch into the post-war world.4 His obsession was shared by Ernest Jones, the mystically-inclined, erratic Nazi pamphleteer, similarly obsessed with the 'Jewish Question'. The others were of a higher intellectual calibre than the cranky Jones, but the thinking of them all in the peacetime years was marred by the same obstacle of anti-Semitism. They had, however, established a philosophical foundation for direct political activity once Stephensen decided in late 1941 that the moment had finally come. All of them were inspired by and acknowledged that distant aesthete and choreographer, Adolf Hitler, the frustrated artist who had turned Germany into his own stage and was about to involve the whole of Europe in his performances.

Norman Lindsay (b.1879) had been long puzzling over the condition of Western aesthetics when Hitler was still an indigent sketcher of postcards in pre-war Vienna. He had also become a disciple of Nietzsche long before the Bavarian state had afforded the now expatriate-Austrian political activist

Even before Hitler's name was known to anybody, Lindsay's Creative Effort: An Essay in Affirmation of 1920 had set the post-war parameters of debate about aesthetics in Australia, blazing a trail that would be followed by some of the Nazi enthusiasts inclined more to thought than to action. Nietzsche was his mentor and theirs too: 'Never before has man's thought penetrated so deeply, or searched so high a plane.' Like his German mentor, Lindsay was similarly dismissive of mediocrity and of the 'levelling instinct in the mob' which endangered those striving for the 'higher effort' of art. His ideals were those of classical Greece—of beauty and of the individual, rather than any collective, artistic creation. There was nothing necessarily of an exclusively national-socialist character in this, but Lindsay unwittingly provided fuel for a future fire when he hypothesised about a coming state dedicated to beauty in 1920. This state would have an authoritarian character:

If the stupid, blind, resentful mob could not find a direction, it must be given one... At intervals the earth has seen certain men rise by an indomitable power of will and personality, who have been able to impose themselves on their kind as leaders and masters. These alone among all the types of human effort have been able briefly to shape the conditions of the state which they command. Then it must be one of these, some future conqueror with a great human ideal, that one offered the mission of forcing mankind to become upright, courageous, strong and beautiful.⁷

The Nazi dreamers who followed in Lindsay's footsteps were conscious of this prediction and later accepted that it was coming to reality in Germany. They were mistaken and a close examination of Creative Effort would have removed the scales from their eyes, for Lindsay never abandoned his aversion to most things German, the teachings of Nietzsche aside; he correctly noted with approval that the renegade Nietzsche was savagely averse to his own compatriots. Even though Lindsay the aesthete lauded the achievements of Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner, he continued to denounce Germans (including Austrians) as 'these blood beasts whose primal instinct of hatred has driven them from the beginning of history to attack human civilization'.8 The collectivist, German revolution of 1933 could therefore have no appeal to this champion of his own private taste, branded an 'inveterate reactionary' by Die Brücke in January 1935 given the durability of the prejudices he had nourished against Teutons in the Great War: 'My hates are among my most treasured possessions. I could not do without them.'9 There was a wide selection to choose from, for aside from Germans, the crabbed Lindsay was also averse to the 'universal virus of democracy', modernists, Jews, Christians, Asians and to Americans, both 'Negroes' and white.

There were others who shared many of these hates and who had equal faith in their durability—they found inspiration in the élitist, aesthetic arguments employed by Lindsay-after-Nietzsche, but applied a topping of Nazi dreaming to them in the following decade. Stephensen was the first to do so and made no protest when Lindsay appeared to anoint him as the much-awaited, local 'man of action'—a 'voyager from Olympus to earth'—soon after his return home in September 1932.10 The two had been in earlier cordial correspondence ('Dear Inky...As ever. Norman') and were acquainted through the Fanfrolico association of Jack Lindsay in London, which had since soured.11 Once Inky settled into the Endeavour Press, however, Lindsay père soon shared the personal disillusionment of Lindsay fils and with the collapse of that noble publishing enterprise went whatever remained of Norman's search for a local, or distant, man of action, a 'popular Messiah'; Inky was thereafter dismissed at Springwood as 'my prime nuisance'.12 What did remain was the pursuit by Stephensen and others of the 'Lindsay Aesthetic', first outlined in Creative Effort in 1920 and summarised by 'Inky' himself as a 'practical application of Nietzschean ideas in the Twentieth Century'. 13 They did so be moulding these precepts to match those of their national-socialist creed, regardless of Lindsay's suggestion that such ideological structures were only for those of 'weak will' seeking 'security from the struggle of existence." Both the leading mystic amongst the Australian dreamers, Mills, and the leading aesthete, Wilson, owed an intellectual debt to the 'sage of Springwood', whether they (or Lindsay) acknowledged it or not—the great man increasingly isolated himself at Springwood or at his Bridge Street studio (a stone's throw from the German consulate), where he habitually refused to answer the door. Lindsay must nevertheless be allotted some responsibility for the circulation of ideals that were absorbed and recirculated in a form that appeared later to horrify him. Had Norman Lindsay been of German nationality and thus subjected to the indignity of 'de-nazification' after 1945, it is likely that he would have been exonerated of any direct guilt, but it is also probable that he would have been forbidden from further publishing his ideas (as many German writers were) in the belief that the Nazis had benefited from their circulation and utilised them for their own political purposes. His post facto defence that Hitler's Germany was 'one of the darkest ages' in history, eccentrically ranking it alongside Picasso's Paris, would have carried little weight with those tribunals.¹⁵

There remains considerable debate over the Nazi attitude to religion and related issues of mysticism. The scope for analysis is broad given that the movement was elusive in its approach to such subjects, as in so many others. Alfred Rosenberg,

the closest thing that Nazism produced to a philosopher was right about one thing at Nuremberg in 1946, when he mused that national-socialism had been only in the early stage of its ideological development prior to the downfall and therefore had failed to crystallise its attitude to many aspects of life. Religion and mysticism were amongst these still disputed, unsettled aspects of ideology and the Nazis were at war with one another over them at the same time as they were at war with just about everybody else in the world. The NSDAP 'Twenty-Five Points' program of February 1920 had called for the encouragement of 'positive Christianity' as opposed to a 'Jewish materialistic spirit', but Hitler had held the early movement clear of denominational bickering, as well as distancing himself from one of his early patron, General Ludendorff, a noted Odinist and supporter of those who sought a return to the old, pagan religion of the North. The Nazis preferred to steer their religious fervour on a vehicle known as 'Ariosophy'—a racial mysticism that considered the Aryan race divine—but there was no agreement on direction. One faction followed the path of an 'Aryan Christ' in the belief that a 'Jewish' St Paul had tainted the teaching of his 'Aryan' master, Jesus of Nazareth (a view eventually endorsed by Stephensen in Australia). Accordingly, the Nazi anointed head of the 'German Christians', Dr Krause, sought in 1933 to remove 'all the guilt-ridden inferiority theology of the Rabbi Paulus' from 'German' Christianity.¹⁶ Rosenberg was amongst the disciples of the 'Aryan Christ' through his impenetrable The Myth of the Twentieth Century and even Hitler was attentive to this theory of the Jewish hijacking of Christianity, which he expounded in one of the final evenings that his Table Talk was recorded, on 29-30 November 1944. Even with Germany in ruins and whilst contemplating his own suicide, Hitler was able to distract himself and his captive audience with the notion that Jesus was 'certainly not a Jew'—the myth of the 'Aryan Christ'. He probably owed this belief to the writings of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, the English son-in-law of Wagner, and one of the earliest devotees of the Hitler cult in 1923 and his personal library gave an indication that it was this particular religious stream alone that appealed to Hitler.¹⁷ The other Nazi mystical faction, led by Himmler, preferred to dispense with 'Jewish' Christianity altogether in favour of Nordic religious revival, an idea which could be traced back to the nineteenth-century (like much of Nazi thinking) and the reaction to the first wave of what today is called 'globalisation'. 18

Adolf Hitler was certainly not without an element of mysticism himself, even if he retained his secular scepticism about organised religions old and new, and this extraordinary man (and his Australian disciples) cannot be assessed without some account of the metaphysical view that he retained of himself and of his place in history, for that view exercised its attraction even as far as the southern continent. A dumbfounded Mussolini related in his memoirs that the now ill-fated Führer had confided to him in July 1943 that he was 'mystically and

scientifically convinced of being possessed not by a demon, but by a spirit from Aryan mythological pre-history'. However, any new religious movement in Nazi Germany was to be centred on his movement and around his personality cult, not around something from the pre-historical past. At the 1938 'Rally of Greater Germany' Hitler specifically denounced aspects of Odinism (or 'Wotanism' as it was sometimes known) and ominously noted that 'the National Socialist movement will not tolerate subversion by superstitious mystics in search of an afterlife'. He later dismissed attempts to revive the Nordic religion as 'unspeakably foolish' and described its customs as 'rubbish'. These obiter dicta should have settled the matter; they did not, but they at least provided some ammunition for the anti-paganists in the movement.

The distant Australian Nazi enthusiasts need not have listened to the crackling short-wave broadcast of the Nuremberg speech to understand what the official line seemed to be, for Die Brücke had already decided which side to back. Von Skerst did have links to Rosenberg, but he was also something of a 'national Bolshevik' with an almost benign attitude to Soviet atheism (some thought him a double-agent) and he preferred to take the editorial line opposed to the new paganism. In April 1934, as the Nazis were readying to settle some of their ideological differences in blood, Die Brücke noted that members of the 'Order of Druids' were now forbidden from NSDAP membership. The tide of proscription was incoming, for in May the journal also reported the banning of the 'Believers in a German God' and of the 'German Youth', organisations that had been active along the lines of Ludendorff's recently banned 'Tannenberg League'. All had 'aimed at fostering a return to the worship of Wotan and other Nordic tribal gods', a notion that von Skerst clearly thought ridiculous.²² Not surprisingly, he failed to report Hitler's concluding clarion call at the funeral of President Hindenburg only three months later at Tannenberg, where the former-Corporal had exhorted the dead Field Marshal to 'Now, enter Valhalla!' (Toter Feldherr, geh' ein in Walhalla!). Despite these hollow histrionics, the February 1936 issue attempted to lay the issue to rest by critically addressing the 'New Paganism' in Germany, therein stressing that only a fraction of 1% of the population now supported such movements, which were of negligible influence. These indictments included the defunct 'Ludendorff movement'—the animistic 'German Divine Perception Movement'—and the 'Nordic Faith Community'. Even Ludendorff's widow, Mathilde, who had once anointed the young Hitler as Germany's saviour and whose movement had been momentarily rehabilitated at the time of her husband's death, was prevented from further publication, an act that she considered betrayal.²³ Von Skerst was accordingly at pains to remind Australian readers that there was that no 'state faith' in the new Germany and that religion thus remained a matter of conscience (the Jewish faith obviously

aside). Die Brücke further insisted that paganism was not a reflection of the national-socialist ideology. Some local enthusiasts, like Pankhurst Walsh, were not so sure and the Empire Gazette branded such movements 'queer cults' in July 1939, correctly suspecting state toleration; others sympathetic to Australia-First could still not swallow the prospect of any attempt 'to disinter putrid Pagan gods'. Even a self-confessed 'Fascist' such as Kent Hughes appeared to take note of a new barbarism in Germany. However, there were members of the Australian circle of enthusiasts who were not listening to such warnings, or who did not wish to hear.

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Whatever Hitler had to say about Valhalla, Odin or the ancient North, Alexander Rud Mills had stopped his ears. On the occasion of his 1932 interview with the NSDAP leader in Munich, the Australian visitor had been frustrated by Hitler's refusal to engage in religious controversy: 'I saw him. Talked to him. He would not discuss my theme.'25 Mills ought to have sought ideological sustenance for his theme—Odin—further down the corridor, in the Brown House office of Reichsführer SS Himmler. He nevertheless left Munich convinced that Hitler 'had got onto something very good', so the wandering Tasmanian continued down his own Odinist path and in his two years in England, 1932-34, had probably received sustenance from the rumination of those similarly inclined, such as Rolf Gardiner (the Cambridge-educated friend of D.H. Lawrence), farmer, thinker and author, whose World Without End of 1932 acknowledged the vitality of the new paganism arising in Germany.²⁶ Whilst abroad, Mills had begun to write and the work that he produced in the thirties and beyond (generally using the nom-deplume 'Tasman Forth' in homage to his humble Tasmanian origins) peddled this paganism ad nauseam. He also began to write poetry, including an 'Ode to Hitler' written after his meeting with the party leader in 1932.27 Nothing that Mills had heard, or not heard, in Germany deterred him from proselytizing for Odin, but the Nazi mystics of the other side had not been without some influence, for his writings also assaulted 'Jewish Christianity' in a manner that would have done any propagandist of the 'Aryan Christ' proud. Several of his books were despatched to the Chancellery in Berlin and were acknowledged in cordial replies from Hitler in which the author was invited to the German consulate to receive a portrait of the great man.²⁸ Only a small portion of Hitler's extensive personal library survives and the remnants are scattered from Moscow to Washington, including some housed in the general collection of the Library of Congress. Contained therein are those books that Hitler did not annotate.²⁹ Amongst them is the *The Odinist* Religion Overcoming Jewish Christianity by A.R. Mills.

In June 1954, still desultorily engaged in the Melbourne legal practice that he had maintained on and off for three decades, Mills wrote a revealing apologia to the now disgraced Stephensen which began as a defence of his aggressive attitude towards 'Jesus [Jewish] Christianity' but which proceeded as a chronological outline of the writer's world-view. He had, he said, been aware of the dangers of the incumbent religion for 40 years and had determined then 'to attack the killer'. He began to do so in the early thirties in London through the pen rather than the sword, composing a handbook for the church that he hoped to revive, the Moot of the Anglekin Body (published in Sydney in 1936, retitled at length and with reformed spelling as The First Guide Book to the Anglecyn Church of Odin, containing some of the chief rites of the church and some hymns). The first title to come off an English press under the name of 'Tasman Forth' was And Fear Shall Be in the Way in 1933. It attracted some attention in völkisch circles. Back home in more censorious Melbourne in early 1934, a galvanised Forth published his Hael Odin! (an eccentric collection of poems in honour of the Nordic gods) in defiance of a threatened blasphemy charge by the Victorian Solicitor-General, perhaps mindful that an old law school acquaintance, Robert Menzies, was the Attorney-General up to a few weeks before his departure for federal politics in September. More importantly, 1934 was the year Mills began proselytizing for his faith by founding the 'Anglekin Body' (confusingly sometimes 'Anglecyn' or 'Angelcynn'—even its author could not recall the original spelling in 1954) made up of 120 members who gathered in the city and at Croydon on Melbourne's eastern fringes, thereby forming an informal Odinist circle. One prominent member was the Nazi Dr Buettner, whom Mills had known at university, but the circle attracted 'cranks' in the assessment of Mills himself. It was a serious business to be judged as a crank by Alexander Rud Mills. He also made his first sally into the world of the Fourth Estate in March 1935 by establishing a journal called *The* Angle, which he described as 'a patriotic journal which stood for Race and general decency'; it endured for half-a-dozen or so (lost) issues. Chief Commissioner Blamey of the Victorian police force did not share this rosy assessment of the Body or its paper, however they were spelt, and as Mills recalled it two decades later, the constabulary harassed his meetings and pressured him to leave town. The Jewish Weekly News of 29 March had already drawn police attention to a public lecture presented by Mills in the Unitarian Church, East Melbourne, on 'Hitler and the German Jews'.30 Accordingly, pressured from several quarters, this Nazi agitator left Melbourne later in 1935 and a new lobby group he had founded in conjunction with the other Body, the 'British-Australian Racial Body' (formed for the 'preservation of the national character') disappeared with him, along with the Angle. The fugitive came to rest in a Western Australia still disposed to secession, where he had first travelled when leaving his native Tasmania as a

young man. He met no success there either 'despite good people' and by late 1936 had settled in Sydney, where he made his second attempt at journalism through the ill-fated National Socialist. Perhaps he was encouraged by the 100-1 win of 'Wotan' in the Melbourne Cup of November that year. However, the reporters of Smith's Weekly (and their literary editor Bartlett Adamson) had lengthened the odds of success that this journal had entertained, chiefly through their revelation of 'Anti-Christian Nazis Now in Australia' and their observation that 'Nazi-ism, actively fostering opposition to the Jews, is equally opposed to Christianity and is striving to replace it by the old pagan worship of Odin.'31 This was not Mills's only problem, for just as he had had found no intellectual comfort amongst the staff of the University of Melbourne when an undergraduate before and during the Great War (they were 'stupid and uncomprehending') or at the University of London in the early thirties (where his ideas were 'poo-poohed'), this searcher for truth found no common ground amongst the time-serving staff at the University of Sydney in 1936: 'They quite often applauded Bolshevism and the destruction of the soul and the individual's liberty. It made me sick.'32 The Harbour City was not all bad though, for Mills been able to develop personal contacts there with Miles, Stephensen and Wilhelm Heiler (the local NSDAP group leader who also had connections with other enthusiasts) and now had links through the party organisation with interstate members such as Dr Erich Meier in distant Renmark in South Australia—given that Mills was uncomfortable with aspects of the Australian chauvinism of the Publicist, it is not surprising that he still preferred the company of German Nazis to that of Australian fellow-travellers, despite their shared enthusiasm for Hitlerism.33

As a student of the Latin classics, a lonely Mills, beset by financial problems and 'dogged' by the NSW police, might have recalled one of Caesar's maxims that it was preferable to be the first man in a barbarian village than the second man in Rome-before 1937 was out he returned home to Melbourne and the familiar harassment of the Victorian constabulary. Journalism had proven a dead-end, so now was the time to rejuvenate the faith of Odin in a more formal fashion through an Odinist Society which met in the city every second Thursday evening; it attracted about six regular attendees, hardly the making of a religious revival.34 Within a short time of his return, Mills was also again convening larger open-air meetings 'in the bush and on top of hills' as well at the so-called 'Brown House' at Belgrave in the Dandenongs (a pale imitation of the Nazi palace in Munich, situated on a pale imitation of the Obersalzberg). One Solstice meeting received the attention of Die Brücke in June 1939, and consequently of the Victorian police (even of the over-reaching NSW police intelligence branch established by MacKay in Sydney in 1938), given that it involved a fire ceremony symbolizing the resurgence of the New Germany

with adherents leaping through flames in order to make wishes.35 Its tamer predecessors had already attracted the attention of the Victorian force, which again harassed the leader; he was convinced that they were doing the bidding of a 'stupid government' and, of course, of 'the Jews'.36 In the meantime, Forth managed to write his magnum opus and gave it a self-explanatory title: The Odinist Religion Overcoming Jewish Christianity. Mills later provided Stephensen with a revealing explanation for the authorship of this work: 'I could see that Hitler was getting the hatred and opposition of all the Christian churches and Freemasonry and as well the opposition of the Jews.' The Odinist Religion was his attempt to redress the balance. With the approach of war towards the end of 1939, Mills was more convinced than ever of a conspiracy led by church leaders who feared him 'more than atheists and Communists'. This was a fantasy, but his other conclusion about the years 1937-39 was closer to the truth, for Mills/Forth now believed that his Odinist teaching had attracted 'a few to whom one can talk' in 'Germany, Sweden, Norway, perhaps Denmark, even in England'. Given the high esteem in which he was later held amongst international Odinists, this may very well have been the case as early as 1939, once his works began to spread amongst esoteric Nazis. His views had certainly brought him to the attention of the Fichte-Bund in Germany, a body that distributed propaganda for the benefit of overseas enthusiasts-Mills had corresponded with them in 1937 and signed himself 'Yours in National Socialism'.37 His readers, however, would have to wait until after the end of the coming cataclysm before they could again read any new material from the pen of 'Tasman Forth'. So too would interstate visitors to Melbourne like (another) E. Campbell, this one from Brisbane, who informed the Riverland propagandist Dr Meier in June 1939 that he intended to call upon Mills en route to South Australia, his address having been provided to him not by any member of the Sydney Australia-First circle, but by the London 'HQ' of the British Union of Fascists and National Socialists.³⁸

IV

The work that emanated from the pen of 'Tasman Forth' in the years 1933–39 were as eccentric as their author. They distilled the world-view of one of Australia's leading Nazi dreamers and arguably the one whose influence was the most enduring and widespread, given that the well-travelled Mills, unlike many of the Australia-First circle, sought an international audience—he advertised for his Odinist Society in Leese's journal, *Fascist*, but never in the *Publicist*, for Mills was uncomfortable with the narrower, Australian chauvinism of many of his comrades and viewed himself as a player on a wider, 'British' stage, even on a broader 'Nordic' platform. This did not prevent him from eventually joining Australia-First, but only at the

last minute. In this broader outlook, he foreshadowed the more internationally minded, esoteric Nazis of the post-war period, but what he had taken from local sources bore a striking similarity to the locally devised 'Lindsay Aesthetic', which had condemned the 'bad mind' of Christianity (and Bolshevism) as the impulse of the base mob opposed to the 'creative effort' of higher beings.³⁹ To Lindsay, Jesus was no better than Robespierre, or Lenin, and he believed that this 'Galilean artisan' was merely the tender forerunner of a bloody, levelling revolution.⁴⁰ Mills agreed and subsequently provided the detail not found in *Creative Effort*.

The first publisher to benefit from Tasman Forth's beneficence was the London firm of Watson and Company in 1933. And Fear Shall Be in the Way described by Mills's surviving Odinist disciples as a discussion of the 'effects of Christian ethics applied to politics'. 41 This is an understatement—Fear was a savage critique of the influence of the 'Jewish-Christian' ethic on modern society. The title was misquoted from Ecclesiastes 12:5 and implied that people were shunning 'that which is high' out of unwarranted 'fear'. The 'high', in Mills's view, included concepts of racial purity, the inequality of mankind and a preference for the 'Nordic' influence over the 'Jewish'. The nominated fear had its origins in 'Christianity, the teaching of Death'. This book could be judged by its cover: it was black-and-white patterned and carried questions such as 'Should white and black people intermarry? Are chaos and downfall near?'42 The preface was rambling and referred to a coming danger without stating what it was, but the author was convinced that there was a widespread desire for 'Reality and Truth', that people were searching for a new way 'to safety and life' and seeking a new 'spiritual direction'. Forth was also convinced that Christianity was finished—he changed his mind on this after the war once national-socialism had been defeated—and a component of a crumbling civilization. The analysis of Christian ethic and principles that followed was a poor man's reworking of Nietzsche's Beyond Good and Evil, where the prevailing religion was viewed as one dominated by a slave mentality which lowered 'the higher person' and appealed to 'mediocre mob leaders'. 43 The author objected to a great deal about Christianity; it presumed sexual, social and intellectual equality; it discounted self-reliance and individuality and led to the 'downfall of the [enfeebled] individual'. Mills also detested the effect of the Jewish-Christian ethic on the political sphere. The 'Christian government' of the 'democratic, Jew-worshipping state' fostered evils such as the redistribution of wealth, the passing of laws by the ignorant and, most importantly, the 'brotherhood of man', a doctrine that Mills was convinced would result in 'chaos and fear'. This state of affairs was associated in his mind with Christianity's general advocacy of 'racial equality'. 44 Mills had not only studied Nietzsche; he had also scrutinised Mein Kampf, for Forth and Hitler were of one mind as to the cause of modern decline—behind it all was

the Jew, the rootless remnant of a 'small Middle Eastern tribe' who was quick to benefit from 'the position into which the Christian world has placed them'. Their influence was pernicious, especially in the press: 'For instance in our newspapers, a well-known German who dislikes Jewish influence in Germany but who has strong pro-English sympathies is frequently held up to derision and hatred as though he were an enemy of this country.'45

The solution put forward in Fear in 1933 was the abandonment of these misconceptions in favour of a new 'Reality' and only those who did so were worthy of a voice in government. Once the present system favouring the 'weak and the indolent' was deconstructed, the new reality would emerge, based on 'instinct' and the service of those things which appealed to the völkisch mind—family, state, nation and race. Yet, Forth was not the author of a political tract. There was no political program on offer in Fear to replace the 'mob-entertainment' of modern politics which he so vehemently denounced. The solution was a metaphysical one and presented through the imagined sociology lecture notes of a university student in Alice Springs in the distant year 2000. This student noted that Christianity had arisen at the expense of 'Arthur, Woden and Thor' and brought with it the seeds of social destruction. However, at some undesignated date between 1933 and 2000, Australians had been amongst the few to reject Christianity, and fear, following instead 'instinct'. Their national resurgence (which included the establishment of a university in central Australia) had followed given their refusal to degrade themselves 'by racial contamination', in spite of the divisive machinations of the Jews who continued to 'set nation against nation'. 46 This fictional resurgence had been based around the 'revival of Anglo-Saxon or Nordic ideals', an indication that Mills was already contemplating the ethics later espoused in 1934 in the poetry of Hael Odin! Mills, the budding poet and esoteric Nazi, thought (until 1941) that there was no need of a political vehicle to bring about this salvation—the means lay within the minds of each individual, who could turn to the old gods and old ideals in order to create the 'vitality of a new Reality'. It was not surprising that Hitler, the obsessed political animal 'would not discuss my theme' when he had met Mills in Munich in 1932, but the author was undaunted and sent Fear to those he thought receptive to such ideas in America and northern Europe, including John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, and to his Führer. They would all have to wait for 'Tasman Forth' to provide further detail of the nature of his new Reality. In the meantime, if they were more practically minded, they could observe the dayto-day developments in Nazi Germany for some indication of the format of a society that preferred the 'Nordic' influence over the 'Jewish'.

The man who returned home in the early part of 1934 felt the urge of the poet and the legal training he so often derided at least gave him the confidence

to defy any threatened charge of blasphemy, which would otherwise have obstructed the issue of Hael Odin! Whatever vices Alexander Rud Mills may have harboured, timorousness was not one of them; nor was subtlety, for the cover of the collection was emblazoned with a golden swastika. Odin was the unlikely poetic muse of 'Tasman Forth' and in the introduction to this collection dedicated to the Nordic gods, the poet repeated much of the religious, quasi-Nietzschean critique of Fear. Christianity was decaying; it was little more than' the Cult of the Ugly Man, the Death Cult'; the culture of the ancestors had been replaced by 'an alien and Jewish-born religion and culture'. The Jewish attempt to dominate the world (to which any good Nazi subscribed, whatever their view of Odin) rested on five points: their doctrine of 'Equality'; the Jewish character of Christianity; on Freemasonry; on Jewish control of the media and on their stranglehold of international finance. Like all conspiracy theories, it seemed perfectly straightforward. His poem 'The Jews' showed that they had done it all before, from 'Jesus, Spinoza and Marx'. The role of the long forgotten Odin ('the ever-living messenger of the Great One' and 'the God nearest to man') in this process was also clear. His reinvigorated cult was to be the vanguard of a revival of a healthy native culture that would combat that of the alien parasites and their 'Ugly Man Cult'. These premises seemed a strange vehicle for poetry, but Forth tried his hand nonetheless and the poems that followed in Hael Odin! were anti-Christian diatribes which featured a vengeful Odin or Thor or some other Nordic worthy smiting the alien religion. Some were given the unlikely setting of a future Australia ('Australia' and 'Australia, Again'), where men wallowed in that by-product of 'Jew thought' in 'Equality's pit', including 'the crook and the oaf and the sponger' and were offered only death and damnation unless they sloughed the new religion for the old. Even Forth's native island, Tasmania, rated a mention, with the freshness of its natural atmosphere likened to that of 'Asgard' (the home of the Nordic gods). Taken as a whole, Hael Odin! made up an extraordinary collection of poetic musings that cannot have hoped to sway anybody towards Mills's version of national-socialism unless they were so inclined before they opened its swastika-emblazoned cover. The Victorian Attorney-General may very well have recognised the futility of attempting to quash a collection that lauded an idealised English village ('Walsingham' in Norfolk) inhabited by 'not a Jew, nor half caste, nor Malay' and which, according to the poet, had remained untouched by the 'the Jew blight' of Christianity. Hael Odin! was undoubtedly blasphemous, it was undoubtedly a work of Nazi propaganda extolling racial purity and damning the Jews, but it was a questionable work of poetry and was not worthy of the attention of Victorian lawmakers.

Tasman Forth set poetry aside momentarily whilst in Sydney, concentrating on the political through the *National Socialist*, but this paper also featured material

related to the Nordic religions. It was therefore not surprising that Mills took time to publish his lengthily titled The First Guide Book to the Anglecyn Church of Odin, containing some of the chief rites of the church and some hymns. Again, it was legitimate to judge the book by its cover, which was sky-blue, emblazoned with a golden sun-wheel (a swastika with curved arms), a symbol widely used by the early 'Aryans' of the North and by their contemporary Nazi imitators. The lamentable 'hymns' were written by Mills himself and much of the analysis of allegedly ancient practices also appeared to have sprung from his imagination. He drew up an eccentric calendar of 'Fest' days that featured observances appropriate to the remembrance of Beowulf and other characters of the sagas, but also of figures that could only be of marginal interest to those seeking the solace of Odin. This eclectic list included kings Canute and Edward I; English icons like Shakespeare, Locke and Newton; and imperial adventurers like Clive, Cook and Lord Nelson. The Machiavellian Thomas (not Oliver) Cromwell, for some obscure reason was also included.⁴⁷ Only Cook had any association with Australia and the list probably represented the Anglo-Saxon pantheon to which a young Mills would have been exposed in his rural Tasmanian primary education. Many of the outlined services featured quotes from these characters and were marked by much of the symbolism that any observer of Nuremberg and the other Nazi ceremonials was familiar with—there were (Roman) salutes with a straightened arm and the widespread use of ceremonial fire, although even Hitler the dramatic choreographer would have baulked at Forth's suggestion of the use of 'fire-boats' during burial services, presumably on the Yarra. 48 That distant, frustrated, Austrian artist would, however, have approved of the anti-Semitism that was rampant in the rites of the Anglecyn Church of Odin. Like the earlier Fear, there were similar denunciations of the parasitic 'chosen people' and of their alleged 'propaganda'. Forth particularly objected to their search for 'non-conflict', their worship of 'trading' and their espousal of the Jewish-Christian notion of 'equality', warning that Jewish-Christianity paved the way to chaos, Bolshevism, communism and materialism, culminating in government by the Jews of all Christian nations. There was a further sprinkling of Nazi spice, when the author blamed 'Jewish-Christian' culture for the prevailing idea that animals may be selected and bred, but not humans. Thus, the First Guide Book clearly contained rites and hymns which Mills thought appropriate for the new, racial order that he simultaneously lauded in the National Socialist, even if the observances suggested were Anglo-centric and of a religious character that even many Nazis would have thought peculiar.

The Melbourne-based Odinist Society occupied much of Mills's time on his return from Sydney in 1937, but he spent many of his leisure hours composing what was to be his magnum opus, The Odinist Religion Overcoming Jewish

Christianity, published in the watershed year 1939, shortly before any wartime censor had the opportunity to mute its message. It was sub-titled as an essay in 'British' self-determination, the Odinist religion being seen as an essential component of that identity. Here, Forth collected much of the material that he had circulated in pamphlets and utilised in his ill-fated lectures in the years since his return from his most recent European odyssey. The collection distilled the national-socialist world-view with which he was now identified and which he continued to espouse with a religious fervour that belied his genteel appearance. There was little in the work that had not been foreshadowed by Fear and Odin or in his attempts at journalism. The ascent of national-socialism in Europe had only sharpened Tasman Forth's focus; 'Jewish-Christianity' was still the disease; Odinism still the cure for a 'sick and weary' society. Everywhere, was the Jewthe cause of the 'national rot' that 'has to be stopped' and an enemy that must be sought 'where he hides'. 49 As an esoteric Nazi, Mills accepted that blood was the 'determining factor' of life and he was accordingly troubled that the Jewish ideology of egalitarianism was leading to the creation of 'a mongrel human flock', as Alfred Rosenberg had observed in Germany: 'The principle of Equality is at war with all God's nature—the enforcement of that principle is a war on all vitality and health.'50 That principle was to be found in practice in both the democracies and in the USSR. It is difficult to determine which of these systems Forth detested to a greater extent. He denounced democracy as one of the 'ugly children' of Jewish-Christianity, and it was damnable on its own terms, but more so as it was the precursor to Bolshevism: 'A nation under Democracy moves onward to Bolshevism and comes under the manipulation of soul-destroyers' and 'government by Jews'.51 The Soviet provided an example of what that entailed, showing the 'unbridled and merciless cruelty of these 'Chosen People of God' when they have the power'.52 In 1932, Mills had seen the Soviet future, and it did not work and he now noted that 'If any nation worships the spirit of another race it will deteriorate and decay and come under the domination of that race... Thus Jesus-Christianity delivers us into the hands of the Jews.'53

Amidst all the gloom, pessimism and social criticism of *The Odinist Religion*, there was some hope to sustain the Nazi dreamers. There were those in the modern world who shared Forth's estimation. The Japanese, he claimed, 'to-day know the danger of worshipping the Jew' and 'one well-known man of these times' was especially cognizant of the Jewish problem and had demonstrated how to combat it. Although Australians needed little reminder of that and Forth rarely quoted the works of others, he made an exception here to reproduce the salutary conclusion of Chapter Two of *Mein Kampf* on the dismal prospects for a world dominated by the Marxist creed of the Jew.⁵⁴ Yet *The Odinist Religion* did not advocate an Australian military dictatorship after Tokyo or even a national-

socialist one after Berlin. As had been suggested in Fear in 1933, Odin was the solution proffered by Tasman Forth the mystic: 'A return to our own Fatherspirit in God is the only Way Out. It is our only road to strength. Our own myths, our own heroes and our own holy places point the way.' Christianity had displaced these stories of Nordic origins with 'the history and ideology of the Jew' and 'a nation must build on the foundations of its own traditions, on its own spirit, and not on the traditions and spirit of other nations.'55 There was a certain, Nazi logic in these observations and on the verge of war, Forth clearly anticipated the failure of appearement, which he in any case condemned as a fatal errand. This inevitable war would provide an opportunity for a racial revival, assuming that Britain and her empire 'could not withstand an invasion of a people free from the Jew-Christianity'. Following racial and national cataclysm, 'Odinists, and the Odinists only, will preserve our race and some day revive our nation.'56 After Armageddon, the revived Odinist religion would bind the 70 million white 'British' of the homeland and the dominions together against 'the Jew and his outlook'. Mills, who had not yet married anyone, was convinced that no good Odinist would ever 'marry an alien' and that they would then accordingly populate the Australian continent with 'our own racial stock' as a 'spiritual function'. 57 As a student of the nineteenth-century French thinker Count Gobineau, Tasman Forth knew that only 'Aryans' were the 'builders of culture', citing India, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome and even Japan as the forerunners of an Aryan-led, Odin-inspired, Australian cultural revival. This was to be the new 'Reality' foreseen in his earlier work; a racial revival following the catharsis of chaos and war. If The Odinist Religion did nothing else, it set some very ambitious goals for the few Australians who appeared to have read it on the verge of a war that would sweep away its intellectual premises for the lifetime of its author and beyond.

Only Mill's later private correspondence clarifies what his intention had been in those pre-war years. He expressed regret to Stephensen in 1954 that 'those noble efforts of our fathers were never made the basis of an organized spiritual entity'. The consequence of that failure was clear to him in his postwar perspective: 'They were never sufficiently strengthened by a Form of Religion, to withstand the onslaught of the Jewish contaminated fallacies of decadent Greece.'58 To create such a 'Form' had been his self-perceived task from his discovery of Odin in Clapham c.1932 up to the declaration of war and beyond. The effort to do so cost him some £8,000 of his own money according to the estimate of Military Intelligence, a considerable sum at that time—it was possible to purchase a brick 'villa' in leafy suburban Canterbury (where Mills lived) for under £2,000. Stephensen, a perpetual tenant at the mercy of avaricious landlords and tied to the purse-strings of a less than

generous boss, could only have wondered at such resources.59 Yet, by any measure, Mills had failed. An Australian manifestation of Ariosophy was as much of a chimera in 1939 as it had been at the time that Hitler took power and offered inspiration to the Australian enthusiasts. It was not dead, for the politically active spiritualist Edwin Arnold would seek to revive it as late as February 1942, but he too would fail. Ian Mudie, the young ultra-nationalist poet whose feet were more firmly attached to Australian soil than those of Mills could ever be, thought Odin an alien god to Australians and said so in one of his poetic contributions to the Publicist in October 193860—he, along with some other members of the Jindyworobak literary movement, preferred that other 'Aryan' strand of aboriginal spirituality. He was right about Odin, if somewhat puzzled about the origins of the first Australians. Stephensen himself thought Mills 'too secretive' and noted that 'he was opposed to the Jews on different grounds from mine' given the former's preference for direct political action, which was not yet part of the agenda of the Ariosophists, at least until the wartime fiasco of Arnold's 'National Socialist Party of Australia and Oceania' and the related 'World Aryan Federation'.61 Mills was undoubtedly sincere when he stated in The Odinist Religion that a nation must build on the foundations of its own traditions and it is true that Odin was not necessarily alien to the bulk of Australians of northern European origin, but he was certainly distant.62 Australia would not be resurrected by a 'revival of Anglo-Saxon or Nordic ideals', at least not of the mystical variety. In 1933, Forth had concluded And Fear Shall Be in the Way by noting that Australians could find 'salvation' by turning to the vitality of a new Reality 'which within themselves and beyond, is awaiting'. Yet by 2000 (the millenarian date often quoted by the dreamers in their forecasts), the only person who had acknowledged the Reality was that apocryphal university student of Alice Springs. As for Alexander Rud Mills himself, the work revealed the man. His widow Evelyn was still offering an apologia from the Dandenongs on behalf of her deceased partner (presumably now in Valhalla) as late as 1969 in an attempt to correct the post-war record.

He was not anti-Christian—only opposed to some of the philosophy. Some of his friends were Jews. He did not hate any race. His conviction was that all races should contribute to the good of the world. To mix them would cause endless strife in families and nations...He believed the different races were created for a purpose.⁶³

She concluded that 'A.R.' had admired the Jewish love of their own people, 'but naturally he did not want them to conquer the world'. No examination of his writings in the period 1933–39 could sustain such a charitable view.

One item of faith amongst the Ariosophists was the belief that only Aryans were the builders of culture. Mills had said as much in The Odinist Religion, but he was not alone in holding such a culturally exclusive view. Any acceptance of this world-view carried with it the parallel supposition that other races were destined merely to be either workers, drones or, worse still, parasites. Just such an intellectual premise was in the forefront of the völkisch movement in the latter part of the nineteenth century and its most prominent advocate was Paul de Lagarde, oriental scholar, Semitic philologist, advocate of the 'Germanization' of Christianity and a devotee of the 'leadership' style of politics that came to dominate the first half of the succeeding century. De Lagarde was one of the first to brand Jews as 'parasites' and 'bacilli' who were thereby worthy only of eradication. Although Mills used such crude medical analogies sparingly in his anti-Semitic vitriol (and never advocated the extermination of Jews), another sensitive member of the Australia-First circle, William Hardy Wilson, did not shy away from such unsavoury language. Like Mills, he was obsessed with the theory of the Jewish world-conspiracy; Stephensen preferred to call Wilson 'anti-Jewish', rather than 'anti-Semitic', but this was a fine distinction that would have offered no solace to the persecuted.64

Wilson (b.1881) grew up in comfortable circumstances in suburban Sydney in a family still nourished by ancestral wealth—his grandfather had left a phenomenal estate of £250,000 in 1865—and was modestly successful both as a scholar and sportsman in his youth.65 The young man had excelled at technical drawing, so was articled to a Sydney architectural firm in 1899 and although he volunteered for the Parramatta Lancers in order to serve Queen and Empire in the Boer War, he was not called to bear arms. As an adult, Wilson was difficult to overlook at a striking 6'6" in height, but the attraction of his distinguished appearance and meticulous dress sense of silk-shirts and bow-ties was diminished by an early inclination to arrogance. Having served his apprenticeship, the ambitious young man travelled to England in 1905. He lived in London until 1910, practising there as a draughtsman and also travelling widely on architectural grand tours in Europe and America. As a member of the Chelsea Arts Club, Wilson mixed with other expatriate compatriots, including Tom Roberts and Arthur Streeton; he no longer used his old school-name of 'Billy', but assumed another more formal addition to his surname and was hereafter known as 'Hardy Wilson'.66 On his return home to Sydney, this metropolitan was disgusted with the crude state of Australian architecture and resolved to enlighten his countrymen—it was a resolve that never left him and he was aided in his efforts to do so in 1919 by an aesthetically-inclined public servant, Bertram Stevens,

and a journal established at Norman Lindsay's suggestion, Art in Australia.40 In private practice in the city before, during and after the Great War, Wilson acquired a reputation as a champion of the then reviled early Australian colonial architecture and his 1924 Old Colonial Architecture in New South Wales and Tasmania was an enduring masterpiece. Wilson's intellectual scope, however, was never a parochial one and he became an advocate of fusion between Oriental and Occidental architectural styles following a first journey to China in 1921 which had influenced him significantly.⁶⁸ Always especially choosy about those with whom he mixed socially and vocationally, Wilson had in these years continued his friendship with Eben Waterhouse ('Professor Pymble' in Wilson's later works), the aesthetically-inclined Sydney academic who later enjoyed a cordial interview with Adolf Hitler. Wilson designed the professor's house ('Eryldene') and garden from 1913 onwards—he even oversaw the designs of the fountain, tool shed and garage. From 1924, following his return from another lengthy European sojourn, the restless architect also developed a friendship with the somewhat less sophisticated W.J. Miles, exchanging thereafter 'philosophical letters' with a man whose world-view coincided in some respects with that of the aesthete, even though Wilson later acknowledged that they were at odds over some of his theories of artistically-driven social renewal.⁶⁹ Having earlier dabbled in the occasional smaller piece of writing, the now middle-aged Wilson began in the mid twenties to prefer the use of the pen to the draughtsman's ruler as a means of propagating his eccentric, if cultivated, views on art and society. He had now retired from private architectural practice out of disdain for modern taste and thought to try his hand at other crafts. London was to be the city that published his first major work, in 1929, immodestly titled The Dawn of a New Civilization. Wilson was travelling for the last time in Europe from 1927-30 acquiring furniture and objets d'art on his own behalf and on commission for Keith Murdoch, some testimony to his established aesthetic reputation back home—the editor wanted an antique four-poster bed for his Toorak home.⁷⁰ Although Wilson, unlike Mills, would usually publish under his own name, he was about to assume a nom-de-plume, that of the architect 'Richard le Measurer'. He had employed this persona in some of his earlier writings since 1920, but Dawn was to be the beginning of an extensive, semi-autobiographical odyssey for this peripatetic gentleman of cultivated taste, who became the nominal subject of what constituted Wilson's own memoirs. Wilson identified so closely with this alter-ego that he would later write to Prime Minister Menzies under this assumed identity. As the thirties progressed and national-socialism seemed to some to represent the spirit of the age, Wilson, and his Doppelgänger would drift towards the company of like-minded men and women and would become, in the eyes of the security services at least, an associate of the Nazi enthusiasts. Wilson the

writer had sloughed the skin of a '20th century colonial' (as one commentator branded him) in favour of something altogether different.

VI

The Dawn of a New Civilization recounted Richard le Measurer's extensive travels from the period before the Great War up to the time of its publication in 1929. These had included western and southern Europe, the eastern United States and much of East Asia. Back home in Sydney, le Measurer wanted to design a new city incorporating the best elements of what he had seen elsewhere—'Celestion', a title that he previously employed for an unbuilt house he (Wilson) had designed along oriental lines.71 Harmless though this aesthetic utopianism may have seemed the work was well received by critics—a more sinister aspect was revealed by le Measurer's musings on politics. He thought that artistic 'creativeness' could only come from 'turmoil' based on 'natural instincts' and that the world was on the edge of just such a period. Much of the strife in the contemporary world was caused, he mused, by 'demands for equality', a symptom of cultural stagnation (a principle that Mills was expounding elsewhere and to which Lindsay had pointed earlier in 1920). This coming turmoil would usher in a 'new creative period', but this creativity must be 'founded on what has come before', although Wilson's vision was wider than Lindsay's focus on classical Greece. It would not, and could not, come from the focal point of much utopian dreaming in this period, the Soviet Union, for the author believed that 'Bolshevism' was incapable of fostering creativity. From whence then? Although le Measurer thought that an awakened China would influence a western cultural revival, he clearly did not see the East as an engine for the West. 72 He was contemplating an autonomous European cultural resurgence, not yet one driven from Germany (where the Nazis remained inconsequential in the period before the Great Crash) but perhaps from Italy, whose authoritarian, professedly aesthetic, fascist regime most closely resembled the political parameters outlined in the Dawn. Le Measurer was not yet a Nazi dreamer, but he was, perhaps, already favourably inclined towards Mussolini's New Rome.

Back home, now settled in Melbourne in 1930 soon after the economic crash occurred, Wilson was displaying further characteristics of the utopian visionary that he had now become. Like all visionaries, he was keen to acquire disciples and thus continued his earlier practice of writing regularly to and for daily newspapers. The *Sydney Morning Herald* of 31 October 1930 printed his 'Warning from an Artist Worker' who acknowledged that an artist should concentrate on his work, but a 'change' was on the way that demanded the political attention of such creative folk (Wilson amongst them). The *NSDAP* was now Germany's second largest political party in parliamentary representation and clearly the

most active at a street-level. Although this 'artist worker' (and Stephensen later used the term 'creative worker' in imitation) did not mention Hitlerism, it was the Weimar Republic that he appeared to be describing in his warning, for he was convinced that immense change was looming in the 'civilised countries' and that popular 'outbreaks' would soon force the adoption of 'new methods of life and government'. He cited Bolshevik Russia as an example of what had already occurred in this direction, but he was now focusing elsewhere and made no attempt to advocate the passé Bolshevik example. This article was an eccentric ramble, typical of what was to follow from Wilson's pen.

The warning went unheeded in Sydney or Melbourne and the ever-restless Wilson retreated to Tasmania ('little Australia') and its Asgard-like pure air, expecting that this racially homogeneous, isolated island of supposedly purer British stock would surely be preserved from the coming chaos and turmoil, for Wilson was now convinced that the chief issue facing his world was the struggle for 'the preservation of existence as a white race'.73 Puzzling as it may seem that someone would journey to Tasmania in search of racial purity, Wilson later recalled that the islanders 'had the clean skin and rosy cheeks of English country folk' and although 'slow and unenterprising', their isolation had ensured that 'they had retained some of their inherited vigour'.74 This conclusion proved as illusory as any other attempt to impose eugenics elsewhere, but its premise had stimulated Wilson to endure rural otium for the following four years, 1931-35, on 'Alandale' farm at Flowerdale in the then remote north-west, a backwater within a backwater. There, he engaged without much success in what today would be called 'hobby-farming' after purchasing the property lockstock-and-barrel, including furnishings down to the floor mats and cushions, toying with eugenics at an accessible level through breeding horses and pigs and through crop experimentation. His pen, however, was denied its own rest. Manning Clark's description of rural Tasmania as the 'nursery of eccentrics' was never more appropriate than when applied to these wilderness years of Hardy Wilson, the gentleman farmer who had crossed Bass Strait with the intention of 'rousing Tasmanians for the oriental future which he knew must come', as he described it in his later memoirs. The local newspaper, the Burnie *Advocate*, now became the long-suffering recipient of his journalistic jeremiads and over the following years it published a number of his articles: 'The World Crisis: Need for Creativeness'; 'Will Tasmania Awake in Time?'; 'Chaos or What?'; 'Nature Asserts Herself'; 'Communism and Existence'; 'The Passing of Civilization and Coming New Thought'; 'Communism Advances England's Choice'.75 Here, Wilson ruminated on many diverse topics and revealed either a wide-ranging mind or one incapable of consistent focus. His orientalism was diluted by an apparently new recognition that it was necessary to maintain white racial

purity against the challenge of yellow infiltration, for he now embraced the view that only 'European' methods could lead to 'creativeness'. Italy was cited as the most likely leader of this 'new creativeness'—the Soviet would follow its example. Accordingly, Wilson now took the opportunity to write to Mussolini in September 1933, enclosing a copy of *Dawn* (also despatched to Hitler) and urging the Italian leader to encourage what Wilson regarded as an inevitable, Germanic cultural shift 'southwards'. Given that Mussolini regarded colonials as barbarians and was convinced (following a meeting with Pirow, the South African defence minister) that Europeans in warmer climates were degenerates, it is unlikely that he gave the book much attention. Further material was also sent in the same year from Flowerdale to the German authorities through the consulate in Melbourne, when Wilson penned an essay defending Nazi anti-Semitism as a natural 'impulse of fundamental instinct'. This was an early sign of his attention to a persecuted minority whom he dismissed as an uncreative, 'Asiatic' people.' Soon, this animosity towards Jews would become sharper.

If Tasmania seemed an unlikely venue for the propagation of doctrines of racial superiority, Wilson did not seem to notice and he continued in his attempt to rouse the locals about the peril of Asian invasion from the north (he thought a Chinese thrust more likely than a Japanese one) and of the ensuing chaos that would result from the inevitable clash between 'Communism' and 'Fascism'. The islanders were not listening and by May 1933 the first signs of disillusionment were apparent when the Flowerdale farmer confessed that he was disappointed in Tasmanians, whom he had thought would be 'more interested' in the future of the white race than their degenerate mainland cousins. They were not—there were few of them who thought like Mills, the local boy from Forth who had long since lost faith in his native island. By 1934, Wilson the self-described 'creative artist' was also losing faith, this time in the coming of the new age of creativity—'artistry has gone'—and his final contribution to the columns of the Advocate, in April 1934, continued to warn of the advance of communism and of the chaos which it would bring. He admitted that the (communist) Lang threat in Sydney had gone, but stressed that the chief peril was still the 'coming struggle for existence as a white people'. Creativity may also have gone, but Wilson's final blast into the Tasmanian ear asserted that a 'new era of constructiveness' was coming in its place. Four years of journalistic agitation, however, had brought nothing and Wilson later admitted that the local response to his jeremiads was complete 'silence'. By July 1935, he disposed of his stock and went back to the source of strife against which he had fruitlessly warned the unheeding Tasmanians. Again in the ant-heap of Melbourne, Wilson admitted that 'nothing can be achieved from a farm in Tasmania'.78 Given the choice of 'Chaos or What?' the Tasmanians seemed to have preferred 'What' rather than the grim struggles and grand historical mission outlined for them by this mainland mystic of a peculiar racial, ideological bend. The aesthetic visionary who crossed Bass Strait northwards in 1935 was considerably more racially conscious and considerably more fascistic in his thinking than the one who had sailed southwards in 1931. All that was needed to push Hardy Wilson into the *völkisch* camp was a fuller dose of anti-Semitism: this was soon evident in large quantities.

The year 1936 was a watershed one for the prodigal son returning from selfimposed provincial exile to suburban Kew. Never one to underestimate his own significance, Wilson later described the motivation for his return as having been 'to take part in the cultural development of Australian thought'.79 Clearly piqued after his rejection by the racial Übermenschen of the Apple Isle, Wilson penned a sequel to The Dawn of a New Civilization and gave it a title that suited his pessimistic mood: 'Collapse of Civilization'. Unlike its prequel, this work could not find a publisher and remained in the form of about a hundred typed copies. It covered much of the same ground, but drew more sombre conclusions. Here Wilson argued that Europe was now in cultural decline, as cold-climates stifled 'creativity', but conceded that an Asian renewal was beginning, chiefly via Japan. This was a notable conclusion, given his earlier obsession with China, and one clearly made in ignorance of the climatic conditions of the chilly Japanese archipelago, let alone of their pitilessly frigid puppet-state of 'Manchukuo' (Manchuria). The references to temperature were an apparent tocsin to warmclimate Australians (Tasmanians obviously aside), alerting them that their moment in the cultural sun had arrived providing that they founded 'a new period of creativeness which, eventually, will spread across the world'. If they did not do so, he warned, Australia was 'doomed': 'The last round begins.'80 Like his earlier calls for Tasmanians to fulfil their racial destiny, this cultural call to arms was an ambitious one. Like its predecessor, it also came to nothing. Further disappointments followed when the frustrated writer sought to re-enter the workforce, this time as the Director of the National Gallery of Victoria in July 1936. Wilson's reputation in aesthetics and architecture impressed the majority of Trustees sufficiently for a vote in his favour on 20 August from seven of them over the application of James MacDonald, the director of the NSW counterpart—Arthur Streeton himself had independently commended his old friend from the Chelsea Arts Club.81 The recommendation of the Trustees was duly sent to the Victorian government for formal endorsement and announcement at the beginning of the following week. Unfortunately, the news was leaked to Murdoch's Melbourne Herald, possibly by Wilson himself, before any formal announcement was made by Spring Street. On 22 August, the Herald ran an interview with the 'New Art Director' in his Kew home, lauding his 'fine record' in art and architecture-Murdoch continued to be impressed with his

friend's good taste—on the assumption that the wishes of the Trustees would be accordingly endorsed. They were not. Within days and 'for some reason that is not clear', as the official Gallery history tersely described it, MacDonald of Sydney was appointed by the Dunstan ministry in place of Wilson.⁸² The now-rejected applicant was devastated; he put his Kew house up for sale on the same day as the government announced its choice. The subsequent resignation in protest by one of the Trustees, Professor Wood Jones, could not save him.

This was a severe blow to Wilson's career, such as it now was, but more importantly, to his highly cultivated self-esteem, even though he later consoled Wood Jones with his conclusion that the position was not worth the 'perpetual wrangle' which would have accompanied the confirmation of his appointment.83 There have been suggestions that local artists were fearful that Wilson would not purchase Australian works of art; even suggestions that he was overturned owing to the perennial Sydney-Melbourne rivalry, being still seen as a New South Welshman—his only son, Lachlan, was keen to stress such factors in later years and believed that his father had been a reluctant applicant, overturned by 'weekend lobbying' following his premature revelations to the press.84 Wilson senior, however, smelt a rat and it was a rodent of Semitic origin. He convinced himself that the rejection had been due to the nature of his writings, in particular to the opposition generated by 'Collapse' (unlikely given its limited circulation). Above all, he assumed that 'Jewish intervention' had been instrumental in the process and he now lost all remaining faith in the institutions of the democratic society that he been excoriating for some years. In his further memoir of 1941, Eucalyptus, Wilson candidly exposed his paranoia by stating that the 1936 appointment had been blocked by the (presumably few) Jews who had read 'Collapse', as he had wanted to use the Gallery position to influence art lovers 'with a view to keeping the white people independent, and enabling them to function in the arts'. The sinister few had known that if he succeeded 'thought would be spread against the parasitical influence of the Jews'.85 Valentine Crowley, in the final issue of the *Publicist* in March 1942, was one of the few who agreed with this paranoid analysis. Perhaps Wilson had already found some aesthetic justification for anti-Semitic prejudice prior to 1936 in Lindsay's Creative Effort, which had denounced the shallow, sentimental, cruel cultures of the eastern mind: 'If the Jew also had never existed, what might not mankind have gained?'86 If not, then the events of this year convinced him that the Jews had prevented Victorians from gaining an inspirational gallery director. There was no arguing with that conviction and no acceptance that the premature, cocksure Herald interview had played any part in his downfall. So, the relentlessly disgruntled Wilson set off again, in unacknowledged imitation of the rootless cosmopolitans whom he so derided, this time for the isolation of the Blue Mountains. For a

good deal of 1937 he licked his wounds at the resort of the Kurrajong Heights Hotel, which was conveniently located near the weekender of his friend Professor Waterhouse. It was also conveniently close to Sydney and like another self-imposed exile from Victoria, A.R. Mills, Wilson became an occasional visitor at the office of the *Publicist*, where he undoubtedly found a sympathetic ear. He had failed to find one in the NSW Society of Artists, from which he resigned in umbrage at their support of MacDonald for the coveted Melbourne directorship.

Mountain air resuscitated the visionary's spirit and by 1938 he had returned to Victoria, basing himself on a property at Wandin near Mount Dandenong. He remained there for the remainder of the peacetime years and beyond, and continued to write diligently and to update the adventures of le Measurer whilst nursing, even nourishing, his grievances against the Jews. In his spare time, Wilson returned to town-planning and designed 'Israelia', a settlement in the hills around Wandin for Jewish refugees from Europe, whose advent was a source of continual concern to him and to others of like mind. The character of 'Israelia' may be assessed by the fact that the design called for 'watch-towers' on Mount Dandenong and Donna Buang, the other significant mountain in the region.87 When in June 1939 Wilson immodestly informed Arthur Streeton that he had found a 'solution' to the 'Jewish problem', he may have been referring to 'Israelia' or he may have already been considering a broader approach; general readers had to wait until September 1941 to discover the peculiar nature of this additional solution.88 When not contemplating concentration camps in the mountains, Wilson continued his correspondence with the mighty. Prime Minister Joe Lyons received a plea in August 1938 from the formerly rejected director for the establishment of a national gallery with an oriental collection in Canberra. He generously offered some of his own extensive objets and his own services as 'curator', asking only for an annual salary of £600 (over twice the amount allowed by Miles to Stephensen). Although Lyons was sympathetic to Wilson's aim of encouraging the 'cultural development of Australian thought' and conceded that the government had considered the establishment of an institution to foster Australian art, the cupboard was bare—as appeasement fell down around his ears, Lyons was turning more than ever to the need for even further defence spending in order to protect what Australian thought and culture already existed.89 The Prime Minister's Department formally rejected the proposal on 9 September. Piqued, Wilson donated some of his collection earmarked for such a gallery to the National Gallery of Japan and to Emperor Hirohito.

Lyons was not the only leader to be offered gratuitous advice by the mystic of Wandin in those last years of peace. Hitler himself was not spared when Wilson in December 1938 again troubled the German consul in Melbourne, Dr Drescher, to send the 'His Excellency Herr Adolf Hitler' his 1937 work

Grecian and Chinese Architecture (which had been favourably reviewed by his fellow anti-Semite, Lionel Lindsay, older brother of Norman). As a frustrated architect, Hitler may have appreciated some of that finely executed work, and he was certainly in agreement with the author that the Jews were likely soon to force war on Germany. It is unlikely that he would have disagreed with the author's dedication to him as the lynch-pin of Europe's 'new creative energy'.90 Yet, Wilson was preaching to the converted, even to the chief priest of anti-Semitism, when he reminded Hitler that the 'Jews are drones of humanity... Germany has excluded Jews because they were parasitical and a menace to humanity... They control Australia.'91 However, even though the Australian mystical aesthete acknowledged this German mystical aesthete as a fellow 'creative artist', it is unlikely that Hitler would have smiled on Wilson's suggestion that he construct a Chinese temple in Munich modelled on the Peking Temple of Agriculture (which featured in the attached book)—Munich was being remodelled as the 'Capital of the Movement' and the city's chief synagogue had just been demolished, but an oriental house of worship was not the sort of 'new creativeness' that Hitler had in mind for his adopted home town. Wilson, blind to the political realities in Australia and Germany, concluded: 'Please forgive me if I have been too outspoken. You have my profound respect and admiration for all that you have done for Germany.' So too did Mussolini, who also received a copy of the same architectural text in 1939, but he remained unmoved by the flattery contained therein, which suggested that Hitler was not as clearly conscious of the need for new creativeness as was the Duce himself. Like Wilson, the Italian leader would soon be swept away by a momentum that originated from Berlin and Munich.

William Hardy Wilson was a compelling, gifted, charismatic man of considerable taste and vision—his belief that Australia could furnish the setting for a fusion of East and West may well come to fruition in the twenty-first century. However, he could also be a dogmatic, opinionated misanthrope, capable of combining delicate aestheticism with a crude, atavistic insensitivity. Stephensen regarded him as a 'good friend' and shared his passion for the powerful artistry of Lawrence's Kangaroo and its anti-democratic sentiments, to which Wilson paid especial tribute in hi 1941 memoirs. 92 However, the Bunyip assessed him as primarily 'an artist and his ideas on politics are too chaotic for my liking'.93 It was difficult for even this sympathetic observer to assess the political thinking of this advocate of 'Chaos or What' as much other than an eclectic collection of disparate thought. The inspiration for much of it, however, was the quasi-Nazi, völkisch thinking that drove many of the Australian enthusiasts. It best serves Wilson's reputation to concentrate on his aesthetic efforts in the years before 1939 rather than on his political theorising. He, through Richard le Measurer, concluded soon after with characteristic pessimism that: 'The political mind, like the average

Australian mind, cannot understand the place of culture in human relations,296 Wilson nevertheless had tried to do so and as his fellow anti-Semite Lionel Lindsay noted, he had willingly undertaken the 'fight for supremacy in this land which is so careless of aesthetics'.95 This Kulturkampf was a thankless task, which destroyed his reputation and led many to overlook the considerable contribution that he had made, and would continue to make, to Australian aesthetics. From September 1939, if not earlier, his writings were used against him and, in the estimation of his son, Wilson's opponents 'delighted at his discomfiture' when it was suggested that he had been associated with Australia-First and with its Nazi dreaming.% There was, however, no denying the links that connected Wilson with Stephensen, Miles, Mills, Selkirk and others and he had himself sought to establish links with Mussolini and Hitler. As for this last, post-1939 persona non grata, Wilson's alter ego suggested that the Führer was a 'simple man, sincere and with great energy. Coming from Austria, he has more imagination than most German people, and he is an artist.' Yet he also thought (in 1941) that this artist was in a 'destructive stage' and only approaching the 'new reality', therefore still 'degenerate'.97 These were not the conclusions of a political, Nazi dreamer, but they were the conclusions of a like-minded aesthete. Nevertheless, that distant, 'simple man' had the measure of Wilson and his mystical coterie. In a February 1938 Reichstag speech that 'le Measurer' quoted for other purposes, Hitler had dismissed any 'lone genius' who wandered through time and imagined himself to be a 'great maker of history'. Hardy Wilson was just such a lone figure, perhaps even with a touch of genius, but he would have been wise to keep his distance from those dreamers who fancied themselves as makers of history.

VII

One paranoid mystic whom even W.J. Miles had the good sense to keep at a distance was Arthur Vogan, a Sydneysider but an English-born Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Born in 1859 in Kent, and thus considerably older than most of his fellow Nazi enthusiasts, Vogan was a self-styled anthropologist and archaeologist specialising in the Pacific region. He shared the rabid anti-Semitism of Lindsay, Mills and Wilson and accordingly in the pamphlet *Nullius in Verba* in 1933, Vogan ('late of the Imperial Field Intelligence Department' in the Boer War) had gushed with enthusiasm about developments in Germany. He had especial praise for Henry Ford's rambling exposé *The International Jew*, amongst Hitler's favourite books and one that was prominently displayed on the desk of the *Führer* in the Munich Brown House—Mills could not have missed it in 1932. Vogan appreciated Ford's battle against the 'New York High Financiers' who also controlled all of Australia's principal secondary industries.

In Vogan's estimation, Ford's chief admirer, Adolf Hitler, had demonstrated the way forward:

Today, we see only German manhood and Japanese Imperial instinct daring to stand up against world enemies of all that our forefathers and parents held most sacred and estimable! ... Our once (and still?) great Baltic, or Nordic Race, has been led by centuries of cunning, Sapping-and-approach, through Biblical teaching...through Masonry; through Trade Union propaganda; through the now, practically, universally Jew-owned PRESS, and so on, to loosen upon these Principles, by which its forebears won themselves to the front of things.⁹⁸

To Arthur Vogan, FRGS, the solution was clear: 'We badly need something of a Hitler leader here today! Without persecution, of course.' He failed to recognise that it was not possible to have one without the other. Vogan also thought by November 1936 that he had finally found a non-Jewish newspaper in the *Publicist* and accordingly contacted Miles, complaining that his twenty years of archaeological work in the Pacific had been ignored by the press 'by orders from New York', another short-hand condemnation for what Stephensen called the 'Jewspapers'. He further claimed to have found an ancient inscription during these labours, although he failed to elaborate on its significance (it probably indicated some ancient Aryan presence in the Pacific). The passing of time did nothing to diminish this paranoia, nor his sense of those responsible for his professional sidelining—it was the same tribe whom Lindsay had suggested would use capitalism to control the workers, whom Mills insisted had hijacked Western spirituality and whom Wilson blamed for being unworthy of his artistic genius; those ubiquitous scapegoats, the Jews.

In September 1938, the now almost-octogenarian archaeologist offered Miles an unsolicited, anti-Semitic account of English history, employing block letters and red type to emphasise his none-too-subtle arguments. Although Vogan was extraordinarily Anglo-centric, Hitler being the hammer of the Jews demanded his respect as the 'Simon de Montfort' of his 'time and race'. This was relevant to Australia, he suggested, because of the 'influence of the Semitics, whose power is shown in the pages of the traitorous daily-press of Australia!' They were not alone in their world-conspiracy, however, for he also insisted that Masons ('another deadly weapon of the Jews') and even Roman Catholics were in league with the 'Semitics' in order to destroy 'English power and views' according to his old friends in the 'Intelligence Department'. '99 Jewish control of the 'ignorant masses' through the media made it 'almost too late to try and straighten the threatening danger out', but the German example provided some hope. Vogan therefore looked forward to a nationalist 'Reaction' and had presumably written to the

editor of the *Publicist* in the expectation of assistance. He was disappointed, for even Miles thought this material 'not sufficiently suitable for our particular propaganda' and spiked Vogan's potted account of Jewish infamy throughout British history.

Editorial indifference would never discourage mysticism and anti-Semitic paranoia, some of which seemed to thrive on notions of persecution. The retired printer Ernest Jones of the 'Australian Unity League' (he was its sole member, as he had been of its predecessor the 'Australian League of Truth') was a persistent anti-Semitic mystic who prior to advertising in the National Socialist of Mills had written his own booklet in 1933 Hitler, The Jews and Communists, Australians Awake! (an adaptation of the Nazi slogan Deutschland Erwache! which appeared on every Party banner). Its preface included Vogan's 'Nullius in Verba' and extracts from other accounts, but the author also made his own prejudices quite clear. He was not in favour of a coherent political program in order to address Australia's ills, preferring some unspecified, mystical path, some ambitious 'mission' intended 'to solve humanity's problems in the interests of all'.100 This would be magically achieved through mass membership of whichever organisation he was currently championing. Vague though this may have been, his prejudices were depressingly predictable. Jones wanted an 'elucidation of the Jewish Question' but he had clearly made up his mind about the direction that this elucidation would take, for his readers were reminded that the Jews were the 'experienced officers of all latter-day revolution', especially of the most ghastly and most recent one in Russia—spurious appendices were provided that demonstrated the Jewish dominance (72-100%) of the Bolshevik government and intelligentsia.¹⁰¹ Yet, Jones could claim that he was not anti-Semitic, even though in the next stroke of his pen he warned of Jewish control of international finance and was critical of Christianity and its (Jewish-inspired) invocation to poverty which was not followed by the Jews themselves. Mills would expand on themes such as this later in the decade, but would provide no greater evidence for his prejudices than Jones did in 1933, when he quoted the Protocols on the Jewish intention to acquire 'the riches of the earth' for themselves alone. As the 1938 begging letter to Herr Hoffmann in 1938 would show, Jones had been deprived of his own rightful share of the earth's wealth despite the years he had spent in the Sydney real estate profession.

Jones (unlike Stephensen and even Hitler) had no doubt about the authenticity of the *Protocols* and shared his seminal experience of finding them with his readers. Arthur Vogan, a 'deeply read and travelled man' had introduced them to him after having contacted Jones in 1929 to inform him that the only way out of the crisis and to avoid Jewish domination was through a 'benevolent tyranny like that of Mussolini'. ¹⁰² Australians Awake! accordingly carried an advertisement

for the Protocols: 'A diabolical programme laid down centuries ago which presentday experience proves is being carried through to the destruction of all nations.' Abstracts were offered for 8.d, posted; all this from an author who denied being anti-Semitic. The standard of the remainder of the booklet can be assessed by Jones's own selection of a putative 'Negro' proverb to demonstrate his philosophy of hard work and national self-reliance: 'If de Lord had intended dat one half of the world should work harder to supply de other half, we should have got the news long before this time.' His conclusion was as equally preposterous—he called for unity and a recognition that salvation could be found by joining up with a 'band of really big men—men who can see life in its largeness, men who can lose themselves in an earnest desire to solve with impartiality the most pressing problems that confront us today'. 103 Germans were already following this path of really big men (and beginning to discover its perils), but Jones remained convinced that it was the route for Australians to follow also. He chillingly indicated to local Jews that the route could not be followed until Australians 'first disperse then remove the cause of disunity'. Even the Nazis were not yet that far down the track of ethnic sanitation, although Jones cited with approval the diminution of Jewish influence that had taken place in German public life since 30 January 1933.

The remainder of Australians Awake! was derivative and of no higher calibre. Like W.H. Wilson, Jones endorsed Selkirk's similar pamphlet 'Wake up Australia' as a 'stirring appeal to all who love their country to save it from the devouring maw of alien interests' and as a 'pamphlet which every Australian should read'. He also reproduced the recent column 'Who is Hitler?' by 'Tacitus' from the Bulletin of March 1933 where the Hitler cult had been introduced to mainstream Australian readers. Other statements in support of the 'National German Revolution' by the consul Dr Asmis and by the President of the German-Rabbinical-Union were also reproduced in order to counter 'false rumours' about the new government and its attitude towards 'Judah'. The booklet closed with an extract from a recent letter to Jones from the English anti-Semite and author Arthur Kitson, praising Hitler for eliminating the menace of 'Jewish world control of money in Central Europe'. Kitson in turn had quoted a Canadian journalist friend recently returned from Germany, having noted the immense improvements there and denying that the Jews have been persecuted; they had simply been prevented from carrying out their 'nefarious plots'. Kitson, and Jones, therefore hoped that the people of the dominions would become conscious of 'this terrible menace to our Civilisation before it is too late'. This anonymous Canadian journalist had thereby distilled the attitude of Australia's distant Nazi dreamers, mystics and aesthetes alike. Jones might very well have been 'something of a crank' in the later assessment of the security services, but he was only harmless as long as he was unable to implement any of the suggestions that he had made in Australians Awake!

The Nietzschean 'Lindsay Aesthetic' which had inspired Stephensen and provided an intellectual framework for the likes of Mills and Wilson was not without its critics. Chief amongst them was Jack Lindsay, who had been converted to Nietzscheanism whilst still a youth and an undergraduate in Queensland, in the absence of his distant father. The call of German mysticism had been a revelation to the young man. He read as much Nietzsche in Brisbane as he could lay his hands on and considered himself a 'Zarathustrian', after the eccentric Nietzsche's most famous narrative voice, that of the ancient Persian mystic:

Nothing less than the solitude of Zarathustra could rescue the poet who was determined not to lie, not to surrender to the spectres of distortion, who sought to absorb European tradition at the moment of its breaking, and yet remain faithful to the growth-pangs of his own body, the enwombing earth. ¹⁰⁴

With the idealistic plasticity of youth, Lindsay had no difficulty at first in adapting Nietzsche to the conditions of the southern continent, but his faith did not long survive personal exposure to the 'sage of Springwood' immediately after the Great War. The proofs of *Creative Effort* caused him some consternation, which he shared with Bertram Stevens—the son was now uncomfortable with his father's belief that 'the earth exists only as a mud-flat for the generation of a few geniuses'. ¹⁰⁵ Like his university mate, Stephensen, Lindsay was soon set on the alternative path of Marxism (the 'Russian experiment') and he rejected the vision of 'a sort of Apollonian secret society of blood-brotherhood' of creative artists that his father had outlined in 1920. ¹⁰⁶ His Marxist leanings were dismissed at Springwood as 'the old revolt of the slave, breaking what he cannot enjoy and create'. In due course Jack would distance himself from the 'father-image of authority' (although not perhaps as early as he later claimed) and also from Stephensen, once his old friend had returned home from London with the intention of giving Zarathustra an Australian accent.

Stephensen had been joined by some unusual mystics and aesthetes under the shadow of Zarathustra; Mills would attempt to convert an Australian audience still under the sway of Christianity to Odinism; Wilson would at the same time extol the 'new creativeness' to his compatriots; Vogan and Jones were equally as confident that Australians could only awake once Jewish influence had been removed. All looked to the German example for inspiration and dreamt of transplanting some elements of that revolution into an Australian 'Dreamtime', even if the aesthetic pioneer Norman Lindsay could not bring himself to do so, despite his shared animosity to 'Jewish' modernism. Any Australian national

doom of those considered responsible for the slumber in the first place. The dreams of some, however well meaning, however philosophical and impractical they might seem, would inevitably become the nightmare of others. The percentime activities of these visionaries, these 'creative artists', had prepared what Hardy Wilson later called the 'anti-toxin to remove the Jew Poison from the Body Politic'. 107 All that remained was the wartime administration of the dose.

CHAPTER 6 ZARATHUSTRA WITH AN AUSTRALIAN ACCENT—'DREAMTIME' FOR WRITERS AND POETS

Zarathustra announced himself in Springwood. We saw that, but failed to note his Australian accent.

Jack Lindsay, Life Rarely Tells.

If we are not prepared for hard doctrine, let us frankly, and at once, abandon our dream; for nations nowadays are not to be achieved on easier terms.

William Baylebridge, National Notes, (third edition) 1936.

Their poems were so crammed with aboriginal allusions that not one Australian in ten thousand could make head or tail of them.

Alister Kershaw recalling the nationalist poets of the thirties.

An Australian Nietzsche—National Notes—Vital Flesh—Whither Away—Capricornia—Jindyworobak—Nationalism and Radicalism—an Amazonian.

The expatriate writer Jack Lindsay was himself something of an aesthete, like the rest of his clan, but he strayed. He recalled in his 1980s memoirs his heady, youthful conversion to Nietzschean ethics over sixty years earlier with its rejection of modernism. He also recalled his subsequent disillusionment once he had been

given the opportunity to expose himself further to the important thesis of *Creative***Fort and its mystical, paternal author in the Blue Mountains:

Within the focus of the Nietzschean critique we sought to refound the grand tradition of concrete realistic and beautiful imagery on Australian soil... By a lonely tour-deforce we wanted to create the realistic and concrete image of beauty which in fact could be born only out of a popular culture with a vital relation to nature. So, denying our Australian links, we proclaimed an Australian Renaissance. Zarathustra announced himself in Springwood. We saw that, but failed to note his Australian accent.¹

Jack Lindsay subsequently abandoned any attempt at literary 'Australianism', but Inky Stephensen (against whom he continued to nurse decades-old grievances) and others within the Australia-First circle had no such sense of contradiction. They wanted to have Zarathustra as well as what they later called a 'distinctive National Australian culture' and could see no reason why the two could not co-exist and thereby constitute a 'popular culture'. Inky was later convinced of the formidable nature that any combination of 'politicals' and poeticals' could make and confided in July 1938 to one of his cultural acolytes, the South Australian poet Ian Mudie: 'I am trying to combine Australian culture-propaganda with political agitation.'2 This was an early indication that Stephensen envisioned a Kulturkampf (a 'culture-struggle' as he called it)—a contest of ideas alongside a political struggle. However, the leash applied to him by Miles ensured that the first (literary) part of this program was given priority over the second (political) in the period before the demise of Australia-First's ailing éminence grise in late 1941, thus forcing a not always entirely willing Stephensen into the category of what has been called a 'literary-fascist' at the expense of his political ambitions prior to November 1941.3

Although Norman Lindsay had parted the political way from Stephensen and the *Publicist* long before July 1936, there remained some agreement between them on the need for a literary-cultural resurgence, either to precede or accompany a political revival and the emergence of a national identity. Lindsay may have been rightly regarded by Miles Franklin as a 'prime instigator' of this cultural movement, but Stephensen was still regarded by many (including Miles) as primarily a 'literary adviser' rather than as a political activist and he was to play an important part in steering the literary-cultural resurgence in the direction of Nietzsche and into the orbit of the Nazi dreamers and enthusiasts after the 'sage of Springwood' had long retired to his Blue Mountains retreat. The third member of the Fanfrolico circle in London and another friend of Lindsay *père*, John Kirtley, the self confessed nationalist 'fanatic', wrote his

own post-war memoirs and unlike Lindsay fils, he preferred to recall the optimism that these young men had felt in the twenties: 'Everything seemed propitious for a new phase in living.' After 1936, flushed with the experience of the Australian Mercury, the Foundations of Culture in Australia and the ideas expressed therein to which the Publicist professed its adherence, Stephensen and even the more stoical Miles now thought that the time had come for cultural propaganda in favour of 'Australian' writing, whether in the form of expository works, fiction or poetry. It was Stephensen's intention that the Publicist would give Zarathustra an Australian accent. He would then be seated around the camp-fire with his fellow-'Aryan', the 'little Black Man', the logo adopted by the Jindyworobak advocates of 'nativist' literature.

In the years from 1936-39 the prose writers and poets William Baylebridge, Xavier Herbert, Rex Ingamells and Ian Mudie-these last two being prominent adherents of the Jindyworobak nationalist literary movement amongst others, either offered themselves to 'the Cause', or were seconded to its banner through one means or another as fellow-travellers in an attempt to indicate that the literary resurgence to which Stephensen so frequently alluded was underway, and then as a precursor to the long-anticipated political resurgence (delayed primarily owing to Miles's aversion to direct action). There was room for considerable diversity in this literary movement; cold-hearted Nietzscheans would find a place alongside derided, sentimental 'marsupial nationalists' who utilised aboriginal symbolism and concepts in pursuit of a white 'Dreamtime'. Astonishingly, even a feminist like Miles Franklin found a place in their ranks. They were brought together by the force of Stephensen's personality and through their shared regard for him following the publication of Foundations. He had already combined elements of Nietzsche with a respect for the land and its original inhabitants in his own world-view; he was able subsequently to persuade other sometimes sceptical writers that they could do the same. All were also focused on what Kirtley, a strong adherent of the new wave and a Jindy poet, called 'the rock on which nations build and maintain their freedoms, each in their own way'-'Nationalism'.5 As an anti-Semite of authoritarian bend, Kirtley's nationalism (outlined in a pre-war essay 'Dual Nationality and the Fear Complex') was of a radical variety that often conformed to what he additionally regarded as the exemplary model of Nazi Germany. This was the 'way' he thought appropriate for his compatriots (the 'dirty bums' opposed to his national chauvinism) and also envisaged by many other Nazi dreamers of a literary bend—it was also the path accepted without much criticism by their literary fellow-travellers, for the seductive appeal of Nazism soon extended beyond street thugs and other cranks to include some of those inspired by the muses.6

Zarathustra had made his presence known in the southern continent long before the twentieth-century confusion of Nietzscheanism with Hitlerism and long before the young Jack Lindsay in Brisbane had picked up any of Nietzsche's works. His fellow-Queenslander, William Baylebridge (b.1883 as 'Blocksidge') was so engrossed in the wisdom of the dour German sage that he eventually acquired the reputation of being the 'Australian Nietzsche'. Following a classical education at Brisbane Grammar and at home, Baylebridge became a wandering scholar in Europe from 1908 until 1919 and was infected with the mystic metaphysics of Nietzsche, in part through Shaw's Man and Superman of 1903.8 This school of thought stayed with him until his death, without contrition, in 1942. Like the Nazis later, he interpreted this thought from a harsh, nationalist, racial perspective and accepted it as a settled ideology—that is as a form of 'visionary speculation' in pursuit of power rather than an ongoing search for truth.9 He published a great deal of largely overlooked poetry prior to and following the great catastrophe of 1914 (including at least seven collections at his own expense), some under his real name, which he shed c.1923, some anonymously, but his most substantial work of this period was the rambling National Notes of 1913, privately printed and distributed to every member of the Australian House of Representatives by the author. Despite this literary generosity, Baylebridge would have to wait until the issue of a third edition with Stephensen's sympathetic collaboration in 1936 for the work to have any wider impact. The restless scribbler returned home in 1919 having already produced most of the poetry on which his subsequent reputation was founded, but unlike hundreds-of-thousands of other Australians repatriated from Europe at the same time, Baylebridge had not played any direct part in the war, although he claimed to have been employed by the British Secret Service. Given his extensive pre-war travel in Germany and some knowledge of the German tongue, this claim was plausible, if unsubstantiated. Kirtley, who knew him well after 1935, believed that Baylebridge had spent some time in Munich, perhaps studying philosophy, but certainly acquiring the lifelong habit of drinking beer in litre tankards at a time when most Australians drank their favourite beverage in quantities of barely more than half-a-pint; his early works of poetry, c.1910, have references to Mainz and the Tyrol and suggest an acquaintance with the language of Nietzsche. 10 The initial post-war reception to the earlier work of 'Blocksidge' appeared to be favourable, with the Brisbane Daily Mail sensing the emergence of a 'New Philosophy' in August 1919, detecting the influence of the American Whitman (rather than the German Nietzsche).11 'Blocksidge' subsequently sought to clarify his derivative philosophy for the benefit of his fellow Queenslanders in a series of nine articles for the Daily Mail in the period

1920–23. These articles taken as a whole expressed the author's sense of alienation from the 'multitude' and the refuge he sought both in solitude and in the ideal of 'male friendship', which Macainsh (the unassailed authority on this author) has likened to the sentiments of the Nazi writer Hans Blüher, who extolled the vision of intense masculine devotion under the banner of an heroic cause. The ultimate expression of such a vision was the authoritarian state later pursued by the Australia-First circle with the works of Baylebridge as their local gospel—there was no mention of Blüher, but his vision had found its way to the Antipodes nonetheless.

Whatever Blocksidge/Baylebridge had experienced in the war, first and second-hand, featured in his 1922 collection on soldierly life, An Anzac Muster, with its vision of 'male friendship'. This work portrayed the diggers as larrikin, misogynistic, quasi-Nietzschean supermen bound together for life, in a fashion similar to the 1918 collection Saints and Soldiers by Harley Matthews, a genuine veteran inspired by much the same world-view that pictured battle-hardened warriors as the standard bearers of a new society. Muster also reintroduced the word 'arse' into literary usage to the puerile delight of its author, although any public offence must also have been limited as the print run was only about 100 copies. The members of Germany's paramilitary Freikorps and of Hitler's storm troopers (notorious for their homo-eroticism prior to the 1934 purge) were motivated by the same militaristic, male-bonding emotions that appeared separately in Blüher and Blocksidge. So too were some of Campbell's more radical New Guardsmen later. However, the circulation of this imaginative work of war fiction in Australia was not only limited by the print run, but also by the author's stubborn, meticulous insistence that it be sold for a substantial £5 per copy without discount—the wily Angus and Robertson declined to do so.13 The thick-skinned Baylebridge soon settled in Sydney and remained there for the remainder of his life as a dilettante and writer supported by a generous private income, assured of publication after establishing his own 'Tallabila' Press in 1934—according to its founder this was a Queensland aboriginal word for 'outlaw'. Free of the tyranny of troublesome publishers, 'Baylebridge' now began to reissue some of the earlier work of 'Blocksidge'. The first reissue included some Wordsworth-like love poetry from 1919, supplemented by new material, Love Redeemed. The harshness that marked his political thought also found its place in this verse recalling a past affair in London with a married woman that had ended with apparent bitterness. There was little tender even on the field of Venus according to Baylebridge, a confirmed bachelor despite the affair and despite (or because of) his incestuous infatuation with an aunt. These unlikely poems of love were markedly misogynistic and anti-democratic: women were referred to as 'Toys to fools', whilst 'Truth not the squalid hand of Demos knows.'14

Described as tall, fair, handsome and athletic but withdrawn and inclined to solitude (there is no known portrait), Baylebridge had first met another more gregarious former athlete and fellow disciple of Nietzsche soon after the return of Inky Stephensen from Europe, when he approached the budding publisher with This Vital Flesh, a collection made perhaps as early as 1927 and which drew upon much of his earlier work. It had already been rejected by another Sydney publisher as 'premature' and although this was likely a reference to its literary content, it proved an appropriate political judgement; only the advent of Hitlerism from 1933 would offer Baylebridge's work the chance of the receptive environment it had long sought. However, early publication of the Flesh under the supervision of Stephensen was aborted due to the usual financial crisis that relentlessly hounded the business affairs of the repatriated entrepreneur. 15 Undeterred, Baylebridge had donated the substantial sum of £100, possibly more, to 'P.R. Stephensen & Co Ltd.', of Bond Street, Sydney, in 1933-34 in an unsuccessful attempt to foster another independent Australian voice of Queensland origin—one that similarly responded to the lure of Zarathustra. The first sign of their literary collaboration was also prevented from public scrutiny by the collapse of the Australian Mercury in August 1935—Baylebridge had submitted a poem from 1913, 'Palingenesis', but it sunk without trace along with the second edition of that ill-fated journal.¹⁶ Nevertheless, the association between the two endured for the remainder of Baylebridge's life. Despite the establishment of the Tallabila imprint, the Publicist afforded the middle-aged author more exposure than his own efforts had hitherto been able to secure from mid-1936 and without Stephensen as his editor and de facto publicist, the Australian Nietzsche's works are likely to have remained as hidden as this mystic recluse himself. Most of Baylebridge's tortuous poetry remained without much influence in the thirties, but two largely prose works reissued under Stephensen's guidance before (and just after) the outbreak of the second war were of immense significance to Australia's Nazi dreamers— National Notes from 1913 (reissued in a third edition in 1936) and This Vital Flesh, largely consisting of earlier material but finally published as a single work in December 1939. These two works constituted the gospel of a Kulturkampf against everything that Stephensen and those who shared his ideologically-based world-view detested. The voice of William Baylebridge, which relayed echoes from the nineteenth-century-echoes from the 'German literary influences which he experienced in his youth' as Nettie Palmer described them-was intended to be that of the future Australian literary-political resurgence into the 'Roaring Forties' and beyond.17 When Manning Clark addressed the issue of 'A National Tradition in Australian Literature' in 1947, his conclusion could have been drawn as early as 1936-39, the period in which Stephensen had regalvanised Baylebridge's work:

We are likely to hear more of the need for 'leadership', and the need for enduring physical hardship in order to achieve something better. Herein lies the ideology for an authoritarian movement in Australia. Children of a future day may be required to pay homage to one William Baylebridge. 18

It is unlikely that many in his audience were familiar with that poet's name, already gathering the dust of unfashionability, but had the disgraced Stephensen been present, he would surely have replied in the manner in which he now defiantly signed some of his post-war letters: 'Sieg Heil!' The Bunyip Critic had admitted in January 1941 that Baylebridge was 'sui generis' (of his own kind), confessing that his friend had not aimed at being 'distinctively Australian'—rather, he was motivated by a wider 'world-vision'. That vision had the same origins as German national-socialism.

11

As an intellectual of sorts, Stephensen could not imagine his Australian national resurgence without some spiritual or mystical foundation. Neither Jesus nor Odin would fit the bill, but Friedrich Nietzsche did; Stephensen later called him the 'Apostle of Joy', an unlikely description. As a flailing publisher in London in the twenties, Inky had translated the Anti-Christ and thirty years later he continued to espouse the 'Dionysian aesthetic' which originated with Nietzsche and had reemerged in Western civilization at times of literary 'Resurgence, or Renascence, or of intense Creative Effort'. This was the 'Lindsay Aesthetic', 'a practical application of Nietzschean ideas in the Twentieth Century', an anti-Christian 'crusade in reverse'. Norman Lindsay had propagated such a world-view followed by his disciples at the Fanfrolico Press, hoping to 'save the "modern", mechanized, war-torn world from hate-engendered horrors'. 20 By 1936, however, Fanfrolico was a fading memory and Lindsay was estranged, so the works of Baylebridge were drafted into the service of Stephensen's mission, for there was sufficient common ground between National Notes and Creative Effort to satisfy even an ideologue. In an 'elucidatory' General Preface to Vital Flesh in 1939, the author looked back on the collection of aphorisms that constituted the earlier, reissued National Notes and recalled them as 'an attempt to bring our youthful idealism... to solid ground. It went upon the assumption that doing precedes being'.21 He immodestly described its point of view as the only one that would be acceptable 'to a progressive nation. More than one nation, since the work was issued, has, by its acceptance of similar doctrines, confirmed this belief.' So the German model (although he also cited Italy and even, in his ignorance, Russia) was to be the one followed in order to secure his aim of 'national regeneration' on a 'spiritual

basis', given that other nations 'have been overhauling belief and practice'. The primary concern of *National Notes*, Baylebridge asserted, was to secure 'a mental, emotional, and spiritual development...the renaissance, the spiritual resurgence, which Australia now, as other nations had done formerly, should stand for as an idea'. This had been an ambitious aim in the years 1909–13 when the work was written, still so in 1936 at the time of its reissue. It remained unrealised at the time of the author's 1939 reminiscences (if tantalisingly close in distant countries), but Baylebridge remained undeterred: 'It was a statement set down by faith... Not until the people of this country are willing to accept such disciplines as the book symbolizes, spiritual as well as material, can we achieve anything surely on our own account.'

The program set out in the Notes and intended after 1936 as a sociopolitical guidebook for Australia's Nazi dreamers was wide-ranging with aphorisms covering topics as diverse as nationalism, eugenics, morals, fertility, reproduction, population, women, the state, politics and religion. The 'New Nationalism' set the tone by calling for a 'new dream' to replace older ones that had fallen into decay and this new dream was to be based on 'instinct' not reason, involving 'limitless possibilities' for an improved 'Man': 'There are, if embraced at once and with vigour, limitless possibilities in our destiny as we conceive it. Superman, as envisaged through the ages, might be left to the theorists; but why should Man be?'22 That there would be vigour was also made clear: 'Are not most great social movements—civil, economic, and religious of "fanatical" birth?' This section concluded: 'The future will be given to those nations that consciously organize human life for the goals they seek.' The morals of the new society were to be restructured accordingly: 'Morality, with us, must conform to the mission of the race.' The quality of that race was to be improved by one of Baylebridge's particular obsessions, 'eugenics', in order to avoid social disintegration due to its antithesis, 'kakogenics'. The eugenics movement had been founded by Sir Francis Galton in the latter half of the previous century as 'the study of the agencies under social control which may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations physically or mentally'.23 Its application was to be one of the pillars of the new society: 'Eugenics, as a practical idea, would have to be introduced into the national consciousness forthwith, and with the authority of a new religion.' Breeding for the purposes of 'race preservation and race betterment' was not to be optional, but would require 'repression, where it was manifestly proper' and 'segregation' for the 'degenerate'. Eugenics would replace the 'false sympathy [that] has rendered powerless almost every form of racial purification' and has retarded any impulse to 'purge the State of degenerates, mental and physical'. Although Nazi Germany was not alone in its enthusiasm for such practices,

Baylebridge was sketching the pitiless program that the government of the Reich would soon institute in the first years of the war according to the 'Law on the Protection of Hereditary Health', until German public opinion caused its cessation, but not before some 75,000 persons were eliminated. Baylebridge, like Hitler, was confident that such a program would reap broader benefits: 'When we had evolved this higher human type, it is not likely that Providence would permit it to be without significance in the world...To such types shall all Earth be given.' Both men were unduly optimistic.

Having established the chief goals of the new society, National Notes also outlined the methods to be followed to reach those goals. These methods involved reformed practices of fertility, reproduction and population control. 'The fit, encouraged to marry early and have large families, would out-multiply the less fit, not thus encouraged.' This was contrary to the spirit of the present age, which Baylebridge unreservedly condemned: 'To extol brotherhood and the love of one's fellows, and demand for life conditions fated to multiply misery, is the paradox of this age... The true lover of mankind would attack misery, not after it has been helped to its hideous perfection, but before its appearance in the world.' It was necessary for Australia to pursue this goal because of the ubiquitous threat from the North: 'We are scattered thinly across a continent; at our doors are alien races with new effective birth-rates and new ambitions: as a nation, we must populate or perish.' It was later thought (by Mudie his disciple) that Baylebridge had first coined this phrase c.1913, but future generations would only become familiar with it through Hughes and Calwell.²⁴ It became a touchstone of Australian racism in the twentieth-century and was heartily endorsed by the Nazi dreamers. It would also concentrate the minds of one section of the Australian population; 'Women, the sacred vessels of maternity.' Baylebridge the childless bachelor, and now in 1936 a non-combatant in the war between the sexes, was as adamant about the social role of women as was that other distant prophet of similar familial status in Germany:

For women, the chief business of life would mean maternity... They would become repossessed of the sense of race-motherhood, a sense all but lost now, and in their consecration to the national good find their own good and true happiness. Relieved of their present round of trivial duties, women would find their highest duty and pleasure in producing and bringing up the largest number of efficient citizens that their health and means would permit—a career and a profession at once difficult and interesting, and, for the reasons indicated, in the first degree worthy of honour.

No better description could be offered of the *Mutter und Kind* program then being instituted in Germany.

Little, if any, of this program of social improvement could be instituted in democratic Australia and it was not surprising that the federal parliamentarians of 1913 had ignored Baylebridge's pearls of wisdom. By the time of the 1936 reissue, however, he had associated himself with anti-democratic forces and the suggestions made in the sections of the work on the state and politics seemed more appropriate. Like all good Nazi dreamers, Baylebridge put the interests of the raceconscious state first: 'Where they clashed, we would want the national interest to prevail over the merely private and individual interest.' This process would also involve repression. 'If our present forms of government—which even now show signs of breaking down-suppressed the idea of direct personal service and responsibility to the State, we should have to work out another.' It was a matter of faith amongst those inclined to the radical Right in the thirties that democracy had failed and that the search for an alternative was pressing. That alternative stressed the 'leadership' style of politics so willingly embraced by most Germans in 1936, when Baylebridge repeated: 'Have we not overdone the idea of equality, and lost sight of the idea of leadership? Where all are assumed to be equal there can be no leadership.' Once the old system was sloughed, the future would be at hand: 'A new patriotism would be taught and vitalized... The welfare of the State would be the definite factor in conduct. To promote that welfare, each would regard himself as a means, an instrument of consecrated service.' Any Jewish readers no doubt noted the following: 'Those who could not come into the national unity would have to be treated—in accordance with the simple fact—as aliens.' In the first edition of National Notes of 1913 such sentiments had seemed harmlessly eccentric; in the third of 1936, they seemed ominous. For any who doubted that Baylebridge's ethics were now of the same character as those prevailing in Nazi Germany where the idea of the nation was equated with that of the race, the conclusion of National Notes could only have dispelled their reservations:

Race-welfare, vital to nationality, would be our first objective. To ignore that, whatever faith we followed, would be to renounce everything. We should have to acquire a conscious race-culture, a culture to achieve those broad and uniform results which, under the present casual and chaotic system, are impossible. Both as nationalists, and as rejecters of annihilation, we would breed the race.

Stephensen had no doubt and as late as May 1941 the *Publicist* endorsed the work as containing 'aphorisms affirming a philosophical basis of Nationalism'— 'aphorisms affirming a philosophical basis of National Socialism' would have been closer to the truth.

The philosophical mishmash of *National Notes* was beyond Nietzsche, containing elements of Hegel—the concept of ceaseless struggle; heroes as 'growth points' in

the development of the nation—and of the 'great man' theory of Carlyle which Hitler and Goebbels held dear to the bitter end. Even G.B. Shaw's influence could be detected in the section on eugenics.25 However, it was the shadow of Nietzeche that darkened all, rightly or wrongly, and which had made Baylebridge so attractive to Stephensen in the first place. It was Nietzsche who had provided an inspirational and philosophical stimulus for the nineteenth-century eugenics movement and it was one (arguably mistaken) brand of Nietzschean interpretation that had justified the better breeding of the base in the belief that this would produce the 'Overman'. 35 That this interpretation was the one prevalent in Nazi Germany by 1936 could only have strengthened Stephensen's attraction to the Australian Nietzsche. It was not therefore surprising that the Bunyip Critic endorsed the reissued National Notes as a 'mine of intellectual gold' in July of that year. Less ideologically besotted reviewers were more circumspect. The Sydney Morning Herald reviewer in August thought the work of this 'Nietzschean evangelist' to be generally praiseworthy, but he had considerable reservations.²⁷ He was especially concerned that these teachings could be put to 'perverted uses' in Germany, Italy and Russia. He was right about the first two, at least; the Soviets were satisfied with other perverted theories. Some elements of this native Nietzscheanism also puzzled the reviewer. Surely, he thought, Baylebridge had 'got hold of the stick by the wrong end' in condemning the passion for peace as a passion for annihilation. Here he was referring to some of the more belligerent, 'might-is-right' aphorisms, including: 'Perhaps peace is like good fare of other kinds-better if not indulged in to surfeit.' The reviewer probably did not need to remind his readers that such sentiments were commonplace in Mussolini's Italy, although still kept from much public airing in Hitler's Germany. They sounded hollow in a thinly-populated nation like Australia still recovering from the loss of 60,000 war-dead, but the reviewer was groping towards a realisation of the harshness of the Baylebridge doctrine and his conclusion was a sound one: 'Mr Baylebridge, no doubt, wants Caesars for leaders; we would probably get Mosleys.' The reality was worse than that; a national-socialist Australia would only get leaders from its own motley circle of dreamers, none of whom were of the same calibre as Mosley. The reviewer tried to be optimistic despite all this and looked forward to the promised further elucidation of This Vital Flesh. He had to wait over three years and by then one of those foreign Caesars had already discarded peace in favour of his own passion for annihilation.

111

William Baylebridge had been preparing material old and new for an edition entitled *This Vital Flesh* since at least the late twenties, but the whole was not finally published until the close of 1939 with Stephensen's collaboration and then

only in a limited edition of about 250 copies circulated after the declaration of war had created an atmosphere in which the author could only expect a lukewarm reception, if not outright hostility. According to Kirtley's recall, Baylebridge viewed it as 'his major work up to that point' and intended it to round off Anzac Muster and Love Redeemed.²⁸ The Baylebridge opus is a bibliographer's nightmare, replete with revised and recycled material. Precise dating is often a difficult, but the older material recycled and revised in this volume included National Notes, again, and a sequence of 48 poems, dealing with the 'life-force' or 'vital principle', which was an eternal, evolutionary 'will'. This was Life's Testament, also written before the Great War. There was also a reissue of revised poetry not seen since 1910, The New Life of 184 short, often bathetic poems (originally entitled 'a National Tract: To the Men of Australia'), many of which could now be viewed in a different light given the dramatic changes in the intervening three decades. ²⁹ Here again, Baylebridge was paddling in waters that had been chartered in the works of Hegel, Carlyle and, of course, Nietzsche, for This Vital Flesh as a whole further set out a 'faith' that included concepts of a spiritually-based 'national regeneration' and 'renaissance'. This 'spiritual resurgence' would require material changes such as the previously outlined program of 'eugenics' in order to combat stagnation and to produce a 'renewed stock consciously regenerated'. No reader in 1939 would have been surprised to see again such sentiments reappearing under Baylebridge's name; nor would they have been surprised at the author's reissue of verse written 'in the modern [prose] manner' under the title *Political Verse*, not seen since c.1910 but now more relevant than at that more sedate time, for the circumstances of its recirculation certainly made this section appear very topical. The only fresh material in This Vital Flesh was the General Preface mentioned above and a rambling Appendix, 'Matters Omitted From the General Preface to the Present Volume', which seemed to represent a reflective after-thought by the author on much of his recirculated opus. Although brief, these revealed the way in which the author hoped to adapt his material to the times, for he felt that the present era was one which would prove more receptive to his thinking than had been the case in the generation since its formulation. In this, at least, he was correct. As Baylebridge did not live long enough to complete 'other important literary projects' as Kirtley described them, this appendix represented his prose valediction.

The New Life offered an insight that had been enhanced since 1910, condemning the 'Contemporary Stagnation' of modern life in no uncertain terms as tedious, without passion and pathological:

Smooth is the age; / Its nice and pliant page / No passion breathes, no expedient rage: / Beware, thou man / Too tedious here, who can / Point at the sores that plague our truth and ban.

This was the disease; Baylebridge offered the cure in 'Action Necessary':

To rouse the entrammelled fit from beds of ease / On our gruff horn we blow these messages; / But, though their slumbers the discordance break, / First rise they must, look! Ere they wholly wake.

Although this was recycled material, Baylebridge was expressing his concern about the state of the world c.1939 and the threat to the creative 'Holy Spirit of Man' from the usual forces against which the Nazi dreamers had ranged themselves. Here again were their standard references to the need for awakening the spirit of the country in order to promote 'action'. The *Political Verse* of 54 poems continued these themes, condemning the plutocratic *status quo* in self-explanatory poems that cast a jaundiced eye over much, including 'Present Sexual Morals', 'The Contemporary Politician' and 'Venal Slavery'; all excoriated some aspect of modern materialism, excessive individualism and moves towards social emancipation. 'Democracy' distilled the spirit of the entire collection, suggesting that the enfranchised were blinded by those who worshipped Mammon and proselytized on his behalf (although there was no direct reference to Jews):

Their ears, coin-jingling fed, can nothing else hear; / their thoughts live in their fists-with their fatuous silver; / Their speech is wind of that unthrifty void.

What was offered in the place of plutocratic capitalism by 'Proverbs' in the *Political Verse* was the poetically-lame creed of 'One continent, one creed, one skin / Our health and savour lie therein.' Even the most politically obtuse reader in December 1939 can only have recalled the parallel foreign creed of 'Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Führer' against which Prime Minister Menzies had declared an intention to fight only a few weeks earlier.

It is clear from an author's footnote that the valedictory 'Matters Omitted From the General Preface to the Present Volume' were conceived and written around the time of this declaration of war, as an after-thought to main body of the work. It began by further stressing Baylebridge's obsession with eugenics, which he insisted was the only way to produce 'a few men of outstanding genius' in order to advance the nation. He had now edged more towards Nietzsche's individualist élitism by conceding that this was probably more important than the improvement of the general stock, which he had formerly championed without qualification.³¹ He obviously included himself amongst the 'few' whom he believed were denied 'honours' and 'subsistence' by the nation, but who nonetheless continued their work for its own sake. As for 'National Resurgence', Baylebridge had now clearly accustomed himself to the political style that

prevailed elsewhere in the thirties, for he stated his conviction that 'leaders' were needed for the nation to survive: 'Its leader is the measure of a people'. He was at one with the Publicist on this endorsement of the Führerprinzip, as Miles had editorialised in September 1937 in favour of 'An Australian Leader Wanted', whilst Stephensen would note in his response to This Vital Flesh that Australia still lacked a leader 'An Outstandingly Superior Man'. The envisaged leader would introduce the nation to new 'faith' and Baylebridge regretted that in the 'half a lifetime' since the first appearance of National Notes no such Australian leader had emerged. He had once provided a lame job description in The New Life ('Attributes of a Leader'): 'An intellect that no fit issue waives, / A bruiseless spirit, every height that braves', but no-one had yet applied.³² When a leader did emerge, the 'essential', nationalist faith he inspired would not, could not, be of a democratic character. It would, the author conceded, be different from the 'German concept' of nationalism as its advocates differed, but the 'essential idea is the same—a renewed stock, consciously regenerated'. This was a striking admission in time of war and acknowledging the importance of the impending conflict, Baylebridge attached a final page of postscript to what was already the after-thought of 'Matters Omitted'. Here, he finally expressed his confidence that a 'long overdue' national resurgence would emerge from the present turmoil 'when the debris of the reconstruction has been cleared away'. However, the type of ultra-nationalist, authoritarian, anti-democratic, racial resurgence that he had advocated in This Vital Flesh and elsewhere could only come after an Australian defeat at the hands of Nazi Germany, the chief adherent of the philosophy he too championed. This sine qua non was one that would exercise the imagination of the other dreamers in the years to come.

The public response to *This Vital Flesh* was mixed. The Australian Literature Society, in its wisdom, awarded the work the Gold Medal for 1939. The Bunyip Critic, who undoubtedly understood the nature of the work better than most (perhaps better than this politically innocent society) could not get enough of the Baylebridge *opus* and devoted four pages of the *Publicist* to an ecstatic discussion of his updated significance, penned amidst the optimism of New Year's Day 1940. Stephensen labelled *Flesh* 'an Australian Philosophical [and literary] Triumph', although he was not sure whether it was a volume of 'lyrical philosophy' or of 'philosophical lyricism'.³³ He revealingly ranked it alongside Lindsay's *Creative Effort*, Hardy Wilson's *The Dawn of a New Civilization* and Mills's *The Odinist Religion*, a judgement with which even the critics of the Nazi dreamers could agree. Stephensen also claimed that the time of publication was no coincidence (even though he knew that the work had been in gestation for a decade or so) now that the outbreak of war was the appropriate time for the emergence of a 'Vitalistic-Nationalistic' work in a state of 'ripened unity'. He

was in full agreement with Baylebridge that the present war would bring about a 'National Revaluation' and stated clearly what the 'Matters Omitted' had implied—that 'our adversary, [not 'enemy'] Adolf Hitler' would be the cause of such a 'revaluation of values'. Stephensen's overall impression was that This Vital Flesh was of 'transcendent significance' for Australians, convinced that its 'new ways of thought' were the path to follow to secure national survival and resurgence—there was no admission that the bulk of the work was close to three decades old and based on the philosophy of a former century. The author himself was ranked by Miles's 'literary adviser' as 'a genius or nothing' and as a 'philosopher to rank with the world's leading poets'. He was also assessed as a 'first-class poet' in his own right and some more detached, politically innocent critics later agreed.³⁴ The more mainstream Sydney Morning Herald reviewer in May 1940 was less sanguine about This Vital Flesh than the partisan Publicist and stated his understandable preference for more of Baylebridge's poetry and less of the turgid thought.35 Although he welcomed this collection of works otherwise difficult to obtain, he diplomatically concluded that it was too soon for Baylebridge to be fully appreciated. Perhaps this reviewer wished to await the outcome of the war, conscious (like Stephensen and the author himself) that the outcome of the struggle between Baylebridge-like ideologies and 'coin-jingling' democracies would determine the future status of the works under discussion, both poetic and philosophical. If so, it was a prudent choice made as it was only a week before the German invasion of France, which the Eurocentric Hitler mistakenly believed would settle the future of the world.

William Baylebridge never specifically mentioned Nietzsche (or few other thinkers other than Emerson) in any of his works. Nevertheless, the Nietzschean influence was sufficient for an ideological rival, Nettie Palmer in 1935, to link his name with this particular school of thought and with other German literary streams encountered in his youth. She referred to him as 'Baylebridge the Examiner'. 36 Other contemporary critics, including H.M. Green, Judith Wright, Frederick Macartney and T. Inglis Moore (Stephensen's former room-mate at Oxford) also detected the whiff of sulphur that had become associated with Nietzsche.37 Macartney referred to National Notes as a 'Nietzschean pastiche', whilst Inglis Moore labelled its author the 'Australian Nietzsche' in 1941-42 when his variety of Nietzscheanism was at its apex.38 To Morris Miller, reading Baylebridge was to consume 'Nietzschean philosophy in capsules'.39 It is an open question as to why the author failed to acknowledge his sources; perhaps as a self-designated 'genius' he was reluctant to do so—an 'Overman' was above the need to attribute anything to anybody. Although Baylebridge was also too abstract a thinker and too much of a lone wolf to associate himself with a political movement, the 'politicals' of the Australia-First circle were keen to

associate themselves with this poet and his creed. It was not difficult for them to do so and it required a minimal amount of ideological flexibility, for Baylebridge often seemed as close to being a Nazi dreamer as it was possible to be without pulling on a swastika armband, even if his analysis of the problems of modernity were without the overt anti-Semitism that marred the writings of Mills and Wilson. The much reissued National Notes, in its fourth edition in 1939, had nevertheless made his ideological position clear when the author had stated that 'Our democracy would be an aristocracy of the efficient. Our socialism would be socialism among equals'. This, in the modern context, was Nazism and there were no strains of communism in his work, as some have suggested, for he (as a man of generous means) specifically rejected a chief tenet of Marxism—the class struggle-even though he admitted the social divisions that the perception of class difference could make. 40 The only socialism Baylebridge knew was 'national' socialism, with its rule by a self-designated 'aristocracy' (soon to be improved by eugenics) and its classless 'socialism' among the rest in their comfortable 'folkcommunity'. Baylebridge was certainly close enough to that extreme for the likes of Stephensen (and the radical nationalists of today) to accept him as one of their own. Kirtley denied this politico-philosophical connection, post-war, but he was keen in this period to distance himself and his friend from what had come before. The Australian public still had time after December 1939 to make their own judgements, for even with the outbreak of war, they had not seen the last of this 'Examiner' or of the Zarathustrian 'hard doctrine' that he had emphatically restated with an Australian accent throughout the thirties.

IV

The crude eugenics of the childless Baylebridge were not entirely without some influence and two fellow Queenslanders, Bostock and Nye—a 'Psychologist and a Physician'—took up similar themes in 1934 in their Jeremiad Whither Away? A Study of Race Psychology and the Factors Leading to Australia's National Decline. They were later able to publish their findings in the same year that National Notes was recirculated with Stephensen's imprimatur. The 'soul-destroying philosophy' of another German mystic, Oswald Spengler, had inspired them rather than Nietzsche, but their mission was to counter Spenglerian defeatism through a racial call to arms. In order to consolidate Australian racial pride and security, the authors thought that a new 'Weltanschauung or formula' was required and they knew that the establishment of such a creed would be difficult:

It is surprising to find that whereas every firm, school and organization does its best to strengthen *esprit de corps* or team spirit, there exists a large group of people who decry

any attempts at fostering race pride and race interest...in order to maintain race safety there must be maintained in continuity, a national spirit impelling the race towards a definite objective. It is very doubtful whether democracy, as we know it, can supply this force.⁴¹

Democracy's faults were manifest to this pair, as a principle that would never be applied to the regiment, the factory or the home 'for the very sound reason that it would be utterly futile' given the 'stupidity' of the average voter (and presumably also of the average soldier, factory-worker and wife). Autocracy was the obvious alternative, an autocracy of a particular kind when 'a leader of great intelligence and character' would arrive 'to dominate us for our own good'. This was the version of autocracy as practised in Italy and Germany: 'Mussolini, by his force of character and autocratic control roused the nation from its confusion to a high place among the powers of the world. Germany, under Hitler, despite the gibes of his detractors, has created a new spirit of optimism and hope.'42 Like 'Tacitus' in the *Bulletin* in March 1933 when he had cited the German model, the psychologist and physician recommended a 'guild' system of government by experts and a limited franchise.

Bostock and Nye's work failed to elicit much public favour, which would simply have reinforced their view of its rectitude. Undeterred, they published a sequel in October 1939 just after the declaration of war: The Way Out. An Essay on the means of averting the recurring disaster. Here, they advocated a supra-national, federal union between the Nordic countries, including Australia, New Zealand and South Africa (an idea taken up post-war by Mosley and Stephensen). Amongst other goals, this union of 'kinsmen' would allow 'Germany to fulfil its destiny as the greater *Reich*—the permanent home of the German peoples'. The benefit of such a deal for wartime Australia seemed less clear, but the authors had no qualms in extolling the virtues that Nazism had brought to the distant Reich at war-physical and spiritual integration, impetus, strength, heroism, virility and 'the very life-blood of psychological effort'. 43 When advocating the Way Out, they were barely less praiseworthy of the Nazi model, although forced by wartime censorship to employ considerably more circumspect language. Germany's theory of racial superiority and her alleged intention to dominate the world were dismissed as inexcusable, but her war aim of securing raw materials seemed understandable and was recognised as legitimate. The cause of the war itself was attributed to the errors of Versailles, a constant of Nazi propaganda (and one to which the Nazi press would return in its death throes). Hitler, the product of Versailles grievance, was praised for having awoken his people to a 'new nationalism' and was still seen as a model for Australia: 'That this one man could persuade his people to follow him is a measure of mankind's instinct to follow forcible leadership.'44 The psychologist and the physician clearly still

that they favoured the present war in order to give the benefits of 'Democracy' to the German people less than plausible. Until the outcome of the conflict was known, the Nazi-like dreaming of the Way Out was as redundant as those unavoidable 'guilds' that it continued to advocate for the Australian version of its guided democracy. The lasting value of the work lies only in the light it casts on the tolerance of the Australian wartime censors, or on their level of inefficiency.

V

Inky Stephensen made friends with ease, but he estranged them with the same minimal effort. Jack and Norman Lindsay would have none of him following the collapses of their particular experimental publishing ventures. A similar process of distancing occurred with another notable Australian man of letters, A.F.X. Herbert, 'Xavier' Herbert was never much of a Nazi enthusiast, but he circulated on the fringes of Australia-First at a time when his ambition to be a published author rather than a scribbler could still overcome his considerable personal and political distaste for some of those he encountered there from 1936; he was also already an idiosyncratic dreamer of considerable depth. Herbert's association with the ideologues and cranks who drifted around the Publicist perhaps says more about men like Miles and Stephensen than it does about Herbert himself and for that reason it forms an important component of the history of the Nazi enthusiasts, but it also reveals something about the evolution of this gifted writer. There was no element of Nietzscheanism in Herbert, but he had little difficulty in seeking the company of those disciples who were also in pursuit of a new Australian identity. Later, he would attempt to distance himself from both a man and a cause now thoroughly discredited, but a man and cause that had nevertheless chaperoned his prose onto the public stage.

Herbert was an illegitimate, often insecure battler, born in 1901 in rural Western Australia into a difficult, blended family and he was soon scraping a living from the age of fourteen in Perth, then from one end of Australia to the other, thereby priding himself by his own account on his knowledge of the land—from north Queensland to the Dandenongs, from Sydney to the Flinders Ranges and his beloved outback, which exercised a continual fascination for him. There was no mention of incongruous Tasmania. He despised the larger cities, which he likened to white 'slave camps'. However far he roamed, the reclusive Herbert never escaped notions of self-doubt and was therefore especially susceptible to patronage in the early stages of his writing career. Returning from a miserable two years in England, only two weeks before Stephensen in late 1932 with the manuscript of *Capricornia*, his novel set in the northern tropics, he

began the search for a publisher in Sydney. The old country had rejected him and he had rejected it as 'a foreign land, just as foreign as France', but the London publishers who had found his work distasteful and crude had performed a service for Australian literature, for he recalled in his Publicist 'Autobiographette' of June 1938 that 'it was my visit to that country that made me conscious of my true nationality'. He never travelled overseas again and retained for life a marked antipathy for 'Pommies', once even chasing a group of drunken, incontinent Royal Navy seamen down the street for daring to 'piss on my country'.48 It was highly likely that the budding author would eventually find the budding publisher who shared this consciousness and accordingly Endeavour Press was the first Australian firm to sight Capricornia, in early 1933, Herbert already having been in contact with Norman Lindsay himself in London. Stephensen liked what he saw, but was overwhelmed by the length and suggested that the author shorten the manuscript to 100,000 words; it was a gargantuan novel, but the saga of its publication would be longer. The two continued to collaborate on improving the manuscript at Stephensen's home and through his own company following the sinking of Endeavour and in March 1934, his Circular announced the coming of an 'epic novel' by an author whom PRS was already calling 'Australia's Greatest Novelist', but it too proved another victim of relentless financial difficulties.⁴⁹ The two friends toyed with other projects in the meantime including Herbert's suggestion of a magazine, the 'Perfect Australian Magazine' for the appreciation of the 'muttonheads'. This 'SPIRIT OF THE LAND' was to compete with the Bulletin, Smith's Weekly and other, low-brow titles such as the Australian Journal, to which Herbert grudgingly contributed, and to have a cover featuring a golden Sun whose beams shone onto a Eureka-like, blue flag with a silver Southern Cross and pointers—'no Jack'—for it was intended to be the banner of a republic.50 The flattery employed by Herbert in this proposal did not have the desired effect; his 'Perfect Australian Publisher' was soon engaged on his own magazine, the Australian Mercury and on his Foundations of Culture in Australia. Further attempts by Herbert to find an English publisher for Capricornia in 1935 failed, as did attempts to find interested parties in the Netherlands and Nazi Germany through Arthur Dibley, a former Stephensen employee and now something of a cross between Herbert's literary confidant and agent.51 However, novels that sympathetically portrayed persons of mixed blood were not on the literary agenda of the Third Reich.

The restless Herbert was back in the Northern Territory from January 1935 working with aboriginals and attempting to organise those of mixed blood into a 'Euraustralian League'. Like the *Jindyworobaks* of later years, he thought that the indigenous people of the continent were the only 'true' Australians and told Stephensen and Dibley so.⁵² Still unpublished, Herbert befriended the visiting

Japanese sea-captain of the Kairo Muru and considered his invitation to travel to Japan and to thereby acquire the knowledge that would allow him to return home as an agent of good will; he was already a member, and occasional resident, of the Japanese Club in Darwin and in sympathy with Japan's pursuit of a place in the sun. He also considered seeking ALP endorsement for the Territory's sole seat in the House of Representatives, despite the obstacle of not even being a party member. However, neither option of politics nor travel was followed through, although the perplexed captain returned home with a copy of Stephensen's Foundations furnished to him by Herbert.⁵³ The desperately frustrated author now seemed to have accepted that the only avenue for the publication of Capricornia, even if only a few dozen copies, was via Stephensen, with whom his de facto wife, Sadie (of Jewish extraction), had been in further contact.54 By October 1936 Herbert was referring to the *Publicist* as his future publisher, having already rejected the belated overtures of mainstream publishers—'Pig's arse to Angus & Robertson'—and before the end of the year Capricornia had come to the attention of W.J. Miles through Stephensen. Strangely enough, Billy Miles took a liking to the novel and agreed to publish it, most likely at the urging of his 'literary adviser', whose judgement on such matters he grudgingly acknowledged.55 Even before Herbert's magnum opus had been given the nod, he had expressed admiration for the fledgling Publicist and stated his intention to contribute 'when I settle down'. He had also praised 'the Cause', by which he meant the Australian chauvinism of that journal and his own vague, utopian vision of a republican 'True Commonwealth' rather than the native nationalsocialism towards which Stephensen was increasingly drawn; the two did, however, overlap in their excessive patriotic enthusiasm and in their extreme veneration of the Australian soil.⁵⁶ Despite any differences, the relationship between Herbert and Stephensen was one of mutual admiration (something out of character for both of them), at least for the moment. Accordingly, Herbert was received into the Yabber circle at the Shalimar café on his occasional visits to Sydney from February 1937 and engaged to write 'aboriginal' articles for the Publicist.⁵⁷ He was mixing in the same company and at the same venues with A.R. Mills, editor of the *National Socialist*, and Hardy Wilson in his Blue Mountains self-imposed exile, which could only have caused some domestic disturbance given that his devoted Sadie was of East-End, Polish Jewish stock. Yet Xavier Herbert appeared to have crossed the Rubicon alongside Stephensen on the Publicist punt and he was looking forward to future, more ambitious crossings: 'I believe the next war is going to bring us independence. So here's hoping for Freedom in 1937.'58 Whilst not a Nazi dreamer, well-meaning or otherwise, he was leaving himself open to accusations of opportunistic fellowtravelling by associating himself with a journal that had already endorsed native Nietzscheanism and eugenics, denounced the 'humbug' of democracy and which would soon be reproducing Hitler's speeches. If the *Publicist* was to be the midwife of *Capricornia*, this was not to Herbert's credit.

The path to publication was not all smooth. The admiration that Herbert felt towards Stephensen was extended to Miles after their first meeting in February 1937 and a rare invitation to the home of the 'King of the Sydney Kookaburras', but there was little emotional response, as ever, from the older man. Herbert found him 'a most remarkable man. The more I see of him the more I respect him.'59 Most people came to the opposite conclusion and before long Miles lived up to his reputation for petty complaint; by August, he was referring to Herbert's tardy and indefinite correspondence from Darwin as making him 'tired and angry': 'I am very busy and so find even trifling delays irritating.' He threatened to drop the publication of Capricornia altogether if the author held matters up further. There were other complaints about being addressed as 'J.W.' Miles and as 'John'.60 The warmth of the relationship that Herbert enjoyed with Stephensen at this time was not duplicated here and the earlier respect that the client had once held for his patron must also have been tested. Yet Herbert could hardly complain given that the Publicist of September 1937 trumpeted: 'Watch for Capricornia, the Novel of the Spirit of the Land.' Stephensen's Circular of 1934 had failed to deliver, but Inky was mow making up for lost time and rightly linking the novel with one of his own obsessions—the plight of the 'Aryan' aborigines, 'The Aboriginal Question' as he described it in November 1937. This was a foretaste of the protests being organised for the January 1938 Sesquicentenary, for which clearly Stephensen wanted to utilise Capricornia in pursuit of his own politicoliterary goals. Herbert missed all of this, but he could only have been pleased that the manuscript had been entered in the Sesquicentenary literary competition before the end of 1937. This entry was submitted prior to the significant date of its publication: 26 January 1938. 'Australia's Greatest Publisher' had now produced the 'Great Australian Novel'. Although many of the critics could not divorce their animosity for Stephensen from the quality of the work presented under his aegis, most were pleased, if not overwhelmed, by a novel that dealt with an environment utterly alien to most Australians. Herbert himself was also underwhelmed by the experience, even though he was now finally 'a writer, a qualified writer'. 61 Perhaps the Faustian pact he had struck with Miles was already taking its toll, even if it was bearing fruit through the novel soon being awarded the fiction prize of £250 by the Sesquicentenary Committee. In 1939 it also received the gold medal of the Australian Literary Society.

The newly published and recognised author remained in the Territory through most of 1938; he was offered, and utilised, the columns of the *Publicist* for his own purposes in his absence. He chose to associate himself with the cause for

aboriginal respect in accordance with the maxim of the Publicist from November 1937: 'Fair treatment of Aborigines puts white Australian decency to the test!' Herbert in Darwin certainly felt that Territorians had behaved indecently and in 'Lynch 'em!' in the Publicist in May made this unpopular view very clear when he examined the appalling state of race relations and the 'Darwin Ku Klux Klan', which he believed was associated with the RSSILA, the association of returned veterans. His subsequent 'Autobiographette' in May was sketchy and stressed his patriotism, as well as describing Capricornia as a 'hymn-book, written in adoration of Australia [and of] the Australian earth itself, out of passionate love of which alone can a True Australian Nation grow'. It had also become the 'hymn-book' of Australia-First and its own interpretation of Australian patriotism and although its racial emphases were far from the Aryan fetish of the Nazi dreamers (Herbert believed white Australians were 'mongrels'), its emphasis on the 'Australian earth' was one shared by the writers and poets who would soon constitute the *Jindyworobaks*. Many of them would also be drawn into the orbit of Australia-First in due course.

On his return to Sydney in late 1938, Herbert was feted at the Shalimar by the Yabber group with a 'press luncheon' and offered the regular Monday forum that evening, 26 September, on radio 2SM. This was not the first mention of his name over these air-waves; Capricornia and its author had already been pressed into the service of Australia-First propaganda by Stephensen and Miles in late January, four times in February, and once in each of March, April and June. 62 Most Australian listeners were probably awaiting news of developments in Europe, where the Czech crisis was at its climax with a German ultimatum due to expire within 48 hours and a Hitler speech (with Alec Chisholm in the audience) due in the dawning hours of Tuesday morning (AEST), but those who sought literary diversion could hear 'Benauster' interviewing Herbert, who thanked his chief patron for accepting a manuscript that had been continually rejected for four years. He also praised his other patron, Stephensen, as 'that enthusiastic Australian literary warrior' and 'wholeheartedly' endorsed the 'Australia-First policy' of that 'excellent' journal the Publicist with its assertive espousal of 'Australian nationalism'.63 Quite aside from the fact that Europe, and Australia, stood on the brink of war because of the unilateral responses of a distant, but similar, advocate of national chauvinism, Herbert's genuflection to Benauster over the air placed him firmly within the Australia-First camp. Had war not been avoided in late September 1938, Xavier Herbert would perhaps have been tainted beyond redemption given the sentiments that reached Australian ears on that Monday evening, for the journal that he extolled in this broadcast had in recent months identified symptoms of 'decadence' with völkisch reasoning, had called on Australia to imitate Nazi Germany's path to national resurgence and had

only three weeks before Herbert's endorsement, had expressed its sympathy for Nazism, asking 'Why not?', had denounced 'Jewish Propaganda in Australia' and had suggested that opponents of the recent propaganda tour of Australia by Count von Luckner were 'Democratic Dupes'. Herbert had now, by his own admission, voluntarily stepped into the ranks of those expressing such views.

Although he continued to attend the Thursday Yabber meetings for the following two years, Herbert did not maintain the same proximity to the Nazi enthusiasts and dreamers, particularly after an opportunistic Angus and Robertson published a further edition of Capricornia in November 1938. There was even a British edition by August 1939.64 Miles, Stephensen and the Publicist had perhaps served their purpose and Herbert sought to pursue his version of Australian chauvinism via other paths as well, for (unlike Stephensen) he had not burned his bridges with the Left and the Fellowship of Australian Writers. A letter that he exchanged with Jean Devanny, secretary of the FAW, in February 1939 indicated that he was still continuing to bet 'each way'—whilst declining to contribute to an envisaged 'Australian Writers in Defence of Freedom' project, preferring to champion the cause of the aborigines rather than those of 'the Chinese, the Spaniards, the Chekoslavs [sic], the Jews, the Abysinnians [sic]', he nevertheless insisted that she make his support public: 'I should not like to be thought unsympathetic.'65 She could have been forgiven for thinking just that. As late as 1979 Herbert could tell Patrick White that he still saw himself as 'a revolutionary, using an art to plead my case'.66 Up to the end of 1938, and somewhat beyond, Capricornia had been the 'art' and the 'case' was 'the Cause' espoused by Australia's Nazi dreamers and would-be revolutionaries, or at least of some substantial part of it. Few readers of Capricornia today are conscious of the dubious background to this masterpiece.

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Herbert was not the only writer to have concluded that an Australian cultural resurgence needed to be based around an appreciation of its own soil and of the custodians of the land, the indigenous peoples of the continent. Even though this revolutionary concept was considered risible by mainstream Australians, the literary movement that became the *Jindyworobaks* in 1938 trod the same path as the solitary renegade of the north. For the same reasons that had stirred interest in Herbert, this movement came to the attention of Australia's chauvinistic political dreamers. Just as *Capricornia* received shelter under the wing of Australia-First and the *Publicist*, it was almost inevitable that Stephensen's interests would intersect with those of the *Jindyworobaks*, or at least with the interests of some of the more

rabid nationalists amongst them, for the *Publicist* was publishing poetry before 1938 that foreshadowed the genre. The Jindy membership was considerable and varied; its 1948 anthology listed 160 contributors since its inception ten years earlier, including well-known writers such as Victor Kennedy, Paul Grano, Max Harris (later an apostate) and Colin Thiele—but two of them would be closely associated with the enthusiasts of Nazism. They were Rex Ingamells, the young founder, and Ian Mudie, an early contributor and 'his most vigorous disciple' according to Brian Elliott, a self-described 'potential Jindy' at the beginning, but one who later distanced himself from their political partnership with Australia-First.⁶⁷ Mudie was not a formal member until 1941, but was also described as the founder's 'chief lieutenant' by the Queensland Jindy stalwart and Catholic poet, Paul Grano.⁶⁸ Ingamells was a late, formal convert to the politics of Australia-First, but Mudie had come under Stephensen's personal and literary sway earlier and would remain faithful to their shared politico-literary vision until the end.

'Rex' Ingamells (b.1913) was a slim, short, demure, scholarly and rather fussy South Australian teacher who had submitted a Master's thesis at the University of Adelaide on 'Australian History as a background to Australian Literature', a topic of great interest to men such as Stephensen.⁶⁹ This thesis, unwisely rejected by the university as 'unapproved', was formulated at the same time as The Foundations of Culture in Australia, which moved Ingamells deeply as it had Herbert; he recalled it as 'stimulating and provocative', although he did not read the whole work until Mudie gave him a copy in 1941.70 Later, he suggested that whilst in Melbourne, 1933-34, he had come under the influence of Professor Giblin, who had introduced him to the 'distinctiveness of the Australian landscape'.71 Ingamells soon dabbled in distinctive poetry and had sent 'Gumtops' to P.R. Stephensen's publishing company in 1934 without success, but he put himself in further contact with the same publisher soon after the first instalment of Foundations in the Australian Mercury in July 1935. Inky probably urged him to consult Lawrence's Kangaroo for inspiration.72 He did so according to this advice or not and was soon producing poetry inspired by the 'Spirit of the Land' (as Herbert had called it), foreshadowing the movement he founded in 1938 as the Jindyworobak club in Adelaide; his Conditional Culture of 1938 was its manifesto. Elliott was unsure whether Ingamells had arrived at this juncture independently, or whether his new movement was derived from the principles espoused in Foundations, concluding that some connection between them was 'probable enough', even though the founder was often at pains to suggest origins other than those inspired by Stephensen.⁷³ The distinctly aboriginal title was borrowed from a term used in James Devaney's The Vanished Tribes of 1929, meaning 'to annex, to join'. Devaney would himself become a Jindy, an avid reader of the Publicist and a virulent opponent of the refugee influx in the late thirties, noting with displeasure the presence of 'curly noses' on Sydney streets.74 The university English tutor, T.G.H. Strehlow (a noted anthropologist of German extraction with his own ideas on the future of 'Australianity'), had introduced Ingamells to other aboriginal concepts and terminology and his former student later agreed with him that aboriginal folklore was equal to that of the ancient Greeks.75 The term Jindyworobak was selected as a pointer to what, in the view of Ingamells, should be the distinctive material utilised by Australian writers; their own soil and the vestige of an older culture in their own backyard. The basis of cultural revival. he suggested, lay in 'a clear recognition of environmental values' (which he had already stated in a 1937 essay of that name) and in 'an understanding of Australia's history and traditions, primaeval (sic), colonial, and modern'.76 Accordingly, the Jindyworobaks sought to assimilate the spirit of Aboriginal culture and to assume the supposed 'pristine outlook on life' that they detected there. They accepted the aboriginal concept of 'Dreamtime' (Alcheringa) as a fitting symbol in the hope that it could provide a key for a broader, white Australian 'Dreamtime'-Mudie thought the absorption of the ancient Alcheringa a 'first step' towards this 'white dream-time' in the present and in the future.77 This was seemingly remote from some Nazi dreaming occurring elsewhere in distant continents, but both shared in large measure the emphasis on 'soil'. As for the second part of the völkisch equation—'blood'—the perverted 'Black Caucasian' belief of Dr Basedow and Professor Täuber in an 'Aryan' aboriginality was sufficient to bridge any gap between some in both camps and to provide a common working structure. Thus it was possible in Australia in the late thirties to be a quasi-Nazi dreamer utilising aboriginal symbols and concepts in the service of 'blood and soil', as well as an advocate of a new society based on 'Aryan' racial purity—Alcheringa could be incorporated into the world-view of the Ariosophists, those who believed in the divinity of the Aryan race. The stream of dreamers that included Mills preferred Nordic symbolism and Nordic dreams, but those who searched closer to home for inspiration ought not to be overshadowed. The journalist Victor Kennedy, an important Jindy after 1941 (and an enthusiastic *Publicist* reader in the beginning), later suggested that sympathy for the 'lowly aborigine' distanced this movement from the 'Nazi gospel of extreme Nationalism'. 78 He was mistaken, or attempting to create a post-war diversion, for Australia-First and those Jindies associated with it had attempted to have their cake and eat it; the Australian version of national-socialism could encompass indigenous Australians provided their supposed 'Aryan' origins were acknowledged. Ingamells was not yet of either the 'Aryan aborigine' or of the 'Nordic' extreme in Conditional Culture, but he would eventually accept the political principles peddled by Stephensen and the Publicist; by late 1941 it was difficult to separate them ideologically and the security services made little attempt to do so.

The early poetry of Ingamells was clearly groping towards what later became the Jindyworobak vision. His 1936 collection, Forgotten People, did not use this aboriginal title, but it did employ the 'native-around-the-campfire' symbol (the 'little Black Man') that the Jindies later made their own.79 Here, the poet bemoaned the passing of the tribes and the failure of the settlers to notice what was a diminishment of their spirits as well. The poems were scattered with aboriginal terminology (much of it incomprehensible in the absence of the glossary thoughtfully provided in later publications) and with vivid images of Australian flora and fauna. Ingamell's origins in rural South Australia and his knowledge of the history of his own state were obvious in his descriptions of the earth. It was no coincidence that the most prominent poets associated with the establishment and development of the Jindyworobak movement (Ingamells, another schoolmaster-poet Flexmore Hudson, and later Mudie) were South Australians, with their proximity to the simmering heart of the continent. Such sentiments were utterly alien to poets like Mills, the Tasmanian from a quite different landscape and then one that had long ceased to host any consciousness of aboriginal spirituality. Forgotten People and its general drift, like much of Ingamells's juvenilia, gave much indication of what was to come, even if it was without any overt political stance.80 The columns of the Publicist were soon offering pre-Jindy poetry of a similar nature to these early works of Ingamells, such as J.S. Manifold's 'An Australian Legend' in February 1937, set in the mythical Alcheringa dreamtime and also replete with unexplained aboriginal terms employed to express regret at the passing of the tribes. The Publicist, however, was not the medium through which such sentiments would be widely disseminated. This task was left to Ingamells and his Jindyworobak club established in Adelaide in the first half of 1938. As one sympathetic chronicler of the movement expressed it: 'In the beginning was the word: Jindyworobak. It was Rex Ingamells and it was with him.'81 His watershed Conditional Culture soon followed in 1938, in which Ingamells now asserted himself as a Jindyworobak and supported Stephensen's earlier stance in favour of the development of a native Australian culture against the dismissive view of the English-born Professor Cowling that Australia could never produce great literature. 82 Ingamells now saw the cultural future as one that drew upon two literary sources; Australia's English heritage and its aboriginal sources, believing that Stephensen's Foundations had underplayed the second element. 83 His co-author, Ian Tilbrook, agreed. Ingamells listed Tilbrook and Flexmore Hudson as the two other writers he had initially hoped would work together in the new movement, although Hudson, like many others, remained uncomfortable with the abundant aboriginal allusions.⁸⁴

Ingamells continued his literary journey later in 1938 with the collection Sun Freedom, now mercifully accompanied by a glossary, repeating therein his

earlier anti-urbanism ('I cannot live free in the city') alongside idylls dedicated to the bush and its erstwhile inhabitants, "The Blacks'. 85 It is difficult to imagine many Australians in this period responding to poetry which contained almost incomprehensible lines like 'Flat upon her mooloona, / Innerah eats the kombora' or 'Far in moonawathimeering, / safe from wallan darenderong'. At the very least, there must have been some who thought, like Manning Clark in later years, that there was little here for the urban dweller to appreciate. The first annual Jindyworobak Review was issued in November 1938 under Ingamells's editorship. In later years, in his tenth-anniversary assessment of the movement, the first editor and founder admitted that 'Australia-First' had contributed financially to the movement from the beginning, dwarfing the meagre assistance received from elsewhere. However, the post-war, more contrite Ingamells (who even quibbled over what he had earlier meant by Alcheringa) was clear to draw a line between the two: 'Subservience it was never sought to thrust upon us; and I accepted money...as gifts, on the clear understanding that I managed the projects as I saw fit.' He had insisted in 1941 that he would support Australia-First 'in my way', but Stephensen had not taken much notice of that proviso.86 Ingamells did, however, concede that Australia-First had contributed chiefly out of concern for the development of 'Australian literature' and then at the inducement of Ian Mudie.87 The financial stretch of W.J. Miles had already reached P.R. Stephensen and Xavier Herbert. It had also, by 1941 if not earlier, reached Rex Ingamells and his rather quirky new literary movement. Ingamells was not prepared to tie his Adelaide movement to the coat-tails of the distant Sydney Australia-First before the war, but Stephensen was clever enough to perceive from the beginning of the Jindyworobak affair that a liaison between nationalist politics and nationalist literature was likely. By 1941, he had been vindicated in this belief.

VII

In his post-war, tenth-anniversary reminiscences, Ingamells also recalled another gift that his movement received via the *Publicist*: 'Jindyworobak gained from Australia First... a decided addition to poetic strength in Ian Mudie'. This would prove to be a greater gift than any financial assistance, for Mudie would provide the bridge that joined Australia-First and its Nazi dreaming to the *Jindyworobak* movement in which he was to play a significant part even before he first met Ingamells in July 1940 and well before he officially joined the club in the following year. Some Jindies kept their distance from politics, particularly of the variety advocated by Stephensen; some (including the self-described pro-Soviet socialist and republican Flexmore Hudson) were inclined to the Left. Ingamells suggested that its ranks contained 'Imperialists' and 'Communists' as well as 'Australia-

Firsters', which was true, but it was the last group that tainted the movement in the eyes of many, especially once Ingamells had pitched his tent near Stephensen's camp. The more candid Mudie was on that campsite from the beginning and, by his own admission, lacked the 'gentleness' of Ingamells. Within the Australia-First circle, this young idealist had no rival in the depth of his poetic and political commitment to the Australian resurgence envisaged by the dreamers, especially the version adhered to by the man to whom he seemed devoted—P.R. Stephensen. Although separated in age by only a decade, there were times when there seemed a filial relationship between the pair. No one in Australia-First or outside it was able to combine elements of Stephensen's 'politicals' and 'poeticals' with the skill, ardour and comfort displayed by Ian Mudie—Devaney thought him the 'most Australian poet I know'. Stephensen was therefore able to oversee his development like a paternal mentor with the later assistance of Miles Franklin's *quasi*-maternal mentoring.

Mudie (b.1911) had also sprung from the South Australian cultural circle, although a rough diamond, and despite being a resident of metropolitan Adelaide for most of his life, his association with the bush and its inhabitants (white and black) was intense. In the autobiographical notes he prepared for the publishing firm of Rigby (where he was editor-in-chief, 1960-65), he described himself as 'looking as though he could be a shearer' given his tall, wiry and weather-beaten appearance, but admitted that he had been a city-dweller all his life, quite unlike Xavier Herbert, the song man of the parched north who despised cities and those who dwelled therein. Mudie recounted with amusement the time that he had found it difficult to convince a Birdsville resident that he was not 'a bushie born and bred'.93 This sceptical resident of the outback was in good company and the story testified to the strength of Mudie's self-identification with the land. In this, he was a suitable heir to the 'stockwhip-and-wattle-blossom' writers of the previous century, many of whom had little experience of the bush. Stephensen rightly called him an 'earth mystic'. Largely self-educated (unlike the prickly, academically-conscious Ingamells), Mudie was not an inaugural Jindyworobak, but his association with the movement may be dated from his contribution to their 1939 anthology, rather than from the date of his formal acceptance into the club two years later.94 More important than this, however, was his much earlier association with Stephensen and Australia-First. He was amongst their first poetic acquisitions and perhaps their finest, for unlike the literary efforts of Mills, Baylebridge and other less talented fanatics like Dr Philpots, the verse of Ian Mudie has stood the test of time and has earned a respected place in Australian literature. The young, larrikin poet had spent a period in London prior to the establishment of the Jindyworobak club according to their later semiauthorised historian, Elliott, who knew him well. Like Stephensen and Herbert before him, the old country had made Mudie conscious of his nationality; all three had returned home in 1932 more distinctly Australian than they had been on their departure.95 Mudie's early poetry contained themes, such as the 'Dreamtime' imagery, that the Jindies would later seek to make their own, and he became the most strident of them all in his belief that some broader, contemporary Australian 'dream time' was 'continuous and never-ending'. His vision of Alcheringa was beyond the anthropological dilettantism of Ingamells, for it contained ultra-nationalist elements that accorded well with the Nazi enthusiasm of Stephensen and others. Mudie was passionate about Stephensen's local version of national-socialism, rather than Hitler's distant one, but in 1930s Australia it proved difficult to take one without swallowing the other and Mudie would become the unofficial poet-laureate of Australia-First once his art had matured. His personal files contained clippings about the Italian fascist poet/ political activist Gabriele D'Annunzio and it is possible that he sought to model himself on this dogmatic, charismatic figure, who had inspired the young Mussolini as early as 1919.97

Mudie's association with Inky had begun even before the Rubicon had been crossed, when the 24-year-old poet had contributed to the second, submerged edition of the Australian Mercury of August 1935. Here, the poem 'Ascent' announced the beginning of the journey that Mudie would continue for the remainder of his life, arguing against conventionality in favour of dreaming as we 'reel towards the marches of our dreams'.98 Like Ingamells, whom he acknowledged as a pioneer of the 'new spirit', Mudie had been stirred by the 'talismanic' Foundations, thinking it responsible for the stimulation of 'Nationalist' poets such as himself and his fellow South Australian. It had, he later boasted 'stimulated the languishing fires of Australianism in literary attempts'.99 These poets (amongst whom he included Matthews, Kennedy, Devaney and Grano) were characterised by him in 1959 as 'champions of the small men', the members of the 'Bottom Dog Brigade'. This was the 'Australian [national] socialism' of Australia-First, stimulating poetry that Mudie later suggested had sprung from both 'Nationalism and Radicalism'. 100 It was closely connected to the concept of 'soil' and Mudie specifically denied the more cosmopolitan, and leftist, Jack Lindsay's argument that an 'Australian spirit' could just as well be conveyed in other settings. 101 Such a heretical concept was unimaginable to the blood-and-soil brigade. Once the Publicist took up where the Mercury had left off, Mudie was guaranteed a permanent venue for the exercise of his radical nationalist, proletarian art. From September 1937 ('South Australian Spring') until October 1938 ('Tjuringa' and 'As Are the Gums' which rejected Odin as 'alien' to Australia), he was a regular contributor celebrating the spirit of the land; in July 1938, Stephensen even published five Mudie poems in the one

issue, including 'This Land' and 'Echo of Alcheringa'. This was Jindyworobakism under the very nose of Conditional Culture and it seems possible that Stephensen and Mudie may have initiated some similar, but more politicallyoriented, movement had Ingamells in Adelaide not done so independently— Ingamells even later conceded that it was Mudie who had persuaded him of the significance of Alcheringa as a symbol in Australian literature. 102 The Bunyip Critic was able from the start to court and mentor Mudie in a way that he was unable to do with the more reserved Ingamells. He also saw fit in July 1938 to tutor the young man about the course that the Publicist was following, critical of Ingamells's reluctance to undertake political commitment and stating his intention to combine 'culture propaganda with political agitation'. He also confided in correspondence with a restless Mudie that politics would need to be the master over literature when addressing the issue of freeing Australia from the deadening influence of a degenerate, imperial Britain: 'I have tackled the whole question quasi-politically. This may bore you a bit; but be patient." This was the lesson in patience that Stephensen had already learned at the hands of Miles and which he seemed to take to extremes at times, to the frustration of those more interested in immediate, direct action. Mudie would, however, prove a willing student and he would take up the Australia-First shield with gusto when called to arms by his mentor in later years, when the elements of 'Nationalism and Radicalism' combined with environmentalism would steer the more extreme Jindyworobaks in the direction of the 'literary adviser'. The stresses of war would soon bring about the liaison that Stephensen had foreseen and hoped for, much to the discomfort of many of the more mainstream Jindies.

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Stephensen's circle of 'poeticals' included some unlikely members, whose names are not normally associated with the political extremity to which he was committed. Miles Franklin (b.1879), the Australian feminist writer of considerable international reputation and again a resident of Sydney from 1932, was amongst them. She occasionally endured the ignominy of Miles's misogyny and contempt for 'Amazonians' in order to enjoy the otherwise convivial atmosphere of the Yabber Club and to continue her long-standing friendship with the Stephensens—she had known Winifred Stephensen ('my dear little Winnie') in America before the world war and they corresponded throughout the thirties.¹⁰⁴ Following the separate return of the trio from voluntary exile in London in 1932, they continued their personal and literary friendship, a relationship undiminished by any later political U-turns. Eric Stephensen recalled Franklin as a frequent visitor throughout the thirties to whichever rented apartment or house that Percy

and Winifred presently occupied for an invariably brief tenancy.¹⁰⁵ Any prospective political odyssey must have seemed subordinate to literary concerns on New Year's Day 1933, which she enjoyed at Springwood in a reunion with Norman Lindsay and Stephensen. 106 William Baylebridge soon joined her luncheon circle and it was evident that Franklin was no political neuter; she had voted for Social Credit in the September 1934 federal election, an indication of an inclination towards alternative parties of the Right, even those which were regarded as anti-Semitic, given that Major Douglas (the founder of the movement) was a stern critic of international (Jewish) finance. 107 The Australian Mercury of July 1935 had contained the text of a politically benign radio talk that Franklin had presented earlier in the year—'Novels of the Bush'—but the (unpublished) second edition indicated that her mind was on public affairs as well as literature. In an article on 'Tea-parties', she referred to the 'most gigantic problems facing civilized peoples as they evolve a workable economic system to remove the present stagnation', although without mentioning Social Credit or any other political mechanisms in order to do so. All she could offer was the unlikely 'tea-party' as a forum for 'intelligent discussion'. 108 This was not quite what Australia's Nazi dreamers had in mind, as Franklin would soon discover as a subscriber and diligent reader of the Publicist from July 1936. Although there seemed little in the Australia-First program advocated by this journal that was targeted at a well-travelled sophisticate like Franklin, the patriotic, literary atmosphere promoted by Stephensen and his avowed intention to foster the development of Australian culture—his cultural nationalism—would exercise its attraction on her as on Herbert, Ingamells and Mudie. Like them, she too had been moved by Foundations and seemed prepared to follow its author over hot coals towards the goal of a 'nativist' literature. The Publicist was the instrument that would help forge that literature and soon she confided to a London friend that she thought it 'very much needed'. 109 Franklin seemed unconcerned that any trail blazed alongside Billy Miles would be a perilous indeed and was prepared to accept the opprobrium of the Left in following it and in promoting other causes—unlike most members of the Fellowship of Australian Writers, Miles Franklin supported the Nationalists in the Spanish Civil War, that litmus test struggle of the thirties. This seemed a peculiar choice for a feminist given the regressive outlook of the radical Right towards her gender, never more so than in doggedly conservative Spain.

The *quasi*-Nazi disdain for women that Franklin encountered in the Yabber/Australia-First circles and in the *Publicist* were in direct conflict with her decades-old efforts to improve their social standing, for Miles Franklin was everything in a woman that Miles detested—unmarried, childless, financially independent (although only just), feminist and strong-minded—and these attributes were roundly condemned by the *Publicist* in its extended analysis of 'decadence' in

January 1938 and in the 'Twelve Points' pamphlet later in the year. The resurgent Australia that Miles envisaged would have seriously retarded the emancipation of women (as a social progressive like Franklin understood the process), but she continued to associate with such people nonetheless, despite privately expressing her displeasure to other more sociable misogynists like Baylebridge.¹¹⁰ By the end of 1938 it seemed that Franklin and the Publicist both needed one another; Billy Miles even engaged in some gentle, uncharacteristic flattery in order to maintain the support of a writer of such renown. In pre-Christmas well-wishes, he expressed his gentlemanly hope that she would come to regard the Publicist in the new year as being of some value as a 'nationalist paper'. Franklin replied by assuring the editor that she already did and had long done so, that she had subscribed when she could ill afford it, had sent it abroad and paid for extra copies. She concluded by hoping that in 1939 she would see more of him and of his paper.111 This charitable view of the Publicist was presumably made in the knowledge that the most recent issues had contained an assessment of nationalsocialism ('Why not?'); a menacing condemnation of Jews ('To Jerusalem with the Jews! Or to Heaven!'); substantial chunks of Hitler's 'great "peace-inducing" speeches' and the anti-democratic 'Twelve Points'. 112 Perhaps Franklin was particularly mindful of the twelfth—'Australian Culture'—where Australia-First had pledged itself 'to foster the growth of a specifically Australian culture', rather than the ninth, which called for 'the encouragement of early marriage, endowment of motherhood' and the discouragement of female participation in 'industrial employment'.

Whatever her analysis of such articles, neither she nor Miles were capable of maintaining their new-found congeniality; by July 1939, Franklin was complaining directly to him about anti-feminist articles in his 'nationalist paper', where Dora Watts (wife of Martin the anti-Semitic chicken farmer) had denounced working women to the disgust of a writer who had long championed feminine independence of the domestic yoke.¹¹³ Nevertheless, the common quest for a resurgent national literature kept them together like a bickering, old married couple. An idyllic view of Australia's pioneering past and the ethos of rural simplicity that Franklin shared with Stephensen may also partially explain a liaison that continued up to, and beyond, the failure of the Australia-First's political experiment, in which she played a minor part.¹¹⁴ Any suggestion that Miles Franklin was ever a Nazi dreamer or enthusiast would be inaccurate, but there were many of that inclination in her (restricted) social circle in the years before the outbreak of war and later. She mentored one of them, taking the young Ian Mudie under her literary wing during the calamity that she had foreseen and feared in the second Australian Mercury as 'the abyss which the next war will excavate'. He returned the compliment by later designating her as the

most important 'boots and all' champion of the 'new literature' (alongside the 'old-timer' Baylebridge). Despite her literary standing and open-mindedness, Franklin's alignment with Australia-First during that conflict, following a period of peacetime social and literary association with the dreamers, left her open to accusations of fellow-travelling.

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It remains a matter of contention whether the writers from Baylebridge to Franklin, including those under the wing of the Publicist and/or of the Jindyworobaks, succeeded in either giving Zarathustra an Australian accent, or in establishing their Australian 'Dreamtime'. They had precious little time to do so before the outbreak of war in September 1939 made their task more difficult. Stephensen, whose Foundations had inspired so many of them, thought the outbreak of war only the end-of-the-beginning of his envisaged Kulturkampf. Before long, the Jindy journalist Victor Kennedy confided to Rex Ingamells his worrying conviction that Stephensen was 'set on becoming the Fuehrer of the new literary resurgence and perhaps the political one too'.116 This had been his dual aim since at least 1936 and by the close of the thirties he had assembled a large number of fellow-travelling writers prepared to associate themselves with him in this struggle for resurgence, even if a semi-official link with the Jindyworobak club would have to wait until mid-1941. This did not necessarily mean a complete acceptance by these writers of the 'Australian [national] socialism' advocated by Australia-First, but no reader or contributor to the Publicist could have been under any illusions about the radical aims of that particular journal. If an established writer like Xavier Herbert could strike a Faustian bargain with Billy Miles, then it is not surprising that aspiring poets like the young Paul Hasluck, also from Western Australia, seemed prepared to do so. This sensitive young journalist had seen the brutality of Nazism first-hand and was unimpressed, but was not shy of seeking a favour from domestic enthusiasts for Nazism when it came to his ambition for publication; his approach proved fruitless and Miles declined to publish his proffered 'Songs of Australia' in June 1939.117 The chief Jindies, however, were more successful in their literary pursuits and would find the favour of the Publicist extended to them in a manner denied to others.

Zarathustra and *Alcheringa* were a strange combination, but Stephensen's compelling personality and world-view encompassed both elements and he managed to press-gang both Nietzsheansim and the 'Dreamtime' into his own politico-literary service. His 'poeticals' preferred to follow one path or the other towards Kirtley's 'rock' of 'Nationalism', but through Stephensen there was a measure of collaboration. Without the Bunyip Critic and the Australia-First

circle, it was unlikely that this would have been the case, for the Jindies (like Mudie) distanced themselves from the literary influences of Europe, whilst the Nietzscheans (like Baylebridge) puzzled over the aboriginal allusions. Alister Kershaw (b.1921), later a significant literary figure in nationalist circles (although neither a political activist nor a 'nativist') ridiculed the Jindy wing as 'marsupial nationalists': 'Koala bears were their tutelary deities, koala bears and dingoes and billabongs and prickly pears. Their poems were so crammed with aboriginal allusions that not one Australian in ten thousand could make head or tail of them.' He believed that Stephensen, to whom he was personally very close from 1941-46, did not share this 'wombat mentality'. 118 He was mistaken, for his mentor was prepared to accept support from wherever he could find it. There was room for both Zarathustra and Alcheringa in Stephensen's vision, even room for Odin. The 'well-meaning dreamers' never lost their love of place and race (and their hatred of those whom they perceived as hostile to either). Love is often prepared to overlook many faults and those writers who were not outright Nazi dreamers were prepared to overlook the parallel affection for a distant ideology that seemed part of the Australia-First package of 'Nationalism and Radicalism'. Many, like Miles Franklin, would later regret their rash preparedness to do so.

CHAPTER 7

PLATO IN 'HITLER'S WONDERLAND'— ACADEMICS, TEACHERS AND OTHER THINKERS

The mission of the thinker is not to enlighten, but to confirm. The material for enlightenment is already there, like a piled-up beacon; the new thought is but a spark that sets it alight.

Norman Lindsay, Creative Effort, 1920.

A spark, unnoticed by anyone, may suddenly drop on some inflammable spot and destroy the old order. A movement may start from nothing, and in God's name create a new world order.

Associate Professor Augustin Lodewyckx, Argus, 30 January 1937.

Unfortunately one needs them. Otherwise one might—I don't know—wipe them out or something. But, unfortunately, one needs them.

Adolf Hitler on intellectuals, to the Foreign Press corps, Berlin, November 1938.

Cowling versus 'lnky'—creating harmony from chaos—'Anything is better than Communism'—a friend of the Fatherland—a paddler—Optimism—a Riverland enthusiast—the appeal to youth.

There were few university graduates amongst Australia's Nazi enthusiasts in the thirties—Stephensen and Mills were well-educated men by the standards of the

decade. Like most of their compatriots, the bulk of the enthusiasts for Nazism had little contact with the nation's six universities and what contact they did have tended to solidify pre-existing prejudices on both sides. This was as true of those who did possess a coveted degree as of those whose formal education was more modest. Mills was a graduate of the University of Melbourne, but the academics that he had encountered there in the early part of the century in the Law and Arts faculties impressed him only with their stupidity and lack of comprehension. Sydney fared no better in 1936 in Mills's estimation than had his alma mater, for he found the staff at Australia's then premier university sickening: 'Everyone whom I interviewed had his job based on the beliefs in Jewish Christianity. Equality of all men and races, on the Socratian [sic] distortion." The permanently disgruntled Mills had, however, been talking to the wrong people in Melbourne and Sydney, for there were some on these campuses who would have lent him a more sympathetic ear. The young Rex Ingamells also had his difficulties at the University of Adelaide, although they were not the ideological ones erected by a fanatic like Mills. Following his graduation in Arts in 1934, Ingamells had pursued his interest in the relationship between Australian history and literature in his M.A. thesis, but had not taken this advanced degree, a snub that rankled with him for the remainder of his life. It was reinforced by his subsequent failure to secure an academic position in any university English Department, where Australian literature remained a marginalised, even derided, academic pursuit. Like Mills, Ingamells would need to expound his theories outside the confines of Plato's academy. P.R. Stephensen, however, would have had little difficulty in following an academic path had he so chosen, but he too found little on Australian campuses that pleased him and he had burnt his academic bridges, or at least some of them, by 1937.

Despite his characteristic bluster about the sins of academe, Stephensen (a former teacher of French) had maintained cordial links with Professor A.R. Chisholm at the French Department of the University of Melbourne even before his *Publicist* years, when publishing (or promising to publish) the works of the professor's friend, the expatriate, scholarly critic Randolph Hughes. Chisholm would later be the author of the relatively benign analysis of France's 'well-meaning dreamers' in the *Argus* of February 1941. The Bunyip Critic might also have profited (like Mills) by seeking connections to a number of other academics, teachers and university students for there was some sympathy amongst a small, unspecified number of them for the objectives to which the *Publicist* had declared itself. Any contemporary suggestion of a connection between Nazi Germany and Australian academia immediately brings to mind the 1936 indictment of Professor Stephen Roberts and his *The House That Hitler Built*, but there were some academics on the Right who thought that the Nazis were better architects than Roberts had suggested. One, Eben Waterhouse of the University of Sydney,

was a friend of Hardy Wilson and the 'Professor Pymble' of his *Dawn of a New Civilization*. He was also able to secure a coveted *Führer* interview in 1934 and the picture he drew of the German leader was one that did not match the later observations of his Sydney colleague.

Chisholm, in Melbourne, was amongst the most vehement critics of the Roberts book and he denounced 'that miserable little groundling' as 'scum' for having accepted German hospitality and then failing to return the compliment.3 Miles, Pankhurst Walsh and Carroll were hardly less venomous in their open campaign against the Roberts view—the editor of the Publicist had disingenuously wondered why it was that this Sydney professor hated Germans so much: 'Maybe he loves them, for he believes that this system will destroy itself.'4 Chisholm too was a hater; fiercely authoritarian, anti-Semitic and anti-communist in this period and close to Charles Maurras, the radical French nationalist intellectual from a former era, but still a rabid anti-Semite and proto-fascist who was capable of being accommodated in any twentieth century new order, had he so desired. It was this interest in 'Maurrassisme' that brought the professor closer to the Bunyip Critic after 1936. Chisholm also privately admitted to Randolph Hughes that had he been born a German, he would have championed Nazism, approving as he did of the anti-communist credentials of Hitlerism: 'Anything is better than Communism.'5 He also privately conceded that he admired the Germans for their 'courage, force, originality and profundity'.6 He was scarcely less candid in public. Chisholm had a 'good friend' on the Melbourne campus, Associate Professor Augustin Lodewyckx of the German department, with whom he later recalled sharing a common intellectual pursuit of linguistics and a common love of gardening. However, their relationship went beyond these parameters, for both men also shared a benign view of developments in Germany, Lodewyckx to such an extent that he was acknowledged by the Nazi bureaucracy in 1933 as a 'Vaterlandsfreund' (friend of the Fatherland), even though he was of Flemish blood, not Volksdeutsch or ethnic German. The private and public writings of this European exile throughout the decade indicate that Berlin's assumption of his friendship was well founded.

Further down the educational hierarchy of the universities, amongst the students, and amongst the secondary teachers, there were also those who were attentive to the ideas of the radical Right. Amongst them was the young Manning Clark (the future son-in-law of Lodewyckx), who saw Nazism first-hand and although he left the *Reich* without any illusions about the cruel methods of the new order, retained a sympathetic ear for some German national aspirations long after it was prudent to do so. The Sydney student and teacher (and later academic) Kelver Hartley, another adherent of Charles Maurras, was less inhibited and began a life-long love-affair with the radical fringe after witnessing street fighting in Paris. He later preferred the employ literature rather

than the fist to champion the new wave. No less enthusiastic was Dr Erich Meier, a young South Australian who had studied at Leipzig during the last years of German democracy and the early ones of the new *Reich*. He was keen to expose other Australians to his fervour for the new wave.

The acquisition of a higher education and/or of an academic appointment was no guarantee that the virus of national-socialism would not find its way into the intellectual blood-stream, as many in German universities and other centres of learning had discovered even before Hitler came to power. The appeal of Nazism, generally seen and espoused as one directed to the cult of youth, also extended to the more mature and to those no longer directly engaged in teaching and learning. There was no better instance of the failure of scholarship and experience to provide immunity to this appeal than that provided by the iconic Australian expatriate Gilbert Murray, the renowned Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford since 1908. Murray was long gone from the southern continent by the mid thirties, but he read Stephensen's Foundations with considerable interest. If a mind as acute as that of this considerable sage could be seduced by aspects of Nazism, as it was, it is unsurprising that so many of a more modest mental calibre were similarly influenced. Hitler's Wonderland seemed to offer accommodation for all of those who had passed through, or remained in, Plato's Academy, provided they were not of the inappropriate 'alien race'.

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A.R. Mills was never more than a well-educated eccentric, chiefly interested in pursuing his own peculiar agenda even when on campus; Rex Ingamells was unable to find his place in the sun of any Australian campus. P.R. Stephensen, however, was in a different category, but even his relationship with academia was often prickly. Although his grades at the University of Queensland were undistinguished, Inky secured the 1924 Rhodes scholarship for his home-state and set off for the dreaming spires—his combination of sporting prowess, athleticism and moderate academic achievement accorded with great accuracy to the original vision of Cecil Rhodes, who eschewed excessive intellectualism. However, just as his literary endeavours in Brisbane as the editor of the university magazine had marred the young scholar's reputation—Galmahra, an aboriginal title chosen by Stephensen as an anti-classical gesture, had included Jack Lindsay's 'erotic' poetry to great consternation—so too did his communist political activity at Oxford detract from any scholarly achievement. This Rhodes Scholar, like many others, rested on his laurels and seemed to have devoted only the minimum amount of time to his studies. Nevertheless, his second-class Oxford degree of 1927 would probably have been sufficient to gain an academic position back home in any

Australian university, where British qualifications were still considered prestigious per se, but Stephensen's ambitions were already directed elsewhere. Oxford purged him of any trace of intellectual snobbery that he had ever possessed and subsequently he studiously refused to follow the formalities required to convert his B.A. into the coveted M.A. (Oxon). So estranged was Stephensen from his Oxford experience that his 1937 article for the Australian Rhodes Review 'The Decline and Fall of the British Empire. An Australian Nationalist Point of View' scandalised many of his Rhodes fellows and was considered by some to be a radical insult to everything they imagined that Oxford stood for. This now notorious alumnus had advanced the heresy that Britain was only one of seven great powers, four of whom (Germany, Italy, Japan and the USSR) were displaying 'a zest, a will-topower, a national rebirth, a resurgence, a new discipline, a new system of life'; their 'spirit of optimism' and 'belief in themselves' provided a contrast with a Britain in decline.7 This was not what the Anglophile association of old scholars wanted to hear, nor was Stephensen's clarion call for 'a new way of thought for Australians, a way of national and self-dependent thought' much to their liking. This 1937 article represented his definitive alienation from the academic respectability that the Rhodes scholarship had once afforded an unknown rural Queenslander.

It was inevitable even before the calculated slight of the Rhodes Review that Stephensen the born-again national chauvinist would clash with the Anglophile establishment of Australia's universities. He had first done so before his political conversion to the radical Right was complete, when after February 1935 he had challenged G. H. Cowling, professor of English at the University of Melbourne, on behalf of the Fellowship of Australian Writers in his pamphlet 'Mental Rubbish From Overseas: A Public Protest'. Cowling, a Briton, had employed the columns of the Age in that month to dismiss local literature as thin and unpromising, galvanizing Stephensen to organise FAW protests and to plan his 'Retort Courteous to Professor Cowling', the genesis of the Foundations. In fact, Stephensen's published response to Cowling was courteous but no less devastating, as any reader of that first instalment of Foundations could discover from July 1935. This robust defence of Australian literature helped to win him supporters from many quarters, including from a young Melbourne student called Dymphna Lodewyckx, as well as from Miles Franklin and Rex Ingamells, whose Conditional Culture quoted and endorsed Stephensen's response albeit with the qualified criticism that the author was not (yet) sufficiently mindful of the contribution of the 'forgotten people', the aborigines.8 This respect generally survived the opprobrium that Stephensen earned through his subsequent political activity—as late as 1944, a Jindy such as Kenneth Gifford was still railing against Cowling's slight and looking towards an alternative, nationalistic 'Australian culture', although by then Stephensen had been behind barbed-wire for two years. Despite the distractions that radical politics brought to him, Stephensen never forgave Cowling and he tarred academics in general with the same brush. As late as October 1937, *Publicist* readers were told that the Bunyip Critic had stumbled across a copy of one of the English novels recommended for Australian readers by Professor Cowling. The anonymous former owner ('Fatty') had written therein: 'There was a Professor named Cowling / Who started our dingoes a-howling: / He thinks that Australia / Is only a failure / And hence his lugubrious yowling.' It is difficult to accept that anyone other than Stephensen himself was the author of this doggerel, but if 'Fatty' was genuine, he had made his point well.

The University of Melbourne was forever damned in Stephensen's eyes as the home of Cowling in 1935 and as a hot-bed of anti-Publicist undergraduates opposed to the 'goodwill' visit of Count von Luckner in 1938, but Sydney fared no better.10 The September 1937 edition of the Publicist contained an extended, vitriolic denunciation of Sydney University's claim for an endowment of £1million and of its role in modern Australian society. Stephensen especially despised its pseudo-English character. His January 1938 'A Brief Survey of Australian History' noted in the 'Seventh Decade' (1848-1857) that this was the period in which 'Universities are established in both Sydney and Melbourne to become centres of British political propaganda'. They had remained so, in his estimation, for the following ninety years and he was still complaining to Ingamells about the over-representation of Britons in Australian academia in July 1941.11 Stephensen had by then covered a lot of ground since his radicalism of the early twenties, when he had travelled south to Melbourne specifically to talk to 'Trades Hallites' and University communists: 'I spent most of my time urging them to form a Melbourne Communist Group and declare themselves.'12 By 1952, the only academic position he thought himself suited to was an apocryphal chair of 'Anti-Semitic Studies' at the University of Melbourne, as he jocularly confided to his old university friend (now a professor), 'Jerse' Burton. 13 Even German universities had recently abandoned studies in that discipline and Australian campuses (soon condemned by Stephensen as 'career-factories') were no longer interested in the discredited ideas to which he had devoted himself in his prime.¹⁴ This had not always been the case. On the one hand, Stephensen had once received academic respectability for his derivative theories of aboriginal racial assimilation through Professor Watson of Adelaide and from Dr John Eccles, FRS, of Sydney on 'viewing politics strictly biologically' in response to the eugenic 'bio-politics' advocated by a British dreamer, Morley Roberts. 15 On the other hand, Professor Chisholm of Melbourne, a scholar with anti-democratic and authoritarian tendencies, had maintained cordial relations with him. There were also a small number of others amongst the ranks of the Australian academy who similarly looked with favour on developments in Europe. However, by excoriating Australian (and British) universities as a whole and by maintaining his Cowling-inspired, anti-intellectual rage long after it ought to have subsided, the polemical Stephensen missed an opportunity to court support for his cause where it existed in some measure.

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No observer of Australian academic attitudes to Nazism in the thirties could overlook the well-circulated views of Professor Stephen Roberts of Sydney University. His The House That Hitler Built had been composed in 1936 following three months or thereabouts of extensive travel and conversation in 'Hitler's Wonderland'. Although himself of German descent, this historian and political scientist found little in the increasingly Nazified old country that pleased himhe had experienced Weimar Germany in earlier years—and he expressed his incisive forebodings in print in 1937, drawing venomous critiques from Miles and Pankhurst Walsh at home, as well as from Carroll in London. Being ideologues, they were all convinced that Roberts had arrived with his mind made upperhaps they were correct—but The House That Hitler Built would be remembered long after their unfavourable reviews were long forgotten and long after the Reich it described had been dissolved. Roberts was certainly the most prominent Australian academic to have visited Hitler's Germany, but he was not the only one and a number of the others were not so repelled by what they witnessed and were not so prescient.

Professor Eben Waterhouse (b.1881) was an associate professor of German at the University of Sydney from 1926 and he had travelled and studied extensively in Wilhelmine Germany before 1914. The design of his suburban property 'Eryldene' had been an ongoing labour of love for Waterhouse's friend Hardy Wilson from 1913. Further travelling in Europe in 1934, the professor was able to better Prime Minister Lyons and to secure interviews with both Mussolini and Hitler; he was now a champion of the Italian language and would soon be a full professor of German at Sydney. A Führer interview was considered by Hitler at least as the extension of a considerable favour; for the recipient, it could prove a double-edged sword. Subsequent ebullience (like that of Lloyd George in 1936 and of the dominion leaders Mackenzie King and Oswald Pirow later) served the cause of Nazi propaganda; subsequent disappointment, even if not expressed immediately (like that of Lord Halifax after 1937) was considered a base betrayal by the Nazis. There was no middle ground of reaction or response. No-one back home followed these occasions with as much committed interest as Die Brücke. In August 1934 it reported in detail the twenty-five minute interview that Professor Waterhouse the 'Germanist' had enjoyed with the Chancellor on 12 July-brief though this exposure was, his subsequent interview with Mussolini in September lasted only four minutes. Waterhouse described his reception and conversation as having been 'ausserordentlich freundlich' (extraordinarily friendly). He noted Hitler's 'Bestimmtheit' (certainty) and the 'Aufrichtigkeit' (sincerity) with which he addressed political questions. Like so many others, the professor was especially struck by Hitler's self-confidence and the belief in his 'mission' that he expressed in every word—'den starken Glauben an sich selbst und seine Mission, die aus jedem Worte des Führers sprach'. 16 Hitler clearly perceived a friendly attitude from his guest and invited the professor to attend the coming Parteitag rally in September, but by then, he had left the country. Waterhouse thus avoided possible cinematic posterity at the hands of Leni Riefenstahl, whose Triumph of the Will was filmed at that event. One party leader absent from the 1934 rally was Ernst Röhm, the recently purged leader of the storm-troopers (the SA), liquidated at the end of June along with hundreds of others in the first large-scale instance of Nazi bloodletting. Professor Waterhouse was amongst the first foreign visitors to be admitted into Hitler's presence in the aftermath of this 'Night of the Long Knives' and the Chancellor was accordingly keen to explain to his Australian guest that his actions of a fortnight earlier had been unavoidable. Mrs Waterhouse later recalled the apologia that her husband had received in which Hitler had clearly laid out the absolute, regrettable necessity of his behaviour—'die Notwendigkeit der Ereignisse des 30. Juni klargelegt'.'17 This admission was in itself an indication that Hitler had perceived his guest as sympathetic, for the Nazi leader never apologised or explained himself to anyone in whom he detected indifference or hostility. Towards the end of his European trip, Waterhouse had been asked by a reporter in Copenhagen about the manner of greeting he had employed when meeting his host—had he said 'Heil Hitler'? Resisting any temptation to employ 'Oi, Joe Lyons!' he replied: 'No, I said Guten Tag, Herr Reichskanzler.'18 The Sydney University alumni magazine, when assessing the professor's considerable contribution to the landscaping of the Sydney campus described him (a keen gardener and champion of the camellia) as 'creating harmony from chaos'. 19 The same label could be applied to his behaviour in Germany in July 1934; the bloodbath of the previous month had indicated that the sense of order that the Nazis had brought to Germany was a false one, but Eben Waterhouse was happy to pursue harmony in a country where, if he had looked more closely (as Roberts later did), he would have found barely-subdued chaos. Back home, his friend Hardy Wilson was still pondering 'Chaos or What?' in his remote Tasmanian exile, but the two men obviously had more in common than gardening and a passion for landscaping.

Whilst Waterhouse proved reluctant to share his fleeting impressions of the new Germany following his return home, this was not the case with Dr Ralph

Farrell who was appointed to a Sydney University lectureship in German by the professor in January 1937. Farrell had studied at the University of Berlin from October 1933 until December 1936 and he addressed the first 1938 luncheon of the Women's Guild of Empire in Sydney in February, informing the ladies about his 'Three Years in Germany'. 20 It was a picture for which Mrs Pankhurst Walsh expressed gratitude, but not one that was untainted by considerable reservations about the course that the 'Revolution' was taking. Farrell was unenthusiastic about Nazi economic policies, for unlike most of the Australian tourists and travellers to the country, he had endured the stringencies of their policies for some thirty-eight months and had noted that the nature of the economy and its 'Four Year Plan' was essentially that of a country at war. Nor did Farrell have much truck with the maltreatment of Jews, for which he could find 'no excuse', contrasting Hitler's extremism with Mussolini's relative moderation. Yet there was sufficient material in this address for the likes of Miles and Stephensen to find some satisfaction, had they the stomachs to endure a Guild luncheon, for Farrell found that the 'moral regeneration' of the nation was the area in which the Nazis had been most successful. He noted that the Germans were pleased to have escaped the old 'freedom' of '36 [sic] political parties all warring with one another' and he expressed his clear preference for Nazism ('the sterner doctrine') over Marxism as a more realistic ideology. As an academic inclined to social exclusion, Farrell could not help but notice that Hitler was as one with Plato in his acceptance of the 'noble lie' that the masses cannot understand truthhe excused this belief as one that did not seek to 'oppress' man, but rather to 'help him to mould his character in the ways for which he is fitted'. The Nazi government encouraged literature, affirmed belief in the family, the nation and was filled with enthusiasm for its program of 'national regeneration'. Dr Farrell was obviously prepared, unlike Roberts, to give Hitlerism the benefit of the doubt, although he wisely concluded his address by noting that he did not wish to see 'National Socialism' installed in Australia. This was not a view shared by many of the local enthusiasts for Nazism.

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There was no recorded contact between Waterhouse or Farrell and P.R. Stephensen, but Australia's leading Nazi dreamer did maintain cordial relations from around 1935 with another influential linguist, the University of Melbourne's Professor Alan R. Chisholm (b.1888 and not to be confused with Alec Chisholm the ornithologist and journalist, whom his Berlin hotel had insisted on labelling 'Herr Professor Chisholm'). Like the older Waterhouse, Alan Chisholm had excelled in European languages at the University of Sydney and began his career

as a schoolteacher of French and Latin, the two subjects in which he had excelled as a Fort St scholar.21 He too had travelled and studied extensively in Europe before the catastrophe of 1914. After AIF service on the western front, he taught at the Sydney Teachers' College, then lectured at the University of Melbourne from 1921, becoming an associate professor of French in 1930 and a full professor from January 1938.22 Chisholm was of authoritarian disposition and a fervent anti-communist—he thought the 'loathsome tendency' of democracy 'wrong and perverse', peddling as it did the 'false doctrine' that man could live 'without submission to authority'.23 He also shared the parallel prejudice against Jews that so often accompanied hostility to Bolshevism and democracy in this period, commending Hitler for 'crushing' them, even though he initially thought the new German leader too 'romantic' and his movement too 'sentimental'—he found the Italian model more appealing with its 'intellectual base'.24 Chisholm had nonetheless been critical of the appointment of a 'German Jew' to an Oxford chair in 1935, taking this as a sign of national degeneration in Britain, having himself unsuccessfully applied for professorships at Cambridge, Exeter, London, Nottingham and Leeds (he privately denounced the University of Melbourne as a 'benighted hole', stating his preference for an English chair at even half the salary of an Australian one).25 He was also prickly about Australian critics of Nazi Germany (as Gilbert Murray would be about similar critics in Britain), including Theodore Fink, the Jewish chairman of the Melbourne 'Jew-owned' Herald press group, which he denounced for conducting 'an unintelligent anti-Hitler campaign'.26 Although never an untrammelled Nazi dreamer, Chisholm's world-view was not dissimilar to that of many of the local enthusiasts; a meeting of minds was highly likely in the course of the 'devil's decade', for if 'Anything' was better than communism, this also included German national-socialism, even though he initially regarded that movement as too plebeian.

On Thursday, 1 September 1932, Alan Chisholm began to keep a confidential notebook in which he noted university gossip and commented (in Latin) on his own inclination towards laziness. But this journal also contained day-to-day observations on the politics at home and abroad. The very first entries set the tone; they ruminated about the need for a broader dissemination of the theories of Schopenhauer and, given the present economic crisis, on the even more pressing need for an ideological substitute other than the supposed alternative of communism: 'Where can a new enthusiasm for life come from? It must have a metaphysical basis of some sort.' Many Germans, even deeper in the economic rut than Australians, were wondering much the same thing at the same time with the Weimar republic in its extended, electoral death throes and the diarist accordingly noted with disdain the proceedings of a disorderly *Reichstag* under the *pro-temp* presidency of 'the '1/2 blind Communist of 76,

Klara Zetkin ("mad Clara")'. Chisholm was unimpressed with Weimar politics in general: 'To think that Germany has come to this, that Germany whose discipline and Gemütlichkeit appealed to me so much in 1912 & 1913-14!' He also noted that 'a Nazi', Hermann Göring, had emerged as the victor from this parliamentary anarchy and this outcome was clearly, in his mind, preferable to the alternative of 'mad Clara'. He later saw the Reichsmarschall in his considerable flesh, when both men were pursuing art purchases in Rome and commented on his apparent popularity, implying an approval of his good taste.²⁸ The contempt with which Chisholm viewed democracy at any level and in any environment was also evident in his diary, when in a December 1932 he assessed something as inconsequential as the vacant directorship of the Victorian Education Department. Noting that a teacher was likely to be selected to fill the vacancy rather than a 'scholar', he drily observed that 'Majority rule = mediocrity rule.'29 Adolf Hitler was perhaps already the leading exponent of that viewpoint, or soon would be, having concluded in Coburg in October 1922 that 'As long as the world has existed, history has been made by minorities.' Even though Chisholm was not amongst the Australians he had met, he would also have agreed with the professor on the need to disseminate Schopenhauer (his favourite philosopher) more widely, if not with the immodest earlier assertion by the distant academic that he had identified certain fallacies in the theories of that notable philosophical pessimist. For the professor's part, the rise of such a vehement anti-communist in Germany did not escape Chisholm's attention, nor evade his grudging approval. Although he later assessed the Nazi ideology as 'wild and fantastic' and likely to be 'harmful', this was not immediately apparent to him around the time of Hitler's 'Seizure of Power' of January 1933.30

Chisholm was a rigid opponent of the Left long before Stephensen had crossed his own ideological bridge. He railed against a Melbourne tram strike 'engineered by [disloyal] Communists' in October 1934 at the time of a Royal visit, concluding that 'We are ripe for Fascism'—this was a time when Stephensen was still publicly distant from even the conservative wing of politics. ³¹ Yet the professor was one of the chosen few to whom Stephensen circulated an advance copy in June 1935 of the inaugural *Australian Mercury* with its first instalment of *Foundations*. Even though the professor was still suffering from bouts of the colonial cringe, the author obviously thought that he would not be entirely unsympathetic to its message of literary resurgence and this was the beginning of an association that would endure through the *Publicist* years, despite the fact that Chisholm's Eurocentric view of the Australian literary scene was reminiscent of his university colleague, Professor Cowling, the *bête noir* of the Bunyip Critic. Professor Chisholm was himself ready soon after to take up the pen outside of the academy in order to express his own world-view at and it was one that 'Inky'

would soon share. In the Australian Quarterly of September 1935, he endorsed the pessimistic outlook of Oswald Spengler's Decline of the West (with some qualification about his 'erroneous' methods), noting with approval that this sage thought 'aristocratically in an age of democracy' at a time when leaders offered people only the 'comfort of facile optimism'.32 These theories placed western civilisation in its 'Winter' phase, of which 'modern socialism' was a distressing symptom (even more distressing when it immobilised Melbourne's tramways). Chisholm also noted the convergence of some of the theories of Spengler with those of Nietzsche, a juxtaposition sure to arrest the attention of a Baylebridge or a Stephensen, and drew attention to Spengler's praise of German dynamism, a form of energy that had been the engine of the 'recent Nazi revolution'.33 Finally, Chisholm rejected the inevitability of decline that he found in Spengler (just as he had rejected Schopenhauer's gloom), preferring instead to converge with the 'romanticism' that also marked Decline—the nostalgia that marks any 'aristocratic system of thought', found in an age of 'transition and chaos'. He was subsequently pleased with the 'anti-democratic' response to this article, particularly from some un-named, prominent Brisbane man and, struck with hubris, even contemplated the formation of 'some upward, aristocratic movement' in its wake.34 That he detected such dreaming, romantic nostalgia in the works of a German philosopher such as Nietzsche and a German man-ofaction such as Hitler was one thing; more importantly, he also detected this trait in the works of the French thinker and political activist Charles Maurras.35 To a Francophile such as Chisholm, this gave cause for some hope that Europe had not yet lost its courage, just as others thought that the dynamism of a Mussolini or a Hitler did likewise. Following these observations, he took an extended university sabbatical in Europe (January 1936-March 1937) during which he acquainted himself more closely with Maurras the man and his works. This would bring Chisholm even closer to Stephensen and the Australia-First circle.

Charles Maurras was the chief intellectual influence upon Alan Chisholm and also something of a model for the distant Bunyip Critic, who similarly sought to combine polemical journalism with political activism—his Action Française journal seemed to form the inspiration for Stephensen's vision of what the Publicist and its 'Australian Action' could be. Maurras was a stone-deaf, anti-Semitic fanatic who had touted a philosophy of 'one-hundred-per-cent nationalism' in the columns of the paper he had edited in Paris since 1908. His ideas had been incorporated into several umbrella political organisations in the way that Stephensen hoped that his concept of 'Australianity' could make the leap from literary journalism to political action. Despite his French chauvinism, Maurras was one of the advocates of the 'better Hitler than Blum' line following the 1936 electoral success of the 'Popular Front' led by a premier of (German)

Jewish extraction. Only his age (he was born in 1868) and, more particularly, his Germanophobia prevented Maurras from accepting national-socialism as the youthful, new wave—to him, Germans, even of the Nazi variety, remained 'uncivilized and uncivilizable barbarians'.36 Norman Lindsay agreed. This radical nationalist intellectual from a former era was capable of being accommodated in any twentieth century, fascistic new order that shared his anti-Semitism, had he so desired—he did not and although a supporter of Vichy, he kept his distance from German Nazism. Chisholm was sympathetic to this outlook and took advantage of his presence in Paris during the turbulent days of unrest in 1936 to meet with the man whose works he had admired for a decade, conscious that Maurras had already made favourable references in his own articles to an 'Australian professor'. 37 The second volume of his post-war memoirs, The Familiar Presence and Other Reminiscences (1966) recalled in detail the audience with the deaf 'Charlot' that took place when he visited the Action Française bureau in Paris in June 1936. The apologia that followed was one that accounted for his own sins, as well as for those of the man who later went over to Vichy; it failed to mention that at the time he had found Maurras 'delightful'.38 The visiting professor had offered to translate one of the master's works and they maintained contact thereafter about this project, but Chisholm conceded, with obvious reluctance, that it was never completed because of the 'poisonous atmosphere created by Hitler'. Although keen to remind the readers of 1966 of his regular condemnation of the collaborators in his weekly Argus columns after 1940, the near-octogenarian Chisholm was prepared to concede that although he thought that Maurras had made the wrong choice under the sway of an 'evil dream', he still believed that 'his motives were pure' and that 'all mortals are fallible'.39 This view was reminiscent of that espoused long before in that 'well-meaning dreamers' assessment of wartime divisions in Vichy France—it is difficult to accept that there was not an element of self-justification contained within it.

At the time of his audience with Maurras amidst the 'Red months' (March–July) of the 'violent year' of 1936, Chisholm had been keen to share his impressions with the readers of the *Australian Quarterly* in his 'Thunder on the Boulevards'. They were impressions that gave a clear indication that his sympathies were with the radical, nationalist Right. Given his view that France was faced with the real prospect of 'Red tyranny', Chisholm even advocated an alliance between Maurras and Colonel de La Rocque's fascistic *Croix de Fue*—another diminutive Colonel, Eric Campbell, and his New Guard were of a similar character to this association of ex-servicemen with its 'Action Squads', both men seeking to de-politicize party politics and to defend their nation against internal enemies.⁴⁰ The professor also suggested to his Australian audience that much of the violence that accompanied Blum's election was inspired by

Moscow; Chisholm was convinced that the premier would have been well advised to stick to literature rather than to ally himself with the 'Moscowengineered' Reds whom he encountered at that time in the streets and on the Metro.41 The only light he could detect in France during those grim days was that reflected by Action Française. Chisholm noted that the adherents of Maurras admired Germany's 'strength under the present regime', but did not feel that it could fit into their vision of the 'civilising influences of universal Latinity'. This appears to have been a view shared by the professor himself. Everywhere, he detected Jews-whether Blum himself, or the members of his 'rabble', or the Jewish secondary students reported to be organising communist leagues in Polish schools, or the Jewish Minister of Education issuing insults to the French flag. 42 Chisholm was convinced by these experiences that France could only be saved by the Right, and then only the radical Right such as the new 'Popular Party' of Jean (it was actually Jacques) Doriot. Like Stephensen, Doriot had undertaken a volte-face from communism to the radical Right, and he would go on after the collapse of the Third Republic in 1940 to outright French national-socialism and to voluntary service in a French unit within the German army (alongside a few less distinguished renegade Australians in a similar unit of the Waffen SS). Meanwhile in August 1936, Chisholm concluded that there was a 'lesson for us in Australia': 'All that is not Right in politics is Left, and that all that is Left tends naturally to go to the extreme Left, for any movement follows its most vigorous elements.'43 Soon after his return home in March 1937, he similarly bemoaned the failure of Australians to realise that the Right was 'the only remedy' for the 'extreme Left'.44

Alan Chisholm's relationship with the fellow-intellectual Maurras (a member of the highly regarded Académie Française) was not, as was later suggested, merely a flirtation for which he redeemed himself in the wartime cause of Free France. Rather, by his own admission, he had been strongly attracted to the anti-democratic authoritarianism of this intellectual wing of the French radical Right. The 'Thunder' article was accordingly put under close scrutiny within six months, when the leftist critic H. Burton detected a whiff of home-grown fascism. In response, Chisholm again used the Australian Quarterly ('Europe and Ourselves—And a Saxophone') to defend the congenial and hospitable Italian experiment as a 'form of government that preserves spiritual values but has to interfere with freedom of thought'. Similarly, the German parallel, even though a 'highly militaristic totalitarianism', was nonetheless to be lauded as militantly anti-communist. He contrasted these two with the Soviet model and its absence of those 'spiritual values'—the 'saxophone' of the title was considered by the author to be a suitable instrument of lament for employment in leftist propaganda films. He was unrepentant about Blum and repeated his earlier criticisms of the Popular Front as poorly administered and subject to class prejudice. As whole, the conclusions of these two articles were ones with which P.R. Stephensen and other Nazi dreamers could only agree, for they were in turn seeking to become the most 'vigorous' element of the Australian Right, as well as searching for a set of 'spiritual values' suitable to the Australian new order they envisaged.

Once Chisholm returned from Europe in early 1937, it was natural that the Publicist, which had begun life in his absence, soon attracted his attention. He subscribed and received a cordial thank-you in reply from the Bunyip Critic in April, a clear recognition on Stephensen's behalf that this was no normal reader. The professor was complimented on his recent poetic criticism and reminded of Stephensen's continuing opposition to Cowling, at whom he intended 'to have a hard go' next month. The professor was also offered a revealing insight into the aspirations of the Publicist: 'My idiom of propaganda is rather rough and tough in parts, but it is not directed, in the main, towards academic readers. I know, or think that I know, what I am doing—a long job.'46 This was something of the idiom that Chisholm had recently seen employed in France by Maurras, if a little less intellectual-Sydney in the thirties was far from Paris in more than geographical terms. In his belated reply, Chisholm thanked Stephensen for the recently supplied September issue, which he thought 'very sound' despite some things with which he disagreed, acknowledging the need to establish an Australian point-of-view.⁴⁷ The issue at hand had contained a call for an 'Australian Leader', a hearty endorsement of the impending tour of Count Luckner and further propaganda in favour of emerging Australian literature from the pen of Eleanor Dark and Xavier Herbert. It remains unclear which of these components found Chisholm's favour and which his disapproval, although he was not likely to have endorsed Stephensen's call in the same issue for the rejection of Sydney University's recent claim for an additional endowment of £1 million. The Critic and the professor came no closer than this, for the thirties drifted into the Roaring Forties without 'Australian Action' following the course established by Action Française—Stephensen failed to initiate any peacetime umbrella political organisations and the Yabber circle remained one of chatterers only. Yet, by March 1938, Chisholm was clearly on the same wave-length as the local Nazi enthusiasts (and unwittingly aligned with Gilbert Murray) having modified his earlier reservations about Nazism, confiding to Randolph Hughes: 'What I chiefly like about Nazi Germany is that it has resolutely set its face against it [Christianity].' Once the Nazi 'demolition' of Christianity was complete, Chisholm was confident that any 'tentative' philosophical replacement would eventually be followed by 'better, positive constructive work'. Reflecting that the Nazis had only enjoyed five years of power, he believed that 'no movement in history has achieved nearly as much as they have in that very short space of time'. He was already prepared to endorse the most contentious aspect of their world-view—race.

As for their doctrine of racial purity, I think that it is altogether sound. For of course they don't stand for mere Germanic purity; it is Western or European purity that they have in mind...It is the Oriental, and the Jew in particular...whom they wish to exclude from our blood and our politics. And I think, looking at the matter in the most objective way possible, they are quite right here...Semites are alien & cannot be assimilated into our stock...He is always parasitic on us, and he is never truly creative.⁴⁸

Hardy Wilson would have nodded in agreement with the final part of this assessment. Yet, this was the man who would later condemn the 'monsters of ideology' for, amongst other things, their theories on the 'purification and perfection of the race', suggesting in 1941 that they were now the clarion calls of 'the rootless thought of desperate utopians'. However, in the same 1938 letter to Randolph Hughes, Chisholm elegantly summarised where he now stood in these last years of peace, when he admitted that 'on the whole I can accept the political system of German National-Socialism'. Any earlier reservations about the ideology had been set aside.

Despite this barely-bridled enthusiasm, the Nazi-Soviet Pact of August 1939 demonstrated to this anti-communist fanatic that even Hitler was insufficiently politically sound and Chisholm soon began to drift away from national-socialism in favour of the 'aristocratic' sentiments he had earlier espoused. The association between Hitler and Stalin was a bitter pill for him to swallow and by the time his French 'well-meaning dreamers' were recruited by those 'monsters of ideology' following the collapse of the Third Republic in 1940, Chisholm and Stephensen had taken separate paths; the one towards the wartime Patriotic Fund in support of the Free-French, the other towards the collaborators. Charles Maurras, admired by them both, was imprisoned and disgraced in post-war France (he died in 1952). Had he been of French nationality, Chisholm might have suffered similar ignominy unless redeemed by his wartime enthusiasm for Gaullism, for his earlier Maurrassisme would not go away, despite the concentration in his written and recorded memoirs on his literary and linguistic credentials. The first volume (Men Were My Milestones in 1958) suffered from political amnesia, as did his 1969-recorded reminiscences, which offered an immodest account of his life-long scholarly accomplishments. 50 The second volume (The Familiar Presence and Other Reminiscences in 1966), however, had featured a short apologia on behalf of Maurras, for both men had preferred the prospect of Hitler rather than Blum, until (in Chisholm's case) it actually happened. The professor had always been careful to distance himself publicly from German Nazism, but he had maintained a distant understanding of Vichy France's 'well-meaning dreamers' (including the adherents of Action Française) that was uncommon outside of the Australia-First circle. Whatever qualifications he expressed in the thirties or later, his Maurrassisme certainly lent Alan Chisholm the appearance of being a fellow-traveller of Nazism—so too did his private acceptance of the German ideology, warts-and-all, in the last years of the decade.

Chisholm's earlier attitude to Nazism had been strikingly similar to that of another Randolph Hughes correspondent and Stephensen reader, Professor Gilbert Murray, formerly of Oxford. This septuagenarian (in 1936) expatriate was more of a nineteenth-century figure in many respects, but he proved responsive to the ideological temptations of the twentieth. Although a prominent supporter of the internationalism of the League of Nations from the 1920s (an aspect that his later biographers preferred to stress), Murray had allowed himself to be seduced by that instinctive 'man of genius', Adolf Hitler, particularly praising the German leader for 'gradually getting rid of Christian values' even though the Führer was more partial to the Roman way than to Murray's pagan Hellenism.52 This was an outlook that Chisholm shared. The professor was still prickly about some remote 'persecution' he had allegedly endured at the behest of a Jewish official at the University of London: 'This person of changed name and alien race meted out to me more refined (and much more petty) cruelty than the Nazis are in the habit of bestowing on those of his origins in Germany.' Accordingly, in private, Murray gushingly endorsed the anti-Semitism of Hitler's Germany directed as it was against the people who constituted a 'pernicious element in any country of the West'. In November 1936, he confided to Randolph Hughes that 'I understand perfectly the German attitude towards these people, and I approve it fully.'53 After visiting the Reich, he also happily described himself as an 'anti-democrat' and hoped, having now retired from Oxford, to gain a research fellowship at the University of Berlin. The professor also planned to write a book on European developments and circulated material on the 'New Germany' to his more sceptical friend, including a copy of the Australian volume relevant to these issues, Stephensen's Foundations.54 It was to the benefit of Murray's posthumous reputation as a liberal internationalist that he did not complete such a project.

IV

One particular milestone recounted in the earlier Chisholm *Milestones* memoir had been his obvious affection for his academic colleague Augustin Lodewyckx (b.1876), whom he praised as 'my good friend' and as 'one of the finest scholars this University has ever had'. ⁵⁵ Both conclusions are difficult to dispute. He also

observed about his friend that he was 'a convinced Francophile' who had 'taken German in his stride'. 56 Although Chisholm was referring to Lodewycke's everimpressive grasp of the two languages, this description could also include his approach to the radical politics of the thirties (as well as Chisholm's own), for both men took the radicalism of the German Right in their stride and both men were adherents of belief in the inequality of man. Chisholm's predecessor in the French department had warned him about the 'perfidy' of the Flemish scholar Lodewyckx and of his German department, but the two men worked closely together nonetheless; Chisholm also taught German on the frequent occasions when his friend was on sabbatical. 57 Chisholm's later memoirs fondly recalled the warmth of Lodewyckx's innovative *Leseverein* ('reading circle') evenings, but clearly the two men had shared more than a mutual affection for the poetry of Heine, Goethe and Schiller. 58

Augustin Lodewyckx (the surname rhymed with 'motor-bikes' according to the advice offered to tongue-twisted Australians by his daughter) was neither a 'native-born' Australian nor of British origin and ought to be excluded from those 'well-meaning dreamers' with whom this book concerns itself, but no account of Australian academic flirtation with Nazism would be complete without an analysis of the role of this important contributor, so significant was his part in the attempts to render Nazism respectable to broader Australian opinion in the thirties. He was born of farming stock in the Flemish region of Belgium at a time when the Flemings were treated as second-class minority in that Francophone kingdom and not surprisingly, he associated himself with Germanic studies and had been politically active in the Flemish movement whilst at the University of Ghent at the turn of the century.⁵⁹ Flemish nationalism then, and later in the course of the two European wars, was tribal and closely associated with the prospects of a German hegemony in western Europe-many of the fiercest collaborators with wartime Nazism originated in that then economically deprived region, men such as Jef van de Wiele who (like the Australian enthusiasts) thought that national-socialism could be exported across the borders of Germany.⁶⁰ The semi-sanitised biography of Lodewyckx prepared by the University of Melbourne History Unit suggested that the young student was 'ardently' committed to both Flemish nationalism and 'liberalism', and that his academic progress in his native country was unjustly hampered by these commitments. 61 If so, Lodewyckx was a rare bird in the ranks of the Flemish nationalists, who were far from liberal in their outlook and very little of any supposed liberalism survived in the outlook of the mature man. Following the completion of his doctorate, the ambitious young scholar sought greener pastures in foreign lands, including South Africa from 1905-10, where he married Anna Hansen of Scandinavian extraction. After brief colonial service in the Belgian Congo from 1911, he was marooned in Melbourne

en route for the US at the outbreak of the war in August 1914. Both Augustin and Anna, once reunited, remained there and raised a family, although the professor never seemed to have developed much affection for the country of his almost accidental adoption. He dismissed Australia and most Australians (including his browbeaten future son-in-law Manning Clark) with an intellectual contempt that revealed both his Euro-centrism and his Flemish origins 62-even an academically gifted Fleming like the young Lodewyckx could not have escaped the ethnic denigration meted out by his Francophone Walloon compatriots in Belgium and he repaid that degradation by in turn denigrating the admittedly undeveloped cultural atmosphere that he encountered in Melbourne. It is likely too that the expatriate scholar who took such an interest in the Afrikaans language at Stellenbosch in the years after the Boer War noticed a similar process of the tribal marginalisation of an ethnic minority at the hands of the ruling group, in this instance 'Anglo-Celtics' who his official biographer suggested were later to block his academic ascendancy to a full professorship in Melbourne.⁶³ Chisholm thought he was just too unassuming. For these reasons, Lodewyckx was immune to, and contemptuous of, the Australian chauvinism that exercised some attraction on others, even though he was naturalised as a British subject in 1924. He looked to continental Europe, and alone to the northern Europe of his origins, for intellectual, spiritual and political sustenance. Despite halfa-century in the southern continent, he remained a curious European exile in his suburban Huize Eikenbosch (Oaks House) even by the assessments of his daughter Dymphna and his grandson, for the politics and literature of the English-speaking world (let alone the Antipodes) failed to arouse his interest, aside from a brief foray on Beowulf in an attempt to delay the onset of dotage.64 While his response to the land of his adoption seemed to verge on the hostile, the professor remained a passionate advocate of the culture, identity and language of his native Flanders, which had briefly enjoyed some autonomy under German administration from 1917-18, and the resurrection of German nationalism after 1933 extended renewed possibilities that excited the interest of many Flemings at home and abroad. To judge from his writings during the 1930s, Augustin Lodewyckx was amongst them.

As a lecturer (1915) and associate professor (from 1922) of German at the University of Melbourne, Lodewyckx was a gifted, innovative teacher (like Chisholm, if more pedantic) and he submerged his students in the culture of the language at hand, initially German, later Dutch, Icelandic and Swedish. He became almost the unofficial historian of the German community in Australia, contributing material on this subject to German publications from 1930 and publishing his own accounts, *Das Deutschtum in Australien* (Germandom in Australia) in 1926 and *Die Deutschen in Australien* (The Germans in Australia)

in 1932—later editions followed for both, habitually praised in Die Brücke.65 The change of regime in Berlin that followed in January 1933 could only have been expected to create anxiety for a Germanophile like Lodewyckx, had he been a true liberal, but this was not the case. Rather, the decidedly illiberal, new Germany that arose after the 'Machtergreifung' (the 'Seizure of Power' as he called it in the Nazi style) aroused his sympathetic interest; soon, he also aroused that of the new Germany and was identified as a 'Vaterlandsfreund' by Nazi officials.66 Lodewyckx had been fond of Germans and their language since his youth, when he had encountered migrants in Antwerp en route for New York and he had visited Weimar Germany in 1924-25 and again in 1931-32; his personal papers contained numerous Argus articles on German politics in the Weimar period and on the great pessimist Spengler, whose politicophilosophical ruminations also interested Alan Chisholm.⁶⁷ The decline of Germany's democratic institutions after 1929 could not have come as a surprise to this astute, cosmopolitan observer, for in December 1931 he had attended a major Nazi party election rally in Stuttgart, sharing his impressions with the readers of the Argus in the following March. 68 The meeting was addressed by Gregor Strasser, the leader of the left-wing of the NSDAP. The 'Professor Doctor' (as he misleadingly entitled himself in his German publications) was impressed: 'A more remarkable and eloquent electoral address than his I have never heard in my life.' He was also keen to offer Australian readers his impression of the German presidential elections of March 1932 ('Germany's Dilemma'), revealing his academic preoccupation by noting that German university students (amongst other uniformed young men) were particularly enthusiastic about the candidacy of Adolf Hitler, along with other members of Lodewyckx's own middle-class. Although he correctly predicted that Hindenburg was likely to win any second-round poll, Lodewyckx was primarily interested in the prospects of the man of the moment, already being touted by Nazi propaganda as the 'leader of the German people', and he admitted that he was impressed by Nazi organisation and discipline. In assessing Hitler himself, the professor applied his inextinguishable sense of intellectual snobbery to conclude that the Nazi leader was 'not a great man, intellectually or spiritually; but he knows how to inspire enthusiasm and to organise the masses of his followers'. This was a fair, if socially prejudiced, assessment and the subsequent twelve years of the 'Thousand Year Reich' would demonstrate these deficiencies and attributes to their full measure. Clearly, however, Lodewyckx had been impressed by his first-hand experience of Nazi electioneering both in December 1931 and March 1932. Soon, his personal papers contained a collection of Nazi election material from that Weimar period, suggesting that he also had some inkling of what was coming in the promised 'German revolution'.69

13

Once that revolution was ignited—and soon the Reichstag building itself—the Argus further employed Lodewyckx's expertise in order to illuminate its readers about the nature of the new German regime, as it would subsequently employ Chisholm's expertise on French affairs. A series of three articles appeared in February-March 1933 under the professor's name and their restrained content provided a contrast with the hostility towards Nazism that was immediately apparent in many other journals. The not unsympathetic account of his electoral article in the previous year had set a tone that he happily followed now that Hitler was Chancellor (although not President). The first of them, on 4 February ('Hitler's Early Career'), outlined the life and thinking of the new leader according to the information provided in Mein Kampf, still then a book known to few Australians. Hitler's love of history was described, along with the deprivations of his Vienna years that had led him to 'his conception of true socialism in combination with nationalism-national socialism'. His war service and early political activity were also outlined, the 1923 Munich putsch being correctly likened to Mussolini's 'March on Rome' on which it had been modelled. The article concluded with an account of the rise of the NSDAP to its present status of Germany's most popular party. There was no indication that the author endorsed any part of the Nazi program, although the article contained nothing that could have aroused the ire of any Nazi at home or abroad.

The Reichstag fire soon signalled the end of an era and as the Weimar republic prepared itself for another (final) election in early March, Lodewyckx sought to enlighten Australians about Nazi ideology in his second Argus article of the year on 4 March ('Hitler's Philosophy. Importance of Pure Race'). Here, he outlined the Nazi belief in 'Aryan' superiority, not a concept that was likely to disturb too many white Australians given Lodewyckx's (correct) assumption that this group included not only the Germanic and Scandinavian peoples, but also the Anglo-Saxons. The professor dispassionately reported the Nazi view (after Gobineau) that non-Aryans were considered incapable of creating culture and that it was the Nazi aspiration to breed a 'purer' race. Again, there was no evidence of his endorsement of these goals, but the professor's third article of 1933, on 11 March, indicated a change of gear and he was noticeably less distanced from his subject. 'Hitler's Political Ideals. The Doom of Parliament' was written following the Nazi electoral success of 5 March, which allowed the NSDAP and its conservative allies a bare majority in the Reichstag in the absence of the outlawed Communist party. Although as earlier, the author quoted from and referred to Mein Kampf, the article read as the opinion of Augustin Lodewyckx as much as the views of Adolf Hitler. At the very least, it implied an endorsement of the anti-democratic political outlook outlined therein, for Lodewyckx always shared Chisholm's view that 'Majority rule = mediocrity rule':

The political ideals of Hitler, the Nazi Chancellor of Germany, may all be traced back to one great principle—the essential difference of all human beings. Not only is one race superior to other races, but every individual is different from every other individual. Some are born to order, others are born to obey. It is absurd, therefore, to give all citizens of a State equal rights. Hence democracy and parliamentary government are bound to fail.

Hitler could not have explained his philosophy to English-speaking readers better. In defence of this 'one great political principle' of racial and social inequality, the former Congolese colonial official referred readers to one of the 'most amusing' chapters of *Mein Kampf* in which Hitler parodied the democratic parliamentary representative and the guile he employs 'to hoodwink the stupid masses'. In place of this sham democracy, Lodewyckx detailed the Nazi vision of a 'corporate' state that did not rely on any majority vote, dutifully supplying counter-arguments against any suggestions that their proposals were unworkable. He concluded with a surprisingly prescient sketch of a likely expansionist German foreign policy which would come chiefly at the expense of the nations of eastern Europe, a suggestion that could only have calmed the fears of those who dreaded another mass slaughter on any western front.

Although carefully enough constructed to deflect any accusations of outright pro-Nazi leanings, these four Argus articles of 1932-33 were bereft of any critical analysis of the Nazi Weltanschauung in either its domestic or external manifestations. Overall, they encouraged a sense of relaxed detachment from the peculiarities and strife of European politics. However, the professor failed, both then and later, to draw public attention to the likely perils that the 'German revolution' would bring for Australians. Given the positive nature of the 1932-33 Argus articles, it was not surprising that the German national radio corporation, the RRG, soon contacted Lodewyckx in March 1933 in order to discuss the possibility of broadcast talks on education. He was already an experienced broadcaster at home and had previously broadcast over the German network in 1931-32 on diverse topics before the creation of the Ministry of Propaganda, but the Berlin radio executive, Herr Giesecke, was confident that any future talks given by the professor would meet the new ministerial guidelines.⁷⁰ His confidence was unsurprising, for as the decade unfolded, Lodewyckx continued to prefer to concentrate on the positive aspects of events in Germany. Only the higher education policies of the regime would eventually excite his public opposition and then only in wartime.

Nothing came of the RRG proposal, but the first year of the Nazi regime saw Augustin Lodewyckx and his family draw close to the government whose advent he had watched with interest; before it was out, this expatriate Flemish

academic had accepted other approaches from Berlin to join that revolution in his own modest way. In the meantime, he sent his Swedish-speaking, South African-raised wife Anna and his teenage daughter Dymphna to the Reich for their own experience of the new order. Mrs Lodewyckx was overwhelmed by what she experienced of the 'revolution', which she dated from 13 March 1933. when the swastika party flag became also that of the German state, indicating that Hitler's movement was here to stay.71 Having arrived in Munich (the 'Capital of the Movement') soon after, fresh from the 'new Italy', she was pleased with the prospect of the 'gaily beflagged' city and with the genial reception of the locals. She dismissed any talk of recent, politically-motivated 'atrocities' as likely to have their basis in accounts of practical jokes 'played in a moment of ecstatic excitement by a band of young Hitlerites'—her husband made a similar reference in an Australian radio broadcast at about the same time⁷². While admitting that not all of the inhabitants of the Bavarian capital sympathised with the 'new order of things', she thought that all were convinced that Hitler ought to be given a chance 'to prove his worth'. The recent official boycott of Jewish businesses was also dismissed as a one-day-wonder that would only be repeated if the 'anti-German propaganda' of the enemies of the regime persisted. As befitted the wife of the 'Professor Doctor', Anna Lodewyckx was especially pleased with new courses being offered at the University of Munich for foreign students of the German language. The nature of German schooling also impressed her and for that reason, the sixteen-yearold Dymphna was enrolled in a Munich Gymnasium for the final year of her secondary education in this, the year of the Nazi 'Seizure of Power'; that alone was a considerable endorsement of the new order by the Lodewyckx family. On her return home in the following year, Anna Lodewyckx was no less praiseworthy of what she had experienced in Bavaria in 1933, even though it was now clear that the anti-Semitic measures of the new government were to endure. She soon addressed students at the International Relations Society at the University of Melbourne on 'Germany To-day' and the 'Frau Professor' concluded, according to the enthusiastic reporting of Die Brücke, that 'the new ideology of Germany was clean-thinking, clean-living, service to the fellowman, and the eradication of self-aggrandisement. The Nazi regime protected the worker, prevented the exploitation of the peasant, and put an end to intellectual snobbishness.'73 The final point was the only one with which her husband expressed some discomfort, when he critically reviewed Nazi tertiary policy later in the decade. The teenage Dymphna's views were not canvassed, but soon she would expand her tertiary education in the institutions of Hitler's Germany as a student of the University of Bonn, while her librarian brother Axel would travel through the Third Reich studying German book collections (both were in the Reich during Kristallnacht; the one at her university, the other at Nuremberg).

The paterfamilias was certainly as keen as his wife had been from the beginning to gauge developments in the Reich. In May 1933, he addressed a series of questions about conditions in Germany to his friend Dr Johann Mannhardt of the University of Marburg. Mannhardt replied in July and gave his 'Lieber Herr Kollege' the assurances he had sought. The German academic stated that 'die Konzentrationslager' (concentration camps) were part of a bloodless revolution that contrasted favourably with the carnage of the English Civil War, the French Revolution and particularly with the Russian Revolution, whose victims were numbered in the millions. As for the persecution of the Jews (still in its infancy as Anna had noticed), Lodewyckx was again assured that this minority, including those of academic rank, were not being harmed despite their prominence in leftist revolutionary politics and in the Weimar state: 'Hier in Marburg ist keinem Juden ein Haar gekrümmt worden.'74 This insistence that not a hair on any German-Jewish head was being hurt seemed to satisfy Lodewyckx and he never again addressed the 'Jewish question'; nor did a travelling German academic, Dr Pfeffer, when the professor invited him to address his university Deutschen Leseverein in August 1933.

Karl-Heinz Pfeffer was a political scientist and sociologist who travelled extensively in Australia from 1932-35 whilst preparing a critical study on Australian society and economy (subsequently published in 1936 as Die bürgerliche Gesellscahft in Australien). He would later become a professor at the University of Berlin and the director of the British section of a foreign policy think-tank that would develop some astonishing wartime plans for the southern continent, but his position in 1933 was more modest. When addressing Lodewyckx's students in Melbourne, Dr Pfeffer presented what the ever-vigilant Smith's Weekly thought was an unduly rosy view of the new Germany and it branded him a 'Hitler apologist' and Nazi propagandist. The journal was especially offended by his likening of the Nazi outlook on Jews to the White Australia Policy. Despite its outrage, the journal failed to report on who had offered Pfeffer an invitation and why.75 Had they done so, they would surely have found a better connected, almost home-grown Hitler apologist in Pfeffer's host for soon after the Smith's revelations, he had perused an issue of the Flemish journal Vierde Blad and detected therein the lyrics of the Nazi anthem written by, and named after, the SA martyr Horst Wessel. 16 Lodewyckx then carefully marked and retained this text, which exhorted the faithful to raise Hitler's banner over the streets cleared of the 'Red front' and 'Reaction'-perhaps it would one day have served as material for another Leseverein.

The new Ministry of Propaganda was established at the time of Anna Lodewyckx's arrival in Munich in March 1933, but Dr Goebbels was only one of many in the new government with an interest in cultivating foreign

opinion. The approach to Lodewyckx by the RRG was also only the first toein-the-water from a government that could only have been attentive to the favourable attitudes expressed by the professor and his wife. Before the year was out, this Vaterlandsfreund received further correspondence from agents of the Nazi government inviting him to make a commitment to the new order and to demonstrate his Unterstützung (support), even though he was not an ethnic German and now a British subject, albeit one of a Eurocentric outlook. On 27 November 1933, the professor received a letter from a Berlin public servant by the name of 'Stammer' that detailed the desire of the new government to stimulate mutual understanding between different states. Stammer believed this could be attained through encouraging expert 'Auslandsdeutsche' (Germans living abroad)—he mistakenly believed Lodewyckx to be amongst them—to keep their old Heimat (homeland) informed about developments in the land of their adoption by reporting monthly on what they saw and heard, if it was thought that Germany could benefit from such information. This task was even nominated by an insistent Stammer to be a 'Pflicht' (duty) on any identified as a 'friend of the Fatherland'. Lodewyckx was accordingly invited to contribute to such a program by forwarding appropriate contributions to 'Stammer' at a nominated Berlin postal address at his leisure. Stammer completed his request with the now mandatory 'Heil Hitler', after promising 'sorgfältige Auswertung' (careful evaluation) of any submitted material.⁷⁷

Such a flattering offer must have been tempting to Professor Lodewyckx, but he did not reply. In the following year, Herr Stammer was replaced by Herr Küntzel, who wrote in a similarly friendly vein to the professor from Berlin on 16 May 1934 further asking for his assistance. He noted that there had been no response from Melbourne, despite the fact that some publications had been forwarded to him from Berlin. Accordingly, Küntzel wondered whether Lodewyckx wished to continue their 'Verbindung' (connection). He made it clear that this time a reply was expected.⁷⁸ Given the more serious tone of the letter, it is not surprising that Lodewyckx now chose to answer these calls from Berlin, penning on 17 July what was later referred to as a 'freundlichen Brief' (friendly letter).79 There, he declined to participate in the program, but only owing to the pressure of work, a condition that Küntzel accepted with some regret on 28 August 1934. However, the professor had also responded to an earlier request to provide the name of another who could perhaps meet the requests of Berlin. The contact that he suggested in his place was a 'W. Heiler', whom Lodewyckx had apparently contacted at the Oriental Hotel in Melbourne. 80 Heiler was the Sydney NSDAP group leader who would later develop contacts with the more fanatical local enthusiasts like A.R. Mills and Ernest Jones of the 'Australian Unity League'.81 Like them, Herr Heiler would also attract the attention of the

security services, although he had returned to his Heimat in 1937—while in Australia, he had reported directly to the Gestapo on the ideological attitude of local Germans. The professor's suggestion was accepted by Küntzel with good grace and he promised to be in contact with Heiler immediately. However, this final exchange was not entirely without the bureaucratic duress that came so easily to the servants of the Nazi regime and he concluded with the hope that Lodewyckx would eventually find the time to collaborate and that if he did so, his 'Berichte' (reports) in the service of better German—Australian understanding would be viewed at the highest level with intense interest, including in the office of the Stellvertreter des Führers (Hitler's deputy, Rudolf Hess).

None of this Stammer-Küntzel-Lodewyckx correspondence of 1933-34 demonstrated in isolation that the professor was a Nazi enthusiast; the Stammer letter seems to have been a form that was dispatched to any overseas official thought sympathetic to the Nazi regime. However, the exchange does make it clear that Lodewyckx was already perceived in some quarters of the Nazi bureaucracy to be a man worthy of cultivation, for Stammer opened by mentioning that the address of the recipient had been provided 'von befreundeter Seite' (from a friendly contact). Had the security services become aware of this correspondence after 1939, innocent though it seems, Lodewyckx would have been lucky to have escaped 'guilt by association' and the fate of his predecessor in the German department, Dr von Dechend, who was dismissed by the university in 1916 as one close to Australia's wartime enemies. The contact between the professor and Heiler would have been considered especially damning. Stammer and Küntzel may not have gained what they were seeking from Associate Professor Lodewyckx, but they were correct in their assumption that he was 'friend of the Fatherland'. His writings from the remainder of the decade amply demonstrated that, for the picture they presented of Germans and Germany could only have pleased any observers in the Nazi bureaucracy, even if they had awaited specific reports from Melbourne in vain. In 1938, a Stuttgart publisher issued Lodewyckx's account of the role of Germans in the Australian economy (Die Deutschen in der australischen Wirtschaft) and it was suitably praiseworthy, even employing the language that the regime encouraged by describing 30 January 1933 as the date of the 'Machtergreifung' (Seizure of Power), as well as referring critically to the 'jüdischen [Jewish] Boykott' of German goods that resulted—this text remained unknown to Australian readers.83 Perhaps Reichsminister Hess was able to scrutinise it with the intensity promised by his underlings in 1934.

As the Nazi revolution solidified in the course of 1934, local Nazis other than the friendly contact referred to by Stammer understandably identified Lodewyckx with their cause. The German-Australian author Karl Burggraf dedicated a copy of

his book on Germans in the Australian capitals to Lodewyckx in June 1934 (only weeks before the elimination of Gregor Strasser in the first significant Nazi purge). His preface Deutsche Zukunft! ('German Future') lauded the new Volksgemeinschaft and the fact that Hitler was presiding over the rebirth of the Heimat.84 If the author presumed that the professor was sympathetic to such aspirations, so too did the leader of Australia's Nazi party organisations, Dr Johannes Becker of Tanunda. South Australia, following his receipt of a letter from Lodewyckx in November 1935. The professor had inquired about the structure of the NSDAP in Australia (as a non-German he was ineligible to join) and Becker provided extensive information in his reply about groups throughout the country and about the party leadership; this was confidential material that was unlikely to have been provided to any other than a sympathetic correspondent. Dr Becker was particularly proud that the South Australian party group had been formed by him in April 1932 'vor dem Regierungsantritt unseres Führers' (that is before 'our' Führer came to government).55 By the time of this exchange, Lodewyckx had clearly nailed his colours to the mast of the new Germany, although without declaring himself a national-socialist. He was, however, demonstrably an enthusiast for many aspects of Hitler's Germany, including their policy of maintaining links between Germans at home and abroad. In April 1934 alone, he had called for the establishment by the German-Australian community of their own schools in imitation of their compatriots of Brazil and he circulated this view in publications on German education and culture (Deutsche Sprache, deutsche Schulen und Deutschunterricht in Australien and in Deutsche Kultur im Leben der Völker), all of which stressed the importance of maintaining ethnic identity in a foreign country.86 Just as Huize Eikenbosch was a little bit of Flanders in suburban Melbourne, the professor agreed with Nazi policy that German-Australians should not assimilate into the broader Australian community. Before the end of the year, his Das Deutschtum in Victoria celebrated a century of 'Germandom' in the state of his residence and the separate identity that they had maintained against the odds. The Foreword, by Axel Kersten, praised the great 'Führer' and the general text expressed Lodewyckx's pride in establishing his Deutschen Leseverein in 1923 under difficult circumstances.⁸⁷ Neither passage was translated into English, unlike the remainder of the book. By the time of its publication, the Leseverein had already hosted one travelling advocate of Deutschtum, Dr Pfeffer; within months, in April 1935, it would host another, Dr Költzsch, who addressed the Melbourne undergraduates on 'Die deutsche Jugend im neuen Reich' (German Youth in the new Reich).88 Their response was unrecorded, but the professor had presumably anticipated a warm one.

Associate Professor Lodewyckx continued to profess his enthusiasm about the new order for the remainder of the decade, both at home and abroad. He again took up his pen in 1935 in the *Argus* in order to clarify developments in the new

Germany. He had last addressed German foreign policy in the same journal in March 1933, and he returned to the topic on 16 February 1935 when examining the works of Alfred Rosenberg and the vision outlined in his philosophical Mythos of 1927. Lodewyckx repeated his earlier comforting conclusions that Nazi expansion was likely to be directed eastwards, reminding his readers that Rosenberg advocated co-operation with Britain against the hostile 'Wall Street financiers', a euphemism for American Jews. However, if Australia had nothing to fear from an expanding, reinvigorated Reich, it remained in need of its own reinvigoration according to the professor's analysis in the Argus on Hitler's forty-sixth birthday, 20 April 1935: 'The Falling Birth Rate. Is the White Race in Danger?' The models he suggested for population revival were Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, both of which had arrested decline and improved their birth rates. This population question ('Australische Bevölkerungsfragen' as Die Brücke called it in its praise of Lodewyckx's analysis) exercised the professor's mind considerably over the following years.89 He stressed the urgency of the problem to the ethnic German audience of Die Brücke on 18 January 1936 and at considerable length on 27 June in Die Weisse Rasse in den Australischen Tropen ('The White Race in the Australian Tropics'), where he concluded that there was no impediment to white expansion in such regions given the march of technology which had helped to enhance the prospects of Europeans in areas once considered unhealthy and unworkable for the white man and woman. Just as Italian migrants had helped the development of the Queensland sugar industry, by March 1937 Lodewyckx endorsed the view of the German consul Dr Asmis that German peasants escaping persecution in the Soviet could well be resettled in Australia.90 He had expressed this view in the Australian National Review and soon chose the columns of the more popular Australasian further to inform white Australians of the dangers they faced unless they accepted his Baylebridge-like 'populate or perish' advice. The increasing populations of Asia and eastern Europe would threaten the position of Anglo-Saxons in the southern continent, he warned in accordance with the popularised geopolitics of Professor Haushofer of Munich, an early and ongoing influence on Rudolf Hess and other leading Nazis.91 White Australians did not need a foreigner to remind them of the 'Yellow Peril', but the threat from the Slavic East was clearly a fear transplanted from Germany and entirely inapplicable to the south, unless the reader accepted (as Lodewyckx now seemed to) that the fate of white Australia was tied to the victory of 'Germandom' over the Slavs. This was a connection that was soon picked up by Australia's Nazi dreamers once the fortunes of war placed a shadow, as they saw it, over 'Aryans' in Europe and Australia. It allowed them to pray for the victory of a European cause allied to the Asian power that in the view of most Australians presented the greatest threat to white Australia—Japan.

By mid-1937, Lodewyckx was finally ready to see Nazi Germany for himself, but prior to his departure he had reflected on the works of Dr Pfeffer and in so doing had made it obvious that he was mentally prepared for the Nazi thinking he would soon encounter first-hand. Once Pfeffer's findings were published as Die bürgerliche Gesellscahft in Australien ('Civil Society in Australia') in 1936, Lodewyckx was an appropriate reviewer. He liked what he read and told the 'Economic Record' so in December 1936. He began by noting that Pfeffer had begun his study under Weimar, disillusioned with the 'party-ridden' system of that republic, adding his own critique of the parliamentary system: 'In the meantime however his country has seen the light, and overthrown the old party system, whereas in Australia we continued to paddle on in the old way." He also drew attention to Pfeffer's argument that the old could only be replaced through national unity embracing all classes rather than each class putting its own needs first-Volksgemeinschaft. Author and critic accordingly agreed that the old patriotism was often just disguised selfishness. Lodewyckx concluded with his own confidence that both Germany and Australia were striving for 'higher things', even if secondary in the popular mind to the struggle for material survival. The professor also remained convinced that 'German civilisation' was still capable of great achievements, which may have been the case whether one accepted the Nazi perspective or not, but his suggestion that the Australia of 1936 was in pursuit of 'higher things' was a flattering one-certainly dreamers like Stephensen thought that this ought to be their aim, once the country had ceased 'to paddle on in the old way'. When summarising the Pfeffer analysis for a wider audience in the Argus on 30 January 1937—'A German Looks at Australia'— Lodewyckx shared the author's distasteful conclusion that Australia would remain a levelling democracy, but he exposed his belief in 'innumerable possibilities' for the country of his adoption. These possibilities were clearly modelled on what had happened in Nazi Germany: 'A spark, unnoticed by anyone, may suddenly drop on some inflammable spot and destroy the old order. A movement may start from nothing, and in God's name create a new world order.' This was similar to the spark of 'new thought' referred to by Norman Lindsay in his Creative Effort of 1920 and this 1937 article, better titled 'A Fleming Looks at Australia', could well have concluded with that greeting employed earlier by Dr Becker—'Mit deutschem Gruss und Heil Hitler!

Like Anna before him and Dymphna (now a postgraduate student at the University of Bonn), Augustin could see the 'new order' at first hand on his 1937–38 sabbatical. The *Argus* readers were soon able to digest his 'Glance Round Europe' on 20 November 1937 and, unsurprisingly, Germany had impressed him more than France or even his native Belgium. He had arrived in the *Reich* in the aftermath of two notable recent events—the state visit of Mussolini in September

and the speech by Hitler at Bückeberg on the sixth of the following month. Whilst Lodewyckx was conscious that the increasing intimacy of Germany and Italy was discomforting for the Anglo-Saxon world, he countered this by reminding his readers that many German 'intellectuals' (the class he most admired) were not keen on Mussolini or Italy, preferring friendship with Britain. As for the gigantic assembly on the Bückeberg, where Hitler had addressed up to a million people at the Harvest Festival on Germany's need for Lebensraum, the Flemish visitor shared the moment as 'the air resounds with music and song, and cheerfulness is apparent on the faces of most people one meets'. The farmers heading home from the mountain were singing patriotic songs at the railway stations, being in a 'festive mood' following Hitler's speech. Everywhere, the foreign visitor encountered 'courtesy and friendliness' from a populace that was well-fed and well-clad. By May, the professor was in the 'Capital of the Movement' itself, and following visits to Bonn, Cologne and Trier, Lodewyckx made his way to a region of Czechoslovakia (the Sudetenland) where the bulk of the three million ethnic Germans soon hoped to join the Reich.93 The correspondent shared their aspirations with the readers of the Herald on 14 June 1938 whilst 'In the Land of the Sudeten Germans'. He noted their determination to become part of Germany and their enthusiasm for nationalsocialism; the German salute was ubiquitous, cries of 'Sieg Heil' were heard at every public meeting, the swastika banner was saluted by all. The professor also reported that the Czechs were suppressing them and depriving them of equality, both questionable assertions about central Europe's chief democratic state; he thought the best solution for the Sudeten problem was immediate incorporation into the Reich, which he confidently predicted would be 'a boon to Europe and the world at large'. Deputy Prime Minister Earle Page had expressed a similar view in confidence in London only a month before and Lodewyckx would repeat his own conviction on his return to Australia in September 1938, when the Sudeten question threatened the outbreak of a European war.⁹⁴

The Slavs of the Czech lands were only marginally better than those he had encountered on his way home via the USSR and its Trans-Siberian railway. In contrast to a sparkling Germany, Lodewyckx found everything and everybody here to be dirty and humourless. The food was poor, no-one was smiling and there was an atmosphere of xenophobic suspicion which resulted in his momentary detention for consulting a map in central Moscow. Had the Soviet security police been aware of his writings on Nazi Germany, that brief detention may have been more enduring.

Augustin Lodewyckx was an apologist for Nazism by any measure that could be applied either in Australia or in Germany itself in this peacetime period. The

fawning collection of essays presented to him in December 1951 (for his seventy-fifth birthday) by his academic colleagues contained one—'In Appreciation'—that noted he had been 'a thoroughly reliable observer of present day events and trends'. 6 It is unclear whether his colleagues applied that observation retrospectively to the professor's observations on Nazi Germany up to 1939. This was, after all, the man who had broadcast over Australian air-waves at the beginning of the Nazi revolution suggesting that Hitler was a suitable successor to Martin Luther:

Luther in the course of his controversy with the Roman church became almost unwittingly the mouthpiece of the G. [sic] nation; striving to free herself from a foreign yoke, spiritual and material, and although it may seem strange to you at first the part he played may be compared in some respects with the fight Hitler is putting up to-day for what he considers national ideals and freedoms.⁹⁷

Lodewyckx was not, as his sanitised university biography suggested, a 'multiculturalist' (an advocate and forerunner of what Australians would experience in the 1970s), for he never expressed any scholarly interest in any culture other than that of the European peoples despite his fleeting African experiences. He was linguistically diverse, but a mono-culturalist in extremis. Nevertheless, he was, as Manning Clark later observed, a pioneer in opening Australia up to the broader European culture of which Anglo-Saxons too were a part.98 His political interests in the 1930s were like his scholarly pursuits—focused on Europe. He never expressed any public regret for having been an apologist for Nazism, even after the dreadful war that resulted from their revolution. By April 1945 all of the points sketched by him in his early Argus articles had become a terrible reality—the benign attitude of the Nazis to war (4 February 1933); their bellicose intentions (4 March 1933); their leader's strengths and weaknesses (12 March 1932). Only now post facto, did Lodewyckx concede, and then only privately, that the tendencies he had earlier outlined were the probable cause of the conflict that had ensued and destroyed considerable portions of Europe. However, he could not do so without also noting that Hitler's final 'Political Testament'—a pro-Nazi fake, unknown to him—had denied any responsibility for having initiated the war.⁹⁹ He seemed to agree with this piece of historical revisionism to the end

V

Lower down the academic pecking order, amongst teachers and students, there were other thinkers who splashed around in the pool of the ultra-nationalists.

One young visitor to the tendentious atmosphere of Huize Eikenbosch in the 1930s was the Melbourne undergraduate Manning Clark, who would further his studies at Oxford before returning home in 1940 to a teaching post and eventually obtaining the permanent academic position he so earnestly desired in May 1944. Along the way, he had acquired some measure of an Australian chauvinism that owed something to the ultra-nationalism espoused by Stephensen, whom he later befriended. An accomplished scholar at Melbourne of history and language, and a lover of the outdoors, Clark had not been drawn to Lodewyckx's Leseverein or to the quasi-Wandervögel outdoor activities into which the professor conscripted his own students. It was another call of nature that drew him into this family circle at some time before his departure for England in August 1938—the lure of Dymphna Lodewyckx, now returned from her Munich Gymnasium having matured intellectually and physically. The Cowling affair and the publication of Stephensen's Foundations apparently had little immediate impact on him-'That would come later', he admitted—for the ancient world and British history were the mainstays of his academic interest whilst still at Melbourne. 100 Only later, whilst teaching at Geelong Grammar in the war years did he fully find Australian history and only then did Foundations finally begin to find meaning for Clark the teacher. It continued to do so for Clark the academic, even when it was diplomatic not to mention the influence of its disgraced author following his downfall.

Miss Lodewyckx had played a part in the first steps of this journey of discovery. If her beau had failed to find Stephensen before the 'Roaring Forties', the blossoming Dymphna had not and unlike Manning, who shrunk from his first humiliating meeting with the paterfamilias, she could not be brow-beaten by the over-bearing father to whom everything Australian seemed questionable. Dymphna had won the prestigious Mollison Travelling Scholarship in 1937 allowing her to undertake postgraduate study as a von Humboldt scholar at the august University of Bonn. She had done so by writing an essay on 'The Cultural Outlook in Australia', a topic motivated in part by having read Stephensen's magnum opus and his anti-Cowling pamphlet. She recalled the deep impression that his work had made on her as late as May 1952 in correspondence with the author, now noisily enduring rural self-exile at Bethanga in northern Victoria: 'My first duty is to discharge a ridiculously overdue debt of thanks... Needless to say, I had by chance read your work a few weeks previously... Thank you!'101 Stephensen, in reply, was flattered that his writings had come 'just in time to stir your own cerebrations!' and asked the now Mrs Clark to send him her 1937 essay. 102 Soon after its authorship, by late 1938, Dymphna and Manning were comfortably settled in their respective foreign universities, although it seems that of the two, Bonn proved more amenable for one than did Oxford for the other; Clark failed to excel at cricket, a source of continued disappointment

to him in his Oxford period. The relationship between the two Melbourne expatriate scholars was sufficiently ongoing for them to contemplate spending some months together in Germany from November 1938 and Clark's record of the following two months, as well as his subsequent outlook almost up to his departure from Europe in mid-1940, suggest that the sojourn in Hitler's Reich was not as initially distasteful to the socially awkward young man as was later suggested in the memoirs of an older, wiser one. This was regardless of the fact that the young Manning Clark was never an enthusiast for the ideology of Hitler's Germany and that the mature man was noted by those who knew him as one who hated Nazism with a passion. 103 Although he proved an astute observer of the many faults that he detected first-hand in Nazi society, Clark did find certain aspects of the German revolution understandable, even excusable, and he would subsequently identify with the strident anti-British sentiments of a Germany preparing for, and later fighting, a war. Only the end of the phony war, in April-May 1940, caused him to readjust his outlook and to revise his January 1939 view that there was a case for the suspension of any judgement against the German experiment until it was more advanced. 104 This was an academic luxury that many could not afford, particularly those with their own experience of persecution and repression.

Post-mortem re-evaluation of Clark and his legacy has muddied the waters of any attempt to assess his first-hand response to Nazism in this period. So too has the self-deception behind his frequently repeated claim to have arrived in Bonn on the morning after Kristallnacht, which he had already incorrectly cited in 1990 as being on 8 November 1938—it was actually the night of 9-10 November, but this follower of the 'ratbag tradition' was notoriously cavalier with minor details. 105 Sometimes he cited his arrival on the 11 November; sometimes he was vaguer. 106 It is now well known that Clark did not meet Dymphna at a German railway station (probably Bonn, possibly Cologne) until Saturday, 26 November, even though his new diary problematically and casually recorded that day as the twenty-fifth. It would, however, be extravagant (to use his biographer's description) to discount the accuracy of his statements elsewhere as a consequence of this 'parable'. Despite the problem of dating, his travel diaries must be allowed to speak for themselves as the genuine expression of the inner man in accordance with his view of the prime importance that an historian ought to attach to the primary sources. 107 Although the shocking evidence of the recent extensive atrocities was still evident on the streets of Bonn a fortnight after the horror, the contemporary diarist gave no indication of any immediate, adverse reaction to Kristallnacht. He noted the uniforms and the ubiquitous portraits of Hitler in Bonn, but wrongly perceived that life here was otherwise much the same as in England.¹⁰⁸ The real witness to the real horror had been Dymphna Lodewyckx and she had sent an explanatory newspaper clipping to Manning in Oxford on 12 November. 109 On his eventual arrival, the picturesque Beethoven's Geburtshaus (birth-house) beckoned more than the grim aftermath of the 'purge of November 10th', which Clark did not consider worthy of a mention until his diary entry of 2 December, when the young student encountered his first German denial of Hitler's complicity in that atrocity (from the Bonn physics professor Pflüger). This also proved to be his first disconcerting indication of the status and 'halo of infallibility' that the German leader enjoyed. Even then, Clark found his first aggressive Nazi conversationalist (the Professor of Law at Bonn) 'not unpleasant'. 110 A journey soon after to nearby Cologne with its more extensive anti-Semitic public signage was educational, although he still 'felt glad' and 'very safe', even if he now conceded that the 'Jewish question is a very complex one' following a conversation with the retired Professor of Geography at Bonn on 11 December.111 It was far more complex than he ever realised in this period, as he would have known had he, like Dymphna, actually been present in the country on the morning after Kristallnacht.

Whatever the reaction of the young lovers to the rampant anti-Semitic violence of this period, it did not prevent them from spending a white Christmas in the Rhineland and Bavaria including Munich, where they arrived on 23 December 1938 with ready access to many of Dymphna's acquaintances from her days as a student at a local Gymnasium. 112 On this first day, like many another foreign tourist Clark visited the 'die Ewige Wache', the memorial to the martyrs of the 1923 Putsch in the Königsplatz, the forum which now constituted the heart of the Nazi movement. The Australian student found it 'a beautiful scene, quite serene, very impressive'.113 This is not to say that the visiting couple were distanced from the less serene, the less impressive aspects of the cradle of Nazism, for Clark eventually seemed more taken by the architectural monuments of the movement than by its adherents, having been startled by the aggression of the militarised son of one of Dymphna's old friends, Frau Horn. It led him to wonder whether Nazism was really a 'gloss' rather than 'deep-set' in the German psyche, implying the former.¹¹⁴ This perceptive analysis was one that had escaped the attention of many other Australian tourists at the time.

There were extended opportunities to test this puzzle over the following few weeks after further meetings with parents of Dymphna's old school friends, both German and now-ostracised Jews, as well as through encounters with strangers in restaurants, in Munich's famous beer-halls (once the haven of the bibulous William Baylebridge, but now rarely the site of Nazi party gatherings) and in places of more elevated culture. By Christmas, following a visit to the new 'House of German Art', the architecture and collection of which reflected Hitler's personal taste, Clark had concluded that the 'new outlook, the idea of

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the superman, the man of power' was an artificial one, and that 'man could not live up to it'. This was a sensible assessment of the ideology that would have proved sobering to the distant Australian enthusiasts had they been able to read it. 115 These growing reservations were fuelled by a visit before the turn of the New Year to the house of Otto Wiener, a German Jew who had endured the Nazi hospitality of suburban Dachau in the aftermath of Kristallnacht, which Clark must surely now have been pleased to have missed.116 Wiener was a Great War veteran, a section of the Jewish population falsely promised immunity by the Nazis in the early years. Following this first-hand account of Nazi 'brutality and bestiality', Clark could no longer have been under any illusions about aspects of the 'new outlook' and New Year's Eve confirmed the couple's sense of foreboding. It was spent either in a Munich café or in a beer-hall according to Dymphna's recall, possibly the hallowed Hofbräuhaus where they had drunk and dined four nights earlier in a convivial atmosphere. This evening, however, proved to be a drunken and vulgar occasion that was marked by an unwise exchange between a possibly inebriated Clark and another certainly drunk patron over 'Red Spain', with the visitor subsequently reflecting on the dangerous nature of the 'violent tendencies of the lower orders' that had been channelled into ubiquitous Hitler worship.117 Clark recalled confronting his table mate with the provocative 'Wie geht's in Rotspanien?' (How is it going in Red Spain?)—he had learned only three days earlier that this was the standard term of reference in Nazi Germany to the ailing Spanish republic.118 Nevertheless, new year sobriety sought refuge in a tireless gem of German romantic culture through a 'magnificent performance' of Wagner's Tannhäuser at the National Theatre; Clark's diary contained only an enthusiastic report about this evening, without any of the suggestions of his memoirs that the experience was soured by his troubled conscience (the composer's work being closely associated with Hitlerism at that time).119

Soon it was time to leave Hitler's Wonderland, warts-and-all, and to return to Oxford. One of the last German entries in the Clark travel diary, on 3 January 1939, effectively summarised the dual nature of the impressions he had formed in those passing weeks. He recalled accounts of the abuse of Bavarian dissidents by the SS (and of the resistance to them from the local fire brigade), but also reported without comment the observation made by an Irishman whom they had encountered on the train back to Bonn: 'The men in power know what they are doing.' By now, the two young Australians had seen enough to harbour doubts, if not overwhelming ones. Although once back in the dreaming spires, Clark soon prevailed on Dymphna to abandon her doctoral studies in Germany and to seek refuge with him, it seems that the motivation behind his urging was more personal than political—they married on the last day of January, much to the eventual horror of the Lodewyckx clan back in Melbourne. 121 He was unable

to mollify their hostility for some considerable time, even though as a prospective son-in-law, Clark had written to Anna Lodewyckx from Bonn in December decrying the low ebb that German university life was experiencing in the new order, an assertion that served to justify Dymphna's academic retreat from Bonn in the following month. 122 Although both Associate Professor and Mrs Lodewyckx had earlier commented with approval on the enthusiasm for Nazism to be encountered amongst the country's university students, this was the one aspect of German life that Augustin had found wanting on his most recent visit in 1937–38. Later (during the war), the professor recalled his dismay at the high number of vacant university chairs and the lower number of students at these institutions, figures he suggested were symptoms of German academic 'decay'. 123

Despite Clark's critique of what he had seen on the Bonn campus, once again ensconced in the cloisters of Oxford, the young, impressionable scholar seemed to set aside many of the other unpleasant aspects that he had seen and heard of in the now distant Reich, exhibiting a certain sympathy for Germany's position on foreign affairs, particularly in regard to her relations with the British Empire, an institution that Clark now seemed to revile. This dangerous flirtation would endure for the remainder of his sojourn in England, even after the declaration of war. Clark may have had little truck with Nazi ideology, but he still seemed prepared (like Robert Menzies) to give the 'German experiment' the benefit of considerable doubt and the diary from January 1939 until the outbreak of war continually expressed this point of view. Soon after his return in mid-January, he confided confidence in Germany's peaceful protestations about her eastern policy, expressing his distaste for the critical attitude towards Germany of another expatriate Australian scholar. Against this 'moral self-righteousness', Clark expressed his understanding of the 'German case' against England, likening modern Germany's 'ruthlessness' to that employed by the English in the establishment of her imperial projects—he wondered whether it was also the sign of her 'creative work'.124 He was even 'nauseated' by the cynical observations made about Germany by the lecturer Mr Brogan, concluding that the Reich differed from Britain only in her method rather than in any substance. Clark had now developed serious reservations about the English and their attitude of moral superiority; these would endure for the rest of his life.125

Before the first month of the new year was out, he expressed an understanding of the recent strengthening of the position of the extremists in Germany (this had included the dismissal of Dr Schacht from all offices): 'If the Nazis have a work to perform, a mission to fulfil, they are justified in taking preliminary measures to ensure the success of their plan, to leave no loophole open. Judgement must be suspended.' He saw no justification for any armed resistance to German ambitions. Hitler's threatening, watershed speech

on foreign affairs to the *Reichstag* on 30 January 1939—the prospect of which caused consternation in Canberra's minute Department of External Affairs—met his approval, despite its promise of the annihilation of European Jewry in the event of war (of which he made no mention). The young radio listener thought it 'very moving' and a clear statement of Germany's position that was unworthy of the ridicule it excited amongst those who openly despised the German leader. Clark did acknowledge (to himself) that defending Germany's aspirations left one open to the impossible need to justify the 'Jewish persecution', but he still thought it important to distinguish between these 'natural and justified' aspirations and distasteful 'Nazi methods'. Unconsciously, he had now taken a position very close to that of Joseph Lyons the ultra-appeaser, who had refused to criticise Kristallnacht in public. Uncomfortable though this might have been, it was of a different character from that of the distant W.J. Miles, an open Nazi enthusiast, and the openly pro-Nazi sentiments of Augustin and Anna Lodewyckx.

The increasing bellicosity of Nazi Germany in the remaining months of peace did little to modify Clark's benign assessment of Berlin's attitude. With war appearing increasingly likely as the Munich agreement gradually dissolved in 1939, he was insistent that the younger generation (such as himself) should be spared from any remnant of the earlier belief in the 'German menace'. 130 Soon he was able to gauge some selected continental opinion on such matters when the couple travelled to Flanders in order to visit Dymphna's cousins in Antwerp. It was only three months since the last Belgian federal election of April 1939 and it could not have come as a surprise to a man now absorbed into the Lodewyckx clan that the Flemish Nationalists (who had won 12% of the regional vote) favoured the Nazis and wanted a separate administration.¹³¹ Within six weeks of that observation, a European war would break out and in due course offer these Flemish enthusiasts the opportunity for just that, although not quite under the circumstances that some of them may have envisaged. By then, Mr and Mrs Clark were back in England and the wisdom of Dymphna's hasty, if reluctant, evacuation from Bonn seemed to have been confirmed, but her young husband was no more comfortable with the prosecution of war against Germany than were some of those Lodewyckx cousins in neutral Belgium.

Manning Clark enjoyed an access to Germany and to Germans in 1938–39 that was deeper than that of most Australian visitors to the country. Thanks to Dymphna's linguistic ability, experience and personal contacts, the young scholar from Melbourne was offered a valuable opportunity to assess national-socialism free of many of the restraints that inhibited the judgements of others. Whilst he left the *Reich* with few illusions about the violent nature of the predominant ideology, there remained an understandable respect for timeless German culture

and a Deutschesschwärmes ('enthusiasm for Germany'), which even Nazism could not dilute to any significant extent. When that respectful enthusiasm was mixed with his increasing contempt for English mores, the end product was an outlook that remained sympathetic to Germany's search for her place-in-the-sun even after September 1939. However, Clark was astute enough to distance himself from the boisterous enthusiasts for Hitler's Germany, either in England from April 1940 or back home after August. In his 1979 James Duhig Memorial Lecture, ('The Quest for an Australian Identity') at Stephensen's alma mater, Professor Clark made the cautious observation that whilst academics like 'to paddle and splash one another', they leave it to the artists, the 'loonies', to dive to the bottom.¹³² This described Clark's own callow flirtation with the radical ideas that he had encountered at Huize Eikenbosch prior to 1938 and in Nazi Germany itself in 1938-39. One important factor in understanding his pro-German (but not pro-Nazi) sentiment at the end of the thirties lies in an understanding of the difficult relationship between Clark and his parents-in-law, whom he was always eager to placate—it proved an arduous, even impossible task and his biographer found evidence that even the mature man would vent his feelings by writing endless notes to himself that read 'Fuck the Lodewyckxes, Fuck the Lodewyckxes'. 133 The Clark of the late thirties was not yet confident enough to reach such a blunt conclusion. Fortunately, the young student had remained a paddler rather than a bottom-diving Nazi enthusiast and there is no evidence in the diary of the anti-Semitism allegedly found in his later work; rather Clark demonstrated that he understood the difficulties in which these unfortunate people were now placed.¹³⁴ Some of his more startling private observations of the time, however, could also be excused through a recall of the assessment made by his first academic patron, Professor Crawford of the University of Melbourne. In September 1938, Crawford told the expectant Master of Balliol College, Oxford, that his young client was 'always apt to neglect the obvious for the remote'. 135 This was certainly the case at the time of his visit to Hitler's Germany and in the months that followed. As a wiser Clark admitted to an ABC interviewer in September 1989, most of us do not always catch up with what is really happening before our eyes. 136 The episode of the brief Clark sojourn in Nazi Germany further illustrated that the seductive appeal of Nazism could exercise itself even on the most intelligent (like Murray and Professor Lodewyckx) and the most sensitive of people (like Clark himself), as well as on their blunter cousins. It was some years before the full depravity of the 'German experiment' became evident to the renowned Australian scholar of the future. Only then did he give full vent to the revulsion he had repressed in his Oxford years. In doing so, he more than compensated for any earlier sins of omission and for any later errors of chronology.

If Manning Clark was not prepared to dive to the bottom of a slimy pool, other expatriate Australian students were happier to submerge themselves in the extreme of rightist politics. Professor Chisholm was merely Australia's most prominent Maurrassian from the mid twenties onwards; he was not the only one. There was another who (like Clark) later ascended the rungs into academia from school teaching, but who (unlike Clark) made no effort to distance himself from his youthful outlook. The Sydneysider Kelver Hartley (b.1909) was a doctoral candidate of French language and literature at the Sorbonne in 1933-35 and he soon became another Maurrassian and home-grown quasi-Nazi élitist. Like so many others, he too suffered from Lawrence's 'Fascism in the head' after mixing with radical Rightist circles in the French capital, including adherents of Action Française. Hartley later claimed to have participated in the Stavisky riots of February 1934—Alex Stavisky was a fraudulent Jewish bond dealer whose exposure had sparked the fierce anti-Semitism that persisted in certain layers of French society—and boasted of having exchanged shots with the Garde Mobile in the course of that Rightist attempt to overthrow the French government.¹³⁷ Chisholm later also noted the pro-leftist partisanship of the Paris police during this period of political turbulence chiefly fomented by Action Française and the Croix de Feu. On his safe return to Australia, Hartley taught French in NSW schools at Newcastle, Armidale, Gosford and at Sydney Boys High. He later lectured in French at the University of Newcastle from 1955, holding professorial office from 1965-69. As a secondary teacher before the war, his radical political views were apparent to those of his students disposed to detect them and Hartley affected the white shirt and white tie of the rightist French politician he most admired—Pierre Laval. 138 Laval was still far from being a Nazi enthusiast (if he was ever one) in this period, but Hartley was not. He was a consistent critic amongst his students and fellow teachers of 'head-counting' democracy as the victory of the mass over the élite (amongst whom he included himself). Once the war against Nazi Germany began, Hartley unsurprisingly hoped for an Axis victory and within days of the outbreak of hostilities he had come to the attention of the NSW special branch. Sergeant Simons and Constable Jones visited Sydney Boys High 'FOR DISCREET INQUIRY' and interviewed the supposed Nazi sympathiser, issuing a damning report on the 'Man named Hartley' on 8 September 1939.¹³⁹ They noted that in Paris in 1934 he had befriended the sympathetic police prefect Chiappe, who was allegedly a 'Facist [sic] and a stout believer in the Hitler Regime'—the prefect's dismissal had caused the crisis of February 1934 in Paris. They also recorded that at the time of Kristallnacht, Dr Hartley was said to have commented that 'all Jews should be put up against a wall

And shot'. Despite his suspicious friendship with the (now detained) Professor Neumann of the University of Sydney, these policemen charitably concluded that there was no specific evidence of subversive behaviour and that therefore no action ought to be taken against him. Accordingly, Hartley survived the war unscathed and unmolested, although he had not altered his political views.

In 1939, Hartley began work on a semi-autobiographical novel 'Optimism' (from the Latin optimi—'the best'). The manuscript was not discovered until after his death in 1988 in the cheap Sydney boarding-house room (\$25-perweek) where he had lived out his final years as a miserly loner. The work was notable not for its literary merit, but for its political content—it was the type of ideological fiction that would have been circulated by Australia's Nazi dreamers had the outcome of the war been what they had hoped and Stephensen's literary 'resurgence' become a reality. 140 The chief character of 'Optimism' was a poor, dispossessed boy who despaired of egalitarian democracy and contemplated alternatives. Firstly, he dismissed 'Communism' as too respectable for him. If it had kept 'poor', as it was in the Paris commune of 1871, 'he'd have made one in its brotherhood' but 'nowadays it was a career' and had become institutionalized and bureaucratized like a church; a 'People's Commissar' was little more than a modern cardinal. Then he examined other alternatives such as 'Reformism, transformism, Fabian socialism and social-democracy'. All were similarly rejected as 'coming from above' (from the 'Happy People'), expressing as they did absurd notions detached from harsh reality, like a child saying something of which it has no comprehension. By the time of the manuscript's completion in 1949, the national-socialist path Hartley preferred as 'coming from below' from 'the Defeated' was no longer an option and was dismissed as 'treachery' by those around the lone puerile hero. These deluded enemies of the true faith accordingly received a considerable serve in 'Optimism', where parliamentary democracy and the 'trade-union route to politics' were graphically likened to 'a drunken ape in a gutter, holding his head over the pool he's spewed'. There was no point, he concluded, in going into parliament: 'We'll make it a rat-warren spiritually akin to the mean streets behind us.'

Despite these sombre and pessimistic assessments, the hero of 'Optimism' did have a rather incoherent 'Solution':

Reserve loyalty and love untouched, till you can offer them to a party wholly compounded of such, men from the motor classes, the professionists, middle classes, 'bourgeoisie' call them what you will. No revolution can be made without the 'bourgeoisie', still less against the 'bourgeoisie'. Not if you properly understand by the term knowers, rather than havers, the monopolists of skill, robbed by the rich, but timidly, disliked by the poor, but reluctantly, masters of either and of all, the day

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they choose to unite. The 'bourgeoisie' has most to give, and, believe it or not, is most unselfish.

Although the author referred to this vision as 'phrenarchy'—the rule of the intellectually gifted—it described the self-image of the largely bourgeois Nazi revolution. It was far from Stephensen's desire to astonish the same class. Although it never saw the light of day, 'Optimism' gave an eccentric voice to the anti-democratic, anti-egalitarian ideals that motivated other Australian Nazi enthusiasts as well as Hartley the lone-wolf. Its foundation was the belief that had driven them all—contempt for the 'completely unproven assumption that all men are equal'. 141 Rather, 'men are not, have never been, and never will be equal.' Such inequality was to be found in weight, height, speed, strength, skill, artistry and intelligence. Above all, the dejected hero decried the political equality that levelled 'Einstein the physicist with Einstein the plumber'. His 'Solution' aside, Hartley's hero was too late, given that at the time of its completion the Axis had already been vanquished. The 'treacherous' mob described therein by Hartley the novelist was already under the sway of what he called 'the stronger ruffian' and the manuscript failed to trouble any publisher. The post-war transformation of 'Doctor' into 'Professor' Hartley did little to ameliorate the extreme views contained therein—his first appointment as head of department at Newcastle was that of a Melbourne postgraduate called Ivan Barko, whose doctoral thesis on Charles Maurras had contributed to the rehabilitation of that sage of the radical Right, to the delight of another frustrated advocate of phrenarchy, Professor Chisholm.142

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Kelvin Hartley was only one Australian doctoral candidate who returned from a European university with a foreign ideological example in mind for local consumption. Although Hartley the teacher generally kept his views within the confines of his classrooms and staff common rooms (as well as for the privacy of his writing desk), Dr Erich Meier felt no such reserve and propagandised more widely on behalf of the new wave. Meier was the Renmark teacher of German extraction with British 'fascist' links and some contacts with Mills. Favouring local political activity rather than involvement in the ethnic political machinations of the Nazi party itself, Meier nevertheless promised much to Dr Becker amongst others, but delivered little. His most enduring contribution to the cause of the dreamers was not these failed promises of activism through an 'Australian Fascist Party', but his authorship of several articles on Nazi Germany in the local *Murray Pioneer*, June–July 1936. This obscure, rural journalism alone was sufficient to

ensure his internment during the war. Back on the staff of the Renmark District Agricultural High School after three years of doctoral research at the University of Leipzig, 1932–35, Dr Meier was keen to enlighten his fellow Australians about what he had witnessed in the *Reich* both before and after the 'Seizure of Power'.

'Germany As I Know It. Hitler Comes to Power' on 18 June 1936 was his first attempt to do so and his sympathetic editor correctly noted the a 'directness that leaves no doubt as to the manner in which the new regime has fired the imagination of the whole nation'. The article began with a description of Leipzig in 1932 during the death throes of the Weimar electoral system; street clashes between rival groups; the growth of communism; the jousting of over 'thirty parties' of which twenty-four were represented in the Reichstag and finally, perhaps the most memorable item for the post-Depression Australian reader, the reminder that the unemployed numbered over six million, thus diminishing the welfare of some fifteen million Germans (a quarter of the population). It was a grim picture. Once Hitler became Chancellor, however, the wheels of recovery began to turn, although Meier noted that the Reichstag fire showed that there was no prospect of 'reasoning' with communists. Accordingly, the task of 'cleansing' and 'rebuilding' Germany began after the March 1933 election and Hitler 'had achieved the almost incredible even when I left Germany in 1935'. Dr Meier then offered his Riverland readers a potted account of the ideology behind the man and he did not believe that Hitler was merely an imitator of Mussolini, or that German 'National Socialism' was merely the northern franchise of Italian 'Fascism':

In brief, National Socialism stands for a Germany on a national and social basis. It is an entirely new philosophy or creed. The basis of National Socialism is responsibility and sacrifice. The welfare of the public before that of the individual is the foremost law of National Socialism—the Nation is everything, the individual nothing.

Even though the last phrase was a better description of fascism than of race-obsessed national-socialism, Meier had made his point. As for the 'individual freedom' that the average Australian prized so much, the author insisted that this continued to exist in Nazi Germany 'within certain limits, which are determined by the public welfare first'. That these limits were clearly defined was obvious from his closing remarks: 'The political basis of National Socialism is authority and discipline.' It was 'not a dictatorship in the old autocratic sense, but a leadership'. These were fine distinctions.

A week later, on 25 June, the same brand of propaganda reappeared as 'Hitler Puts Policy to Practice', which outlined the leader's attempts to address the national 'distress' that had led to an 'alarming moral and spiritual decay',

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the whole caused by 'unscrupulous financial magnates' who had constructed a 'financiers state within a state'. This was Meier's only reference to Germany's Jews, already deprived of citizenship at the time of writing and soon to be deprived of other things. He then offered a selective outline of recent practice in Germany, including the creation of the 'Labour Service' in order to absorb the unemployed and to create the reality of 'Socialism'. The 'concentration camps' were dismissed as institutions for renegade 'politicals', established to segregate the contagious communists, to instruct the other inmates in 'National Socialist ideals' and 'to teach them to become good citizens'. Clearly, Erich Meier as a doctoral candidate had not visited Buchenwald, the closest camp to Leipzig. This second article did acknowledge the Nazi obsession with race, but soothed any concerns amongst white Australians by reminding them (correctly and in a manner similar to Lodewyckx) that the Nazis defined 'Aryan' as covering all of the 'Indo-Germanic' peoples. His rural audience was also reminded that Australians considered it acceptable to extol animal breeding, but that they ridiculed the application of these principles in humans, possibly some acknowledgement on his part that selling Nazism was still a difficult task in sunny Australia.

Nevertheless, Meier seemed keen to confront these difficulties head on in his last article, on 2 July 1936: 'Misrepresentations Refuted—the Jewish Question'. His opening comments seemed to admit that he could only preach to the converted:

National Socialism is a new philosophy. A philosophy is not a matter which one accepts or turns down, as is done with programmes in party politics. National Socialism cannot be judged or criticized objectively. It cannot be fully understood by one who is not imbued with similar ideas himself, just as Christianity is incomprehensible to a Non-Christian, but a conviction to him who has experienced it.

Still, he tried to spread his gospel to 'We Australians' by discussing the palatable 'Winter Help' charitable program, the 'Strength-through-Joy' movement for holidaying workers and the 'Mother and Child' maternal welfare system, which was premised on the inequality of the sexes: 'Woman has her very definite sphere and duty in life, just as man has his.' As for those outside the *Volksgemeinschaft*, the Jews, Meier reminded Australians of the statistics that had drawn 'Tacitus' in the *Bulletin* and later Pankhurst Walsh to the similar conclusion that Jews had been over-represented in some areas of German life. They were, Meier drily noted, only 1% of the population, but over-represented in the professions—74% of Prussian judges, 54% of Berlin lawyers, 52% of Berlin doctors, 50% of theatre directors, 12 out of 16 of the board of directors of the capital's stock exchange. Following the post-war influx of 70,000 foreign Jews,

National Socialism simply stood for 'Germany for the Germans'; the atrocity stories in the foreign press, the Greuelpropaganda, he suggested, were 'false'.' There were several isolated incidents of maltreatment...for which the Germans in question were punished.' The Jews remaining in Germany were 'unmolested' and allowed their own schools and theatres, although most were 'Zionistic' and looked to Palestine. Meier could discern no difficulty about their impending departure other than their own reluctance to leave western Europe. Hitler, he concluded, did not want war, for national-socialism had no 'imperialistic ambitions'-unlike Professor Lodewyckx, Dr Meier seemed unfamiliar with Mein Kampf. His final note was an appeal that sounded more like a cry in the wilderness: 'May the nations at last work together, and co-operate with Germany on an equal footing.' After this, Meier ceased his efforts to sell the new ideology to his fellow-Australians, a task that became increasingly difficult in the following three years of peace up to September 1939, when Hitler demonstrated beyond doubt that he did want war and that he did have imperialistic ambitions. The only people that Meier seemed to have convinced outside of the circle of the already converted were the security services, who thought his outlook warranted wartime internment.

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The long-suffering Dymphna Lodewyckx at Bonn had noticed that the German attitude to foreign university students in these years was 'sink-or-swim'. She was swimming well enough until January 1939 when she was persuaded to withdraw from her doctoral studies by her husband-to-be, probably against her better judgement (and certainly against that of her father). Nevertheless, the Nazi attitude to foreign students was officially welcoming, a similar approach to that extended to tourists, travellers and official guests. As Miss Lodewyckx found, however, the reality was often different. Geoffrey Cox, a Nazi-inclined student from New Zealand had travelled to Germany in early 1933 hoping to collect stories sympathetic to the regime and its system of youth labour, but succeeded only in being beaten up by Nazi students in Berlin for not saluting their banner. 143 The authorities had soon Nazified the DAAD (Deutsche Akademische Auslandsstelle), the organisation that oversaw foreign students founded in 1930, and such outrages were hushed this up; the foreign students themselves were urged to inform those at home that everything in Germany was safe and normal.¹⁴⁴ Soon, the DAAD was joined, in Nazi bureaucratic style, by several other rivals, who recruited and supervised the admission of foreign students according to a 'foreign-cultural policy' supervised by 1935 Institute of German Cultural Exchange (Anstalt Deutscher Kulturaustausch). Fees were dropped

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for foreign students and scholarships extended, but the numbers nonetheless declined markedly in the peacetime years (unsurprising since Jewish students had constituted some 20% of their numbers in the Twenties). Some of those who did come, however, needed little official coaxing or coercion to sing the praises of the society, which they had temporarily joined.

There were some Australian students amongst this group of enthusiasts and the ever-dutiful *Die Brücke* was happy to circulate their favourable impressions, even when offered to them under the cover of anonymity. On 25 August 1934 (only weeks after the 'Night of the Long Knives'), editor von Skerst published 'Conditions in Germany', supposedly written by an Australian university student who considered himself 'lucky' to be in contemporary Germany. He explained the reasons for his elation given that 'in our lifetime we have never seen any other political movement which is as interesting as National Socialism', specifically denying the accuracy of most accounts found elsewhere in the Australian press. As for the new ideology, he offered an explanation that bordered on an *apologia*:

It is hard enough to define it, even when one is on the scene, mainly because it is growing, evolving and has not yet achieved a final form. The ideals set up by its leaders may change somewhat... It is a shifting of emphasis in a philosophy of life—a movement of youth which must later carry it through.

Like Erich Meier, it was the collectivist element of Nazism that appealed to this idealistic young man:

The process of levelling is limited by the formula that no one shall profit to the detriment of the whole, which is conceived, not as a loose, but as an organic unity. Its slogan is *Gemeinnutz vor Eigennutz* (altruism before egoism, the welfare of the whole before that of the individual).

That such an approach proved a siren to youth is not surprising and soon after, Dr R. Bronner of the University of Adelaide expounded on 'The Nazi Appeal to Youth' in a radio broadcast. His observations about the appeal of the ideology were as relevant to the enthusiasts of Australia as they were to the youth of Nazi Germany. Dr Bronner outlined the establishment and organisation of the Hitler Youth organisation in Germany (without mentioning Hitler's initial opposition to the organisation of people too young to vote in the many electoral contests of the Weimar period). The appeal of the ideology, he assured his listeners, was its demand that youth turn their backs on the old *Weltanschauung* of the previous century, the crude individualism of which Nazism condemned 'root and branch'. Like that other broadcaster, Augustin Lodewyckx, Bronner noted

the link between Hitler and Luther, the 'apostle of freedom', arguing that Nazism was not hostile to the concept of 'political liberty', but only to the nineteenthcentury's perversion of freedom, which had elevated 'political representation' over the political education of the individual. This convoluted logic allowed him to conclude that 'Nazi Germany stands for the same political ideal of liberty as does England'.145 The German dictatorship was thus a temporary measure in place until the individual was sufficiently educated and the new society had produced the 'socially minded citizen'. Then, and only then, could youth contemplate 'democracy' and 'self-government'. In this almost-Marxian process, the university was primarily a 'citizen-making institution' intended to produce leaders, not scholars. The new political leadership that would be produced by these practical institutions was to be an 'educator as well as a legislator', holding in check the self-interest and individualism which inspired the bulk of humanity. Bronner did not liken this envisaged system to that outlined by Plato, but it was clearly a modern version of the 'Guardians' of whom he was speaking. Professor Bronner was clearly captivated by a vision of Plato in Hitler's Wonderland and hoped that German (and Australian) youth would join him. He offered no schedule for the withering away of dictatorship; nor did he offer an answer to Juvenal's timeless question about the integrity of those who elevate themselves above others: Quis custodiet ipsos custodes? ('Who will guard the guards themselves?'). That was all for the future, a future that never came.

Ω

The response of these intellectual enthusiasts (whether they were academics, teachers or students) to what they saw or read about Hitler's Germany demonstrated that exposure to the halls of higher learning offered no immunity to political viruses in various forms. German university students had demonstrated this to a marked degree before Hitler's accession to the Chancellery, as Lodewyckx had noticed. Anti-Semitism had been expressed by a noisy proportion of undergraduates through petitions and outright street violence in 1931, when the campuses of Berlin, Cologne, Hamburg and Munich all witnessed considerable Nazi-inspired, student unrest. Once the new order was established, there was a measure of public support even for the symbolic book-burning from prominent academics such as Professor Bertram of Cologne, Professor Naumann of Bonn and, most significantly, from Martin Heidegger at Freiburg—the émigrés were significant in number and character, but the acceptance of the New Order by the broad majority of their peers was of greater political significance. 146 Intellectuals abroad (like Roberts and even Lodewyckx) often looked askance at this collaboration and the consequent drop in academic standards in the

TOTAL TOTAL

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august universities of the *Reich*, but there was no shortage of those in Australia similarly prepared to stomach Plato's 'noble lie' that the masses were incapable of understanding truth. This Platonic principle brought together such unlikely bed-fellows as Stephensen, Mills, Waterhouse, Chisholm, Lodewyckx, Hartley, Meier, Bronner and even Murray throughout the thirties. Their acceptance of it allowed them to maintain their enthusiasm for the German revolution and, in some cases, to advocate the same ideas at home, just as it had motivated many German intellectuals. Once the kind of peace that constituted the early years of Nazism came to an end, on 3 September 1939, these thinkers had much more to contemplate than Platonic theories of social inequality. Gilbert Murray's 1937 theorem that Hitler was 'prepared to be a good European' was about to be tested *in extremis*. So too were the intellectual Australian enthusiasts for Hitler's Germany.



The 'Bunyip Critic': P. R. 'Inky' Stephensen, c.1934.

Stephensen was Australia's most prominent Nazi enthusiast, although the toothbrush moustache dated from the 1920s, before he abandoned Marxism for another extreme ideology. Despite his demeanour in this photograph from the mid-thirties, 'Inky' was generally a congenial, affable character, but he soon displayed the fanaticism of the convert, convinced that the Nazi ideology could be applied at home in an 'Aryan Australia'. An effective journalist and agitator, the 'Bunyip Critic' reminded a fellow-writer that 'You cannot claim to be "more Australian" than I, for I am an Australian National Socialist' and refused to show post-war contrition. *State Library of NSW*.



The reception at the Adelaide Town Hall prior to the departure of the Australian team for the Olympic Games in Berlin, 25 May 1936.

The small, financially-straitened team also included several live kangaroo mascots (not included in this shot). There were only four women and they were not invited to a concert of welcome given by the Berlin Philharmonic at the Olympic village. On opening day, Saturday, 1 August, Hitler inspected only one team—the Australians. No-one knew why, although one athlete thought that 'perhaps it was our record during the war'. The team came home with only a single bronze medal, but also with favorable impressions of the new Germany.



Editor and Directors A. R. Mills, 76 PH Street, Sydney.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

"WE CAN AFFORD TO

"We can afford to wait," says Bolshevik - Jew - Litvinoff alias Rolabevik - Jew - Litvinoff alias Pinklelatein alias etc. etc. It seems to be true. Perhaps it is true. Slowly or fast, the drift toward the Spanish horror gues on here. A few years ago the suggestion of such a thing happening in Aus-tralia or England would have pro-duced laughter. But not to-day. We are drifting on the cultural flood that leads to—Spain of to-day.

day.

"We can afford to wait," is echoed by many "non-British Hritish aubjects. They know why; so do some of our ectionate churchnues. Even a few of our politicians know. They so far, however, are too weak-kneed to point out THE LIE. It costs too much in immediate comfort and THE LIE has not left them unweakened.

Our culture or Jewish born ideal

not left them unweakened.

Our culture or Jewish burn Ideal
Outlook is stronger than our parliament or our laws. The culture or
outlook controls them, gives birth
to them, gives birth to their incidence. The incidence of our culture is manifesting itself in our
conditions—decreasing birthrate, our financial morass, our anxiety.

They can afford to wait. Be-cause despite our little dedges to adjust this and that, it does not alter the direction of the cultural flood leading us on.

But perhaps we can avoid Spain of to-day and Rome of yesterday. We can try. Try now instead of on a darker to-morrow. Try we will.

"TILL THE DAY I DIE"

This is an Anti-German propa-This is an Anti-German propa-gandist play. Its artistic merit is nil. Its value for some is its flag-rant lying. It is written by a Jew; and is supported by Jews and Boishi-Communist; and swallowed perhaps by the too many dupes among us. Admission to this banned play is, of course, free. But who is paying the costs? We think that after patient concentration the business man of Melbourne and Sydney can solve this puzzle.

"The word 'Aryan' has no reference to race," say some (only some) of our University professors. "It refers only to a family of languages," they say.

Wishing to be polite we only say

"Well, well," and ruminate for a
moment on the fraility of human
kind, including some University
professors.

We suggest these persons again look up their philology and their history and philosophy. Dr. Johnson used "Aryan" in reference to race. We think that language itself is fundamentally related to race, and to race mentality.

"Aryan" has much and perhaps

CRASH

Democracy's Co-partner, Usury. No nation or social entity can

approve the principle of usury and live. It is mathematically impossible. £100 at £5 per cent, becomes

sible. 100 at 15 per cent. occomes 1200 in less than 13 years. There is in reality no such thing as Simple interest. It is Compound. Let anyone work out the burden failing on the whole community in respect of our huge indebtedness. Government debts and private

Government debts and private debts doubling every few years. Democracy! National Socialists will deal with this urgency which in a few more years of Democracy must, spart from anything else, bring chaos.

all to do with race. Carlyle used the word in reference to race.

These Anti-Aryans pretend they cannot tell a Chinaman from a Hottentot or an Englishman from either.

They perhaps could not see the difference in breeds of horses—Clydesdales, Shetiand ponies, racohorses, or cart horses. Further, they would breed them all to-

There is usually a reason for this blindness to patent fact; for this deliberate clouding of the meaning of the word Aryan. Look well at these gentlemen and you may get a hint.

OH NO! WE WON'T!

Germany's outlook is largely regard for race. It openly seeks British friendship, as is, of course, logical. Yet our papers are continually pointing to Germany as an aggressor, as the war formentor. "The potential enemy" of Britain, our papers point out, is Germany, and sloganises; "Britain will march side by side with France and Russia." Now we assure the Jew-boys this—"Oh no, we won't. On the contrary we are looking at those trying to lead us on. Eng-land is looking into the matter, thanks to Arnold Loese and Oswald

THEY SHALL INHERIT

We, as doubtless many others, have wondered about the truth of the saying:—"Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

If the rich go on becoming richer If the rich go on becoming richer and the poor becoming poorer as they are to-day, the persons who have been meekest will be making enquiries before long into the matter, enquiring in a manner which will appear to them to be most appropriate to the occasion

most appropriate to the occasion.
We humbly suggest that this
saying and similar, be faced without too much delay. Faced without wriggling, or word twisting or
duplicity. If anyone will say that
this suggestion is "irreligious,"
"paganistic," "blasheratious," "you
do not understand," or other, he

"God send Hitler to deliver us from the power of the Jews," is the prayer of the Ukrainians in churches and newspapers. Yet our nowspapers have never mentioned a word of it. In fact, they have averred to the contrary, and pic-tured a Ukraine trembling in fear of Hitler's Germany.

If our reader will look up the Jewish Chronicle, the "Organ of British Jewry" of February 1934, he will find a lengthy, vivid account corroborating the above.

Why have not our newspapers given us the right perspective in the matter? The answer is easy— Jewish influence in the Press

QUEER PROSPERITY

"Prosperity is with us, is at hand," say Democratic Mr. Stevens, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Menzies, Mr. Dunstan. What humbug; to use as mild a word as truth allows about the whited sepulchre-"Prosperity."

Population falls back. teachers have too few children to fill their schools. A sign of poverty and stark anxiety. People of mar riageable age fear to get married and if they marry fear to have children. What a monument to Democracy—in Australia. The politicians in their hearts know that the Democracy of to-day is done, and must go.

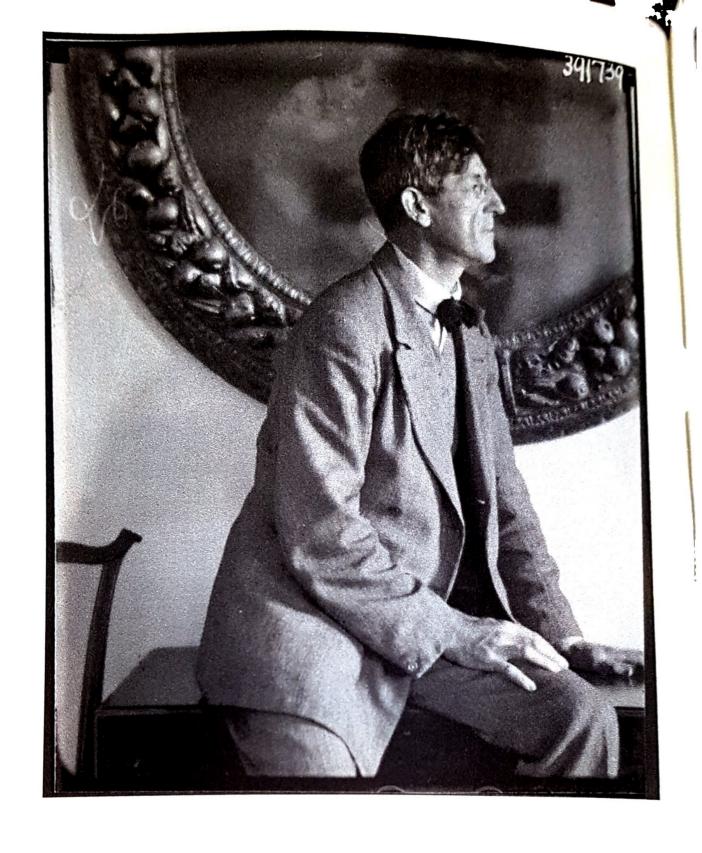
MURDERERS OF GENTLE WOMEN

The Bolsheviks have murdered and outraged nuns in Spain. Noble devoted women. We solemnly as-sure the Bolshevik urgers that if similar things occur here, we shall surely see that they get an adequate measure of justice

SEND US A POSTAL NOTE AND OBTAIN COPIES FOR YOUR FRIENDS.

The National Socialist, A Paper Devoted to the British Race and British Culture, published by A.R. Mills, Sydney, December 1936-March 1937.

The National Socialist lasted for only two issues, December 1936 and March 1937. Its publisher, editor and sole contributor was the mystic Odinist and esoteric Nazi Alexander Mills, a Melbourne solicitor who had travelled widely—he met Hitler in Munich—and had already published several collections of verse and prose. The paper expressed his long-held view that the future of the 'British' race in Australia could only be secured if the blood was kept pure and if the Jewish menace was recognized and removed. He included Christianity, alongside Bolshevism and democracy, as a component of the Jewish world-conspiracy to subjugate the Aryans. Mitchell Library, Sydney.



A contemplative William Hardy Wilson at Warawee, NSW, c.1921.

The talented aesthete Hardy Wilson was a well-known architect and art critic before 1933 and a long-standing advocate of artistic 'creativeness'. His pronounced anti-Semitism led him into the circle of Nazi enthusiasts during the 1930s and he remained convinced that the Jews had aborted his initially successful application for the position of Director of the National Gallery of Victoria in 1936. By 1939 he had designed a large-scale concentration settlement in the Dandenongs for expelled European Jews—'Israelia' was to be guarded by watch-towers placed on mountain tops. *National Library of Australia*.



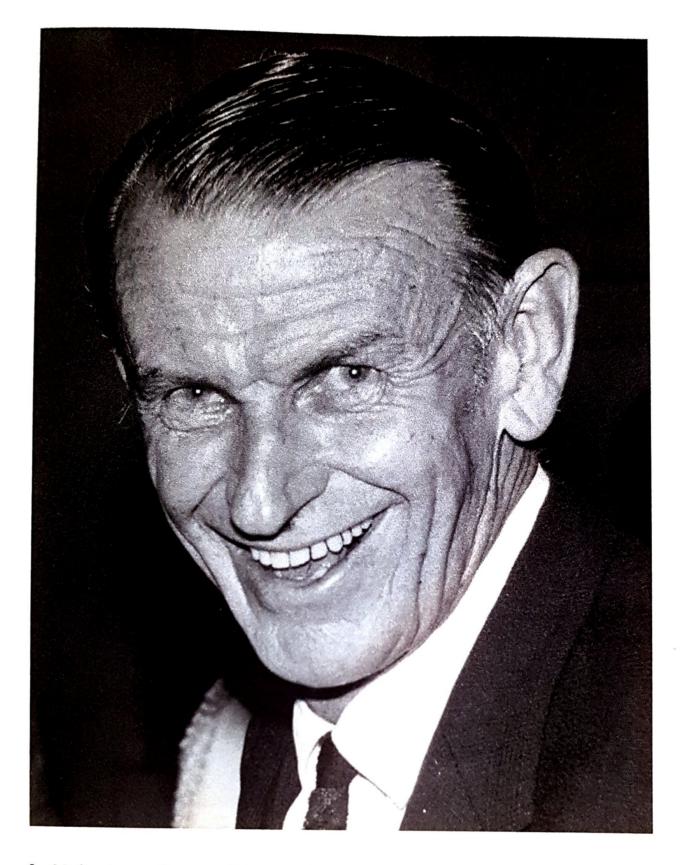
Xavier Herbert, newly-discovered author of Capricornia, 1938.

Xavier Herbert was a restless man who roamed the length and breadth of mainland Australia in search of an Australian identity. He especially loved the Northern Territory, where this portrait was taken in 1938 at the time of the publication of his novel *Capricornia*. The appearance of this seminal work was entirely due to the Australia-First circle of Stephensen and W.J. Miles, proprietor of the *Publicist*, against the tide of the more conservative publishers whom Herbert held in contempt—'Pig's arse to Angus & Robertson'. Although he displayed his considerable public and private gratitude at the time, Herbert later distanced himself from 'Australia-First' and from Stephensen, formerly praised as 'Australia's Greatest Publisher'. *State Library of NSW*.



Reginald Charles (Rex) Ingamells, poet and founder of Jindyworobak, 1936.

'Rex' was a South Australian teacher and poet who established the *Jindyworobak* literary club in Adelaide in 1938. Wary of politics, Ingamells resisted the siren call of local ultranationalism outside of the literary arena until December 1941, by which time he had admitted 'I am a follower of Mr. Stephensen' and aligned his literary movement with the political group that advocated local national-socialism. 'Rex' spent much time in the postwar years denying the significance of this alignment and its 'flavour of Nazism' about which he had always maintained reservations, despite the strong regard he felt for Stephensen. *State Library of South Australia*.



Ian Mudie, the poet-laureate of 'Australia-First', in the 1950s.

Mudie, a South Australian like Ingamells, was probably the most talented of the *Jindyworobak* poets. He was certainly the most committed to the cause of 'Australia-First' and became the unofficial poetic voice of the movement and an executive member of the political party founded by Stephensen in 1941. Although a city dweller all his life, Mudie strongly identified with the outback and seemed pleased that he was often taken as a 'bushie' given his weather-beaten appearance. Some critics thought his poetry contained 'traces of the fanaticism of the Hitler Youth Movement'. His post-war reputation was unsullied by his earlier connections. *National Library of Australia*.



Miles Franklin by Henrietta Drake-Brockman, 1930s.

Franklin was an old friend of Winifred Stephensen, Inky's wife, and she established a literary association with Stephensen the publisher in the early 1930s when both had returned to Sydney. She became a regular attendee at the 'Yabber' club, the Australia-First weekly discussion group, and also attended many of the public meetings of the new political movement from October 1941 until its dissolution in Match 1942. She acted throughout the period as a mentor for her literary 'dear heart' and 'darling', Ian Mudie. *National Library of Australia*.



Hail, Hitler!



A SPEECH TO THE REICHSTAG: FIRST INSTALMENT

Not being German, we write "Hail"! — and mean it. Not being German, we do not present to be. Hitler has our high regard, so we write, Hail, Hitler! We have one King, 10,000 miles away, one Governor General of the Commonwealth of Australia (our King's vice-regality because our King himself maintains domicile far away), and six State Governors (8ix vice-regalities, also because our King himself maintains domicile far away), one Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, and six State Prensiers. Hail, also, to them all! We have no dearth of leaders (fulrers), nor has Germany. Advance Australia! The Publicist stands for Australia First, as it logically should; but advocates goodwill towards all peoples with whom we are not at war. Not being German, we write "Hail" ! - and mean it. Not

Hitler's great non-rhetorical speech of January 30, 1937, elated The Publicist because it gave peace to Europe, depressed the League of Nations, and started Anthony Eden on his decline. Two-fifths—the international part—of that famous speech were printed verbatim in The Publicist of May, 1937, and was deliberately contrasted with the rhetorical nonsense of the last (then) public speech of our widest-known Old South Welshman. Now we have Hitler's great non-rhetorical speech of February 20, this year, and we shall give it to our readers in full, But it is of about 20,000 words, so we have divided it into four as equal parts as its matter makes reasonably convenient for Hitler's great non-rhetorical speech of January 30, 1937, elated

as equal parts as its matter makes reasonably convenient for serial reading. We shall make no comments till afterwards; the German Fuhrer (Leader) speaks for himself and the Germans; some Australians may be able to learn something to their own advantage—those Australians whose heads are not too bony; or whose minds are not too narrow, or too middled with preadvantage — those Australians whose neads are not too dony; or whose minds are not too narrow, or too muddled with prejudices or fuddled with anti-German propaganda. We shall put some of the German Leader's words and sentences into italics when they appear to us to contain matter of particular value to Australia-Firsters. A word or note in square brackets would be

We have entitled the four "quarters" of the speech --

1. - Retrospect.

Development, National Socialism,

- Germany, 1938.

(Editor.)

Speech Delivered in the Reichstag,

February 20th, 1938,

Adolf Hitler, Fuhrer and Chancellor,

[Part 1. -- Retrospect.]

MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN REICHSTAG, I am well aware that you, and with you the German Nation, were expect-ing to be called together on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the day on which we entered into power, to the end that you, the elected representatives of the Reich, might celebrate with me the beginning of a new period in the development of our nation, a date that is fraught with so many memories for us National Socialists.

'Hail Hitler!' in the Publicist, June 1938.

The Publicist was insistent that it was performing a public service by reprinting Hitler's major speeches in their entirety in the late-thirties. This one reproduced Hitler's address to the Reichstag of February 1938 and was the first in a series that sometimes stretched over five issues and amounted to over 20,000 words. W.J. Miles, the editor, would italicize sections he thought appropriate for an Australian audience, including Hitler's January 1939 prophecy that a future war would result in the 'annihilation' of the Jews. The last series appeared in the September 1939 issue.



Mrs Pankhurst Walsh at home, 1940.

Adela Pankhurst Walsh as a political animal belied her benign appearance. She was a determined extremist who had cut her teeth amidst the Suffragette agitation in Edwardian England—she was Mrs Pankhurst's youngest daughter. A foundation member of the Communist party in Australia, she had sought another path by the thirties and was soon attracted to Imperial Japan and eventually to Nazi Germany. The socialist element of Nazism particularly appealed to her and by October 1941 she was no longer prepared to wait until war's end to launch a political movement. Described by one insider as 'a screaming rat bag if ever there was one', Mrs Pankhurst Walsh alienated just about everyone she worked with on both the Left and the Right. *National Library of Australia*.



Manning, Dymphna (and Sebastian) Clark, Corio, Victoria, Christmas 1940.

As a young Oxford scholar, Manning Clark observed Nazi Germany first hand from November 1938—January 1939. Contrary to his later recollection, he did not detest everything he saw there and became a marked defender of the German position until April 1940, when he reluctantly admitted support for the Allied cause. He had earlier assessed Germany's aspirations as 'natural and justified', in the belief that 'judgement must be suspended'. Having grudgingly accepted that the war was necessary, however, he returned with his family to Australia in August 1940.

National Library of Australia.



The 'little Black Man' logo of the *Jindyworobak* movement featuring 'For Australia First', 1941.

The symbol of a native seated around a campfire was first used by Rex Ingamells in 1936 and was soon adopted by his *Jindyworobak* literary club in an attempt to publicize their vision of a 'nativist' literature that called upon both white and aboriginal elements. Once the chief *Jindyworobak* agents accepted the 'black Caucasian' theory that the aboriginals were the original Aryans, there was no impediment to the blending of ultra-nationalist literature and politics. By 1941, *Jindyworobak* publications also carried the slogan 'For Australia First' as used by those who advocated a local version of national-socialism and an 'Aryan Australia'.

Australia First!

The Australia-First Movement will hold Public Meetings—

EVERY Thursday

at 8 p.m., from 19 th February to 2 nd April, 1942, in the

Adyar Hall
BLIGH STREET . SYDNEY

Defend AUSTRALIA First!

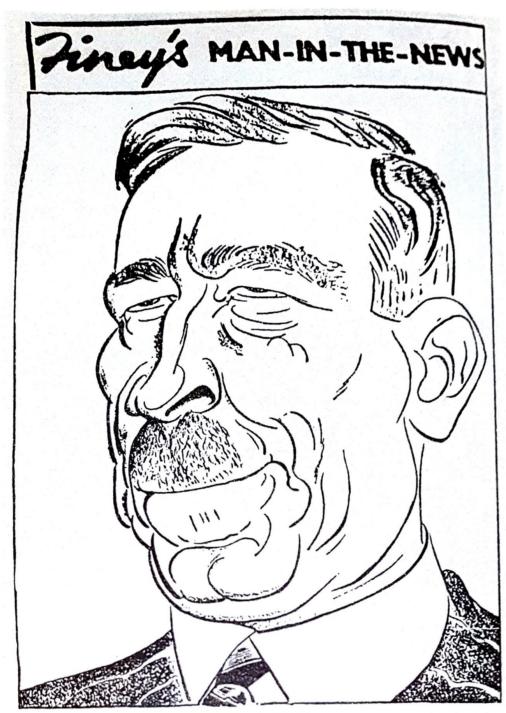
Uphold Australia's Independence!

Maintain PUBLIC Discussion!

Issued by The Australia-First Movement, Room Forty-five, Fourth Floor, Twenty-six O'Connell Street, Sydney

'Australia-First' publicity flyer, 1942.

Once the 'Australia First' circle became a political party in October 1941, a series of regular public meetings was scheduled in Sydney. This blood-red flyer (the striking colour used by the early Nazi Party in Munich) was issued for the 1942 series, which came to an abrupt end on 19 February when the meeting was transformed into a brawl by violent dissenters. Stephensen was badly beaten and the Adyar Hall damaged – the management immediately cancelled the lease. Within weeks the movement would be banned and its leadership interned as the authorities terminated the 'PUBLIC Discussion' called for in this flyer. Fryer Library, University of Queensland.



STEPHENSEN . . . he was out.

Caricature of P.R. Stephensen, 'The Man-in-the-News', Sunday Telegraph, 29 March 1942.

By 1942, 'Inky' Stephensen had alienated many of his fellow-journalists through his *Publicist* polemics which had included the condemnation of 'jewspapers'. On passing him in a Sydney street in October 1940, one prominent opponent wondered aloud: 'What excuse have you for not being dead?' 'Inky' subsequently offered him many, confident that he was living through the establishment of a 'New Order'. His arrest and internment in March 1942 were thus celebrated by the many he had excoriated as degenerates and 'stooges of Moscow', including by George Finey, the cartoonist of the *Sunday Telegraph*, 29 March 1942. The absence of a trial ensured that 'Inky' was not in the news for much longer.



Cover design by Margaret Preston for Ian Mudie's 'The Australian Dream', winner of the 'W.J. Miles Memorial Competition', 1943.

The security sweep of March 1942 ensured that the leading Australian Nazi 'politicals' were detained, mostly without trial, but most of the 'poeticals' survived unmolested. Their chief voice remained that of the poet Ian Mudie, who contributed his 'The Australian Dream' as the winning entry in the 'W.J. Miles Memorial Competition' for a patriotic poem organized by the Australia-First remnants in 1943. Its cover featured this lino-cut by the talented artist Margaret Preston, which blended the nativist elements of the iconic swagman with aboriginal motifs. It was a blend long pursued by the Australia-First political circle and their adherents in the *Jindyworobak* literary movement.



'Home from Germany', Argus 1943.

In 1943 the *Argus* newspaper featured this shot of repatriated AIF men captured in Greece in 1941 and held in Axis captivity until their recent exchange. Their smiles were unsurprising, but not duplicated by their comrades of the 9th Division captured in North Africa in 1942 and still held in European camps. Some had seen the chance of escape once the Italians sued for peace, but had been persuaded to remain behind barbed wire by a New Zealand padre. The German SS soon offered them another way out of confinement—the "British Free Corps"—and khaki was swapped for field-grey by a rash few.

Argus Newspaper Collection of Photographs. State Library of Victoria..

PART TWO A KIND OF WAR, 1939-45

ein

This is a war which we wage, not for our German people alone, but for all of Europe and for all of humanity.

Adolf Hitler, 30 January 1942.

CHAPTER 8

THE KOOKABURRA AND THE BUNYIP AT WAR: SEPTEMBER 1939-OCTOBER 1941

This war is, in effect, the birth-pangs of a New Order, which will persist and take clearer shape after the war ends.

P.R. Stephensen, Publicist, May 1940.

Britain will lose the war!...I have no doubt.

W.J. Miles to L. Cahill, I April 1940.

You cannot claim to be 'more Australian' than I, for I am an Australian National Socialist.

P.R. Stephensen to Flexmore Hudson, poet, 8 September 1941.

Initial responses—'chillier and chillier'—the Best and the Rest.

When Prime Minister Robert Menzies broadcast to the nation on Sunday evening, 3 September 1939, and undertook the 'melancholy duty' of informing Australians that they were now at war with Nazi Germany over her invasion of Poland, he understandably made no mention of his earlier assessments of the spiritual virtues of the system now to be assaulted. None of his listeners could have been expected to be more melancholy than the local enthusiasts for Hitler's Germany and their fellow-travellers, particularly those who had worked with such vigour for a local acceptance of Nazism from the Sydney office and shopfront of the *Publicist*, daubed with red paint within hours as 'NAZI HQ'. Like many Australians, these

enthusiasts agreed with Menzies's private conclusion of a week later that 'nobody really cares a damn about Poland as such'; but they did care about Germany. They also claimed to know THE REAL AIMS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR as stated in an 'anti-Jew publication' by a young Eric Butler (later of the post-war League of Rights), commended to Miles by Arthur Vogan in 1940.2 The Publicist had warned since its inception of the likelihood of such a war, even of its 'biological necessity', with some members of the Australia-First circle sensing it with dread, but others taking a more sanguine approach in the hope that war would be the beginning of the end of the Australian political and social systems they so despised—'the birth-pangs of a New Order' in Stephensen's description.3 John Kirtley thought as early as 1936 that a European 'blood-letting' would be good for the 'dirty bums' with whom he reluctantly shared his heritage, confident that a new Australian order would emerge: 'Steel can only be forged by fire.'4 W.J. Miles and P.R. Stephensen agreed with him in their more optimistic moments and the Bunyip soon expressed confidence that the 'Big Australian Disillusionment' which would follow either victory or defeat would prove 'a precursor to National resurgence'. Any initial melancholia was transformed into elation as the success of German arms became apparent from April 1940 (with the successful adventure of the Norwegian campaign) from June 1940 (with the defeat of France) and especially after June 1941 (with the apparent impending defeat of the Soviet Union).5 By the end of October 1941, Stephensen was, like many Germans, confident at last that 'Final Victory' was close and thought the time appropriate to step forward as the head of a political party, given that the war seemed to be reaching its climax. It was no coincidence that the septuagenarian Miles was moribund by the close of that year, leaving the field open for a younger successor-to Stephensen and his followers, there was now a whiff of fate in the air. The Kookaburra was ailing, but the Bunyip had never had it so good.

Both Miles (b.1871) and Stephensen (b.1901) were over military age in the spring of 1939; neither had any offspring likely to be in the firing line (Miles's only son, John, was the same age as Stephensen, who was childless). This allowed them to maintain a certain distance from the reality of war that could not be enjoyed by many other Australians. Miles had already engaged in editorial sarcasm in the *Publicist* of June 1938 about the likely glories of such a war in the 'Roaring Forties', urging those conscripted to 'Blow them all—all the non-combatants—to bits, you heroic bombers! Leave not a baby of them!' This was an unusual example of editorial accuracy, even if the author did not live to see its full realisation over the skies of Germany, England and elsewhere; it is doubtful whether he

would have wept overly much even if he had. Within weeks of the outbreak, he was taking a more pragmatic line, advising a distraught Mrs O'Loughlin of South Perth (his old correspondent and a member of the Anglo-German 'Link') that 'under a condition of war' it was unsound to continue 'social propaganda' and that she should accept the situation 'for better or worse'. His first wartime editorial in October 1939, however, implied business as usual; an increasingly difficult task, but Miles told Arnold Leese in Britain that he intended to proceed with his propaganda as soon as possible. Leese had not yet been interned, although security officers in Britain were on alert; so too were some at home. The O'Loughlin household had already been visited by a Military Intelligence officer, who had confiscated German literature and newspapers, exciting not only distress but anti-Semitic outrage, for Mrs O'Loughlin was soon denouncing 'International Jewry' for initiating a war which she feared could involve her own son fighting on European battlefields against his German cousins.7 She received no further consolation from Miles, later writing to 'Mr Stephenson [sic], urging: 'You ardent Bunyip Critic save Australia!'8 She was premature in making this strident call, although not by much.

Within months of the outbreak, amidst the 'phoney war' in Europe, differences began to emerge between the two Publicist collaborators. Always opposed to direct political activity by the Australia-First circle, Miles thought war had strengthened his argument against such a course, telling a correspondent who urged otherwise that 'while this ridiculous War continues it would be useless for us to press for a new Australian political party'. This proved a striking position to hold. Stephensen, on the other hand, was already taking a more confrontational line by November, calling for an immediate 'Constitutional Convention' to clarify and revise Australian-British relations. He also railed against the 'dubious gain' that Australians would receive from European Jewish migration, oblivious to the reality that these people were going nowhere for the time being. He nevertheless wanted them excluded, restricted or expelled. 10 The Publicist accordingly engaged Hardy Wilson in November 1939 to clarify 'The Jewish Influx into Australia— As Viewed by an Eminent Artist', during which the author quoted extensively from the German writer Dr F.K. Wieke and his Germany and the Jewish Problem, as well as from his own unpublished, anti-Semitic manuscript (published in 1941 as Eucalyptus). This theme would become a staple of the wartime Publicist, constituting the only difficulty that the journal could foresee from the increasing likelihood of a German victory in Europe. Miles could agree with Stephensen and Wilson on this theme and his editorial of that month did so whilst rejecting the recent accusations of former-prime minister Billy Hughes (now Attorney-General) that the journal was marked by an anti-Jewish tone. In the following issue, the last for 1939, Stephensen hoped that any costly 'victory' over Germany would

not be won at the behest of Jews and communists (they were still interchangeable to him despite the Nazi-Soviet Pact of August), whom he labelled as also anti-British'. This was an impossible position, but Stephensen was never one to back away from a challenge and he closed the year by defending Nietzsche from a recent 'superman/Siegfried' canard in the Sydney press, although (accurately) admitting that the Nazis had taken something from him. In order to reinforce the distance between his stance and that of mainstream Australians, he also took the opportunity to denounce the insouciance of the crowd at the 1939 Melbourne Cup. There was only one sign of compromise in this edition of the Publicist, in the back-page advertisement which called for potential (male) candidates 'with a view to the formation of an Australia-First Political Party after the War'—the most important word here was 'after', as the Kookaburra and the Bunyip seemed to have reached an uneasy accommodation on an issue that had divided them for three years. Stephensen was thus unlikely to have believed what he had told his readers in the October issue; that the war would be over by Christmas—'1950!' Clearly he hoped otherwise.

The Publicist continued its own phoney war unmolested into the first wartime New Year. Stephensen's defiant belligerence continued in the knowledge that no Australian blood had yet been shed, condemning parliamentary democracy in the issue of January 1940 as an 'alien system' and expressing instead his preference for 'a new trusted leadership like that of [the non-belligerent] Mussolini'. Hitler was now beyond the pale, but Stephensen acknowledged that the Germans still trusted him, a view later reinforced by the Bulletin, which remained confident that the opposition to Hitlerism within Germany was minimal; this did not stop the journal publishing Norman Lindsay's cartoons of Hun brutes struggling against 'Civilisation', reminiscent of the Great War.11 However, Lindsay's old friend, the Bunyip, noted with Carlyle-like regret that Australia remained without a 'true leader', thereby lodging a job application for a vacancy that he stated could be filled by neither 'Menziesism' nor 'Curtinism'. The alternative was 'something completely different: an entire political revaluation, postulating Australian strength and survival'—the Australian national-socialism of Australia-First, which would not emerge in full detail until later in the year. In the meantime, the propaganda against refugees continued under the nom-de-plume of Rex Williams, when Stephensen reminded the diminishing body of his readers that these people were not Germans, but Jews whose difficulties were of their own making; he still claimed to speak on behalf of the '80% of Australians who are not Pommies, Communists or Jews'. His glib solution to the refugee problem was two-fold; let the Jews drop their provocative 'racialism' and allow themselves to be resettled in Palestine or anywhere but Australia.12 He seemed unaware that the Nazi authorities would permit neither option. So too did Miles, when

his editorial soon after observed that 'Refugee Jews are politically and socially and economically invading Australia, and they are opposed to nationalism everywhere!' Soon, Ian Mudie, the poet-laureate of the ultra-nationalist enthusiasts, would sarcastically refer to them as 'these charming refugees'. 14

Stephensen must now have sensed that the Jews, especially foreign refugees, were an easy target, for he took a more concentrated aim at them in March in the Australian Quarterly in his 'A Reasoned Case Against Semitism', which Miles applauded in April as a 'significant piece of political thinking'. The piece was not marked by much reasoning, but it was a significant step in the evolution of the anti-Semitism of the Australia-First circle. It began candidly enough by defending 'prejudice' in a manner that would have made Norman Lindsay (a selfconfessed hater) proud and continued by giving full expression to these emotions in an exposition of his earlier theory that the Jews were a race apart by their own choice.¹⁵ Anti-Semitism was thus a 'reasoned' response to the 'Semitism' of self-alienation from the 'Rest of Us'. The author was forced to admit that the Jews constituted only .05% of the Australian population, but he could already see future problems, reminding his readers that in January 1939 Hitler had threatened the 'removal' of Jews from Europe in the event of war. This scenario, he suggested, now placed Australia in danger of an alien influx. Any reader of the Publicist of May and September 1939 could have recalled that Hitler had not threatened 'removal' but 'annihilation' (Vernichtung) and that editor Miles had approvingly highlighted this particular passage with italics, but it did not suit Stephensen now to quote his German mentor with accuracy. Nor did it suit him to repeat Miles's chilling observation in the February 1940 Publicist that there could be no solution to the Jewish problem 'while a Jew lives'. Stephensen's current aim was less blood-thirsty, to stir local anti-Semitic fears, and he chose to issue his own pontifical warning: 'When Jews come to Australia...they should remember that they are coming to a country which has already made up its mind to be a Homogeneity, not a hodge-podge: a country which is acutely race-conscious and intolerant of any tendency to form separate communities within the larger entity.'16 There was thus no place for a 'Ghetto-State' in Western Australia, but if the Jews were prepared to abandon their 'exclusivity', then 'there would be no Jewish Problem'. Thus, the champion of national identity and chauvinistic ethnicity was offering the Jews the path of ethnic suicide. The Nazis elsewhere preferred other methods.

The new year also gave an early indication that Stephensen continued to see himself as a cultural, as well as a political warrior, when he sought to broaden his message beyond the columns of the *Publicist* into those of the new journal *Design: An Australian Review of Critical Thought*, founded by editor O'Leary of the Catholic *Advocate*. Soon, the old paper and 'We Sydney Nationalists' welcomed

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the emergence of the new and 'its potential influence on 'National thinking'-O'Leary later cemented mutual admiration by expressing an interest in Australia-First. 18 Stephensen contributed 'Culture and Politics' in January, in which he noted the vital link between these two by referring to the examples of 'the National Resurgences in Italy, Germany, and Spain' (as well as to the French and Russian revolutions). All of these were 'politico-cultural in origin', not just economic and Stephensen critically noted that 'We Australians' overstressed the practical, the economic: 'We have drifted into a Utilitarian Backwater', a 'smug Utilitarian Deadend...a Democratic Deadend' and consequently the country was facing 'the doom of the entire Australian Experiment before the year Two Thousand, unless a drastic revaluation occurs'. Lest the reader despair, however, Stephensen had the immediate political solution to this politico-cultural dilemma, given his assumption that 'A new Century demands new methods, a new philosophy. 'Democracy' of our grandfathers' day has been tried, and has succeeded to its possible limit, and is now failing, and must soon collapse... Our new Century, the twentieth, will find its own philosophies and inspirations.'19 In fact, the author believed that the century had already found that philosophy and inspiration through national-socialism and he came as close as he dared in wartime Australia to saying so, remaining optimistic despite the 'tragi-farce' of the current European conflict:

After much suffering, and, possibly a period of civil war or anarchy, a Leadership will arise to pilot Australians out of their despair. That Leadership will take note of new ideas, Twentieth Century ideas, which are generating in many countries in the world today. Instead of Democracy, there will be, not Dictatorship, but *Leadership*. Instead of the Bourgeois State there will be the Corporative State. Instead of International Finance, there will be National Finance. Most vital, instead of international Culture, there will be National Culture—a perceptible Australian Resurgence.

This Australian national-socialism would lead to not only post-war 'economic rectification' but also to 'a psychological, a cultural renaissance'. Lest anyone shun the at times brutal German precedent for this movement, Stephensen concluded by reminding his fellow Australians that their own country had been built by force of arms ('argumentum ad ballistam') and on a foundation of 'Racialism', a statement that contained enough truth to make the remainder of the article appear plausible. In good Nazi fashion, he also denounced any unable to grasp these truths, after Nietzsche, as 'decadent': 'It is characteristic of decadence to be unaware of the prerequisites of self-preservation.' It was not surprising that the subsequent issue of the *Publicist*, in February 1940, contained Stephensen's extended, ringing re-endorsement of Baylebridge's *This Vital Flesh* ('an Australian Philosophical Triumph') and its 'new ways of thought'. In doing so, he thanked

Adolf Hitler ('our adversary') for forcing the democracies to overhaul their own systems and therefore finally to take stock of the Baylebridge opus.

It often suited the Kookaburra and the Bunyip to overlook the grim wartime present and to focus instead on the post-war period, which Stephensen hoped would come about following an armistice with a triumphant Germany rather than an Allied victory, although he could not resist drawing a grim picture of the world following the second hypothetical outcome; it would constitute a 'World Federation'—'a Jewish fantasy as old as the Tower of Babel.'21 These were the same Jews whom Nietzsche had condemned for using 'decadence' to defend themselves against 'the assertive forces of life' and whom 'Rex Williams' now roundly denounced for daring to lobby through their 'Freelander' movement for the establishment of a Jewish colony in the remote Kimberley region.²² These vitriolic observations were made in the last days of the 'phoney war', which came to an end on the morning of 10 May 1940 when Germany invaded France and the Low Countries ('Operation Yellow'), but not before Stephensen took advantage of a false dawn to issue his 'Fifty Points of Policy for an "Australia First" Party After the War' in the May Publicist as 'a primer for the use of Australian students of National Reconstruction'—they were fleshed out in the August issue of the following year. He later referred to them as his 'Fifty-Point Porcupine' and they had been preceded by the fourteen earlier quills of 1936, ten of 1937 and the twelve of 1938, in addition to the similar '40 Symptoms of Decadence' of 1938, which would be also fleshed out in October 1941. It was obviously important for those seeking the enlightenment of the Publicist to learn how to count. The release of the 'Fifty Points' now again demonstrated that their author had not lost the dreadful sense of ill-timing which had accompanied his commercial and cultural efforts so far.²³ The readers of these sweeping points of principle could only have wondered whether Australia was in fact at war when considering some of them, especially those that resembled the Nazi Party's 'Twenty-Five Points' program of February 1920. The *Publicist* had been pushing many similar themes in its forty-six previous issues; others seemed adapted to a vision of an Australia that would find its place only in the 'New Order' that Stephensen now clearly expected would follow the early cessation of hostilities and a subsequent political revolution—the March issue of the paper had featured his altered opinion that the war would be over by Christmas 1940, a prediction that proved as deluded as many of the 'Fifty Points' themselves.24

The literary critic and poet Max Harris later uncharitably assessed the 'Fifty Points' as 'a series of dog-chasing, contradictory cant catch-phrases', but they were genuine expressions of the Australia-First world-view that now encompassed a native national-socialism—here at last Adolf Hitler met William Baylebridge, with a dose of old-fashioned conservatism thrown into the mixture. Twenty-two of

them were of a conservative character, surprisingly aligned with the outlook of the deceased prime minister whom Stephensen had formerly derided as a champion of 'Britain-First'; three were broad, even vague, principles long espoused by the *Publicist*; five of them were social measures that could have been taken unchanged from the pages of the Baylebridge *opus* and/or from the pages of the peace-time *Publicist*; twenty of them were of an authoritarian nature that could (like many of the Baylebridge measures of old) only be implemented in a national-socialist state, or something at least close to it. Stephensen was prepared to concede that there would be a 'New Australia after the war's end', but he failed in May 1940 (or in August 1941) to make the point that this could only come following a Nazi victory in Europe and the subsequent dissolution of the British Empire.²⁵

Almost half of the Fifty Points could have come from the manifestos, speeches and pamphlets of the United Australia Party, still in government at the time of their first issue, albeit the party in its earlier form under the now deceased Prime Minister Lyons, who had prided himself in 1931 on forming an organisation that could appeal to both conservative and dissident Laborites (such as himself). Stephensen had spent much of the previous decade deriding Lyons as a 'Britain-First' politician, although their exchange of correspondence in early 1939 had seem some thawing of attitude on the side of the Bunyip. Many of these twenty-two conservative points could have come straight from Lyons's mouth; others were there for the reading for those prepared to set aside the stereotype of conservative Australian politicians being unduly subservient to Britain in this period. Lyons had pursued economic, foreign and defence policies that were markedly Australian, not imperial, and Stephensen now appeared, by 1940, to have come to that realisation, if imitation could be taken as the ultimate flattery.26 The economic principles advocated by the Fifty Points (Points 41-50) were those that 'Honest Joe' had pursued in government 1932-39 as both Prime Minister and Treasurer—'Economy' ('against debt'); 'Saving' ('against waste'); 'Work and Dole' (in favour of the former, opposed to the latter); 'Industrial Development'; 'Competition'; 'Private Ownership'; 'Banking' ('for conservative banking practice'); 'Taxation' ('for less taxation'); 'Debt' (for reduction of) and 'Trade' (for freer trade and against autarchy—the dead-end economic avenue that had been favoured by Nazi Germany and formerly endorsed by Stephensen in his 1935 pamphlet Trade Without Money). The Australia First circle would not set the world ablaze with any of these principles; nor would it wean voters away from the UAP, let alone Labor. Similarly, the proposals on 'Police and Crime' (Point 40 'for the police; against the criminals'—a promise of severity, but a shadow of the fearsome eighteenth Nazi point 'Death to Criminals') and on the 'Civil Service' (Point 30 'against bureaucracy') were unlikely to cause a conservative voter to blush, whether a former member of the New Guard or

not—by mid-1942, Stephensen the internee would have cause to rue these two endorsements. Stephensen even included the two pillars of conservative Australia both of which had also regularly featured on UAP platforms—'White Australia' (Point 15 'against heterogeneity', also favoured by Labor) and 'Monarchism' (Point 18 'against republicanism'). Miles had remained a monarchist throughout his life, only one of the eccentricities of an otherwise inveterate opponent of things British, and the indigent Bunyip's sympathies for an Australian republic were set aside as long as the Kookaburra continued to supply his retainer of £5 per week (he was forced to defend this policy to a sceptical and more radical Melbourne activist, Leslie Cahill, in August 1940).²⁷

When reviewing Australia's place in the world, the Fifty Points were similarly marked by a conservative character that could not have disturbed any student of the foreign and defence policies that had been pursued by Canberra in the thirties. The Points endorsed the foreign policy that had marked the Lyons years (now abandoned by Menzies with some reluctance)—appeasement—by calling for a forthright 'Diplomacy' (Point 7 in favour of 'mutual frankness, toleration and concessions'), something that the Australian people had heard in public forums and on the radio since 1934, up to and beyond the enthusiasm for the Munich Pact with which Lyons had especially identified himself. The resurrection of such a policy of 'come-clean' diplomacy (as the appeasers had called it) was to be matched by 'autonomy' in 'Foreign Affairs' (Point 8), by 'Self-Dependence' (Point 3) and by 'Equality of Status' (Point 5), all principles that Canberra had pursued since 1934 in the service of what Stephensen now identified as 'Peace in the Pacific' (Point 13 'against war-seeking). Given that Australian foreign policy had been marked by the appearement of Japan since the 1934 Eastern Mission, supplemented by Lyons's pursuit of his 'Pacific Pact' from 1935, there was nothing new in this emphasis—in May 1940, it was still unexceptional to advocate conciliation towards Tokyo, given that the war was restricted to Europe. Nonetheless, anyone in wartime Australia needed to be attentive to military policy, but here too the Fifty Points repeated much of the earlier rhetoric of the Lyons years, which had emphasised local needs over the demands of imperial defence (despite the shibboleths of imperial loyalty that accompanied most of the public prime ministerial statements of the period). Stephensen was no militarist, but he denounced 'Pacifism' (Point 8) and again called for 'autonomy', this time in 'Military Affairs' (Point 12), by which he meant an equality of status with Britain and voluntary co-operation in such matters. Even the controversial notion of 'Conscription' (Point 9 'for conscription for defence; against conscription for service abroad') could only have recalled the October 1937 federal election, where Lyons had stridently voiced his opposition to such a measure of compulsion, even swearing a statutory declaration to the effect that his government would

not introduce conscription under any circumstances.²⁸ The members of the Australia-First circle were thus followers, not leaders in almost half of the Fifty Points. Those seeking radicalism in their new program and a more authentic voice needed to look beyond these twenty-two statements of principle.

Miles and Stephensen had long emphasised their outlook of 'Australia First' (Point 1 'to inculcate Australian National Patriotism'), including 'Australian Culture' (Point 2 'to assist in the growth of a distinctive National Australian culture') and straightforward 'Nationalism' (Point 4 'for nationalism; against internationalism), but those searching for meaningful detail needed to search through the Fifty Points for some specific proposals—there were only five of them and these had been circulated earlier by Miles or Stephensen in their pre-Publicist incarnations and later in the journal itself, or were derived from the gospel of the Baylebridge opus. The denunciation of 'Compulsory Polling' (Point 31 with its advocacy of informal voting in protest) was an old Miles bug-bear, just as 'Schooling' (Point 37 'for Australian schooling; against imported pedagogy') was one that had its origins in the pre-Publicist dispute between Stephensen and Cowling. It also resembled the twentieth point of the Nazi Party program which had called for an education that taught the 'German way'. The reform of the education system could hardly have served as much of a call for national revolution, but the revived teaching of Baylebridge was perhaps intended to do so, through 'Population' (Point 14 'for higher birth-rate; against immigration'—similar to the eighth Nazi point), through 'Women' (Point 35 'for women in the home; against women in industry'—similar to the twenty-first Nazi point) and, through the corollary of these two, 'Babies' (point 36 'for babies; against birth-restriction'). Miles, a notorious misogynist, was beyond further paternity; Stephensen remained childless, but both offered a joint interview with Sydney's leftist Daily News on 9 May reiterating these three points on population policy, during which Miles bluntly confessed: 'We can't be bothered with women. They are no good to us.'29 This was the editor who had denounced 'Feminism' as one of the primary symptoms of decadence in the last April of peace—it was to be replaced by a cheerful, enforced domesticity similar to that currently prevailing in Nazi Germany. An impression of what such a society would look like could be gained by reading the African memoirs of Karen Blixen, the Danish writer who visited Germany in 1940. She noted in Shadows on the Grass that she may as well have been in a one sex society as 'the whole world of women was so emphatically subdued'. Australia-First sought to imitate this and other Nazi aspects, for Miles unwisely admitted in the same interview his willingness to accept funding from Hitler, if offered. The Führer (like the model women of Germany) was otherwise occupied, but he would have endorsed the remaining twenty of the ill-timed 'Fifty Points', which were of an authoritarian character, defining the brutal, quasi-Nazi nature of the 'national resurgence' envisaged by Australia-First.

The intolerance of Miles and the arrogance of Stephensen found full expression in this vital group of authoritarian points. As a free-lance writer, sometime publisher and vitriolic critic of 'Jewspapers', Stephensen was probably behind the sinister 'Free Speech' (Point 32 'for legitimate speech; against free speech') and 'Journalism' (Point 33 'for responsible journalism; against Freedom of the Press'). These were the topics he had discussed in his February-March 1939 correspondence with Lyons, following the censorious prime ministerial call for greater press responsibility.30 Despite their agreement on these matters, Lyons would never have consented to the destruction of the parliamentary system to which he had devoted his public life in the manner now advocated by Australia-First, for the authoritarian principles outlined by the points were also unambiguous that parliamentarianism was no longer suited to the Australia that they envisaged. 'Government' (Point 17 'against anarchy') made this clear in its denunciation of the 'democratic egalitarianism' that had followed the French revolutionary outrages (as Stephensen, and Goebbels, saw them) of 1789. The plan was for an end to 'Vacillation' (Point 20 'for resolute government; against vacillation') which democratic government caused through its periodic elections and through its compromises. These elections were also assumed to have created an atmosphere of 'Paternalism' (Point 23) whereby democratic 'vote-catching' had created a pool of people dependent on government largesse. Once democracy was dispensed with, the Fifty Points envisaged the ideal of 'Statesmanship' (Point 21 'against parliamentary careerism') as opposed to the present 'affable mediocrity', alongside 'Principle' (Point 25 'for political principle; against unpoliced opportunism'), which would replace the short-term cupidity of vote-catching with 'long range guidance' according to principles of community survival and progress.

If any reader of the Fifty Points thought that 'Principle' was reminiscent of Nazi political theory—with a dash of Plato in 'Statesmanship'—they were correct, for within the group of twenty authoritarian points were thirteen that were of an outright national-socialist character. Military Intelligence later charted in great detail the similarity of the Fifty Points (and of other *Publicist* references) to the earlier sentiments of *Mein Kampf* and they were not mistaken in drawing a parallel here. Like Hitler, Stephensen clearly regarded parliamentary democracy as a political sickness—national-socialism was still, in May 1940, the therapy that he offered the readers of the *Publicist* and would soon offer a broader audience. Chief amongst these Nazi-inspired points was the self-explanatory 'National Socialism' (Point 6 'for national socialism; against international communism) which ignored the ramifications of the Nazi-Soviet Pact of the previous year in its denunciation of 'Russian Communism' as opposed to its endorsement of 'all *national* forms of socialism' intended to suppress 'monopoly power'. This was

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the 'Australian socialism' later referred to by Eric Stephensen, but any observer could be forgiven for viewing it as transplanted 'German socialism'. Point 16 made this Nazi connection perfectly clear in its call for an 'Aryan Australia' ('for Aryanism; against Semitism'), where Stephensen repeated the sentiments that he had expressed in his 'reasoned case' in the Australian Quarterly of the previous March, asserting that the '98% Aryan' population of Australia would be disturbed by the 'dis-ease [sic] and disorder' of 'Semitic' immigration (he called it 'exodus' to an Australian 'Promised Land') that would follow the end of the war. That '98%' included the Aborigines, whom Miles had insisted as recently as February were still 'Aryan'. 32 Only Australia-First could withstand this planned incursion by the 'alien Jew' and maintain Australia's 'Territorial Integrity' (Point 10). The methods employed to do so were those, in Stephensen's view, highlytuned by the German Nazis-'Dictatorship' (Point 19 'for [popular] authority; against dictatorship') and 'Leadership' (Point 22 'against demagogocracy' [sic]), a further endorsement of the vaunted Führerprinzip first touted in the Publicist in September 1937 in accordance with the 'Great Man' theories of Carlyle. The eccentric Queensland duo Bostock and Nye had looked forward in 1936 to a time when 'a leader of great intelligence and character' would arrive 'to dominate us for our own good'.33 Stephensen now believed that this time had come and had hinted as much in his January article for Design.

Australia's own national-socialist revolution was the only method to bring about this leadership and it would also reproduce aspects of Germany's Volksgemeinschaft through 'National Unity' (Point 26 'against sectional disunity'), replacing the old 'democratic sectionalism' of society with the 'Australian Nation as Organic Community, or Corporative Community', something again already canvassed in the earlier columns of Design. This vision of a Nazi utopia required an end to 'political sectionalism' and the 'subordination of sectional interests to the whole', including the dissolution of all 'EXISTING SECTIONAL POLITICAL PARTIES' and the creation of a 'new political structure to represent true National Unity and Australian Community Oneness'-a one-party state. Few Australians were probably aware of the details of the German precedent for such a transformation; the Nazi Gleichschaltung ('Co-ordination') that had disfigured the German polity in 1933-34 and created the very dictatorship which the Fifty Points claimed to eschew, but most were familiar with the end result, whereby the individual had been restrained in a corporate straitjacket now praised by Stephensen as 'Mutuality' (Point 27 'against individualism'). The insurance offered in 'Party and Class' (Point 28 'for political partisanship; against class sectionalism'), promising to recognise 'different political opinions', seemed an unconvincing contradiction, particularly when considered alongside 'Discipline' (Point 38 'against casualness') which condemned Australian 'slackness' and even suggested that 'military rule' may be the only avenue to eliminate this decadence. The Points accordingly stressed this stick over the carrot of 'Political Education' (Point 34 'against political apathy') which acknowledged that the 'politically-inert masses require leadership, guidance and instruction from their leaders' in order to create what Dr Bronner of Adelaide had formerly called the 'socially minded citizen'. The outcome of this social revolution ('Long-Range Policy, Point 24) would be a 'Greater Australia' that was oriented towards the country's future 'beyond 2000', a millennial vision that neatly dove-tailed with that of the 'Thousand Year *Reich*'. That Greater Australia would be marked by a compulsory ethos of 'National Patriotism' (described in 'Loyalty' Point 39) and would mark a change of pace in its rejection of all of the precepts of the decadent period 1919–39—'communism, anti-capitalism, trans-national internationalism, pacifism and sentimental humanitarian idealism' (listed in 'Rightism and Leftism', Point 29). Woe to the subversive 'rats' without 'honour or loyalty' who would dare to oppose such a vision.

Taken as a whole, the May 1940 Fifty Points made up an extraordinary document. The conservative elements may have retained a lingering electoral appeal; the social elements may have been dismissed as a harmless irrelevance in wartime Australia; the old Publicist bug-bears may have inspired a yawn or two. The substantial authoritarian elements, however, and especially those specifically inspired by Nazi precedents, could not be treated with insouciance, for they were tantamount to a declaration of war against the existing social structure— Stephensen was still in the business of astonishing burghers. The Australia-First circle could no longer sustain their pretended, lip-service commitment to a war to which they were obviously opposed. The Bunyip had accepted the description of 'National Socialist' for himself in the Publicist of May 1939; the war had not changed that and the journal might as well now have replaced the kookaburra on its masthead with a German eagle. The German Wehrmacht would launch 'Operation Yellow' on 10 May, galvanizing the British government to intern the leading enthusiasts and agitators for Nazism before the end of the month under Regulation 18b, Mosley amongst them. Soon, Leese, Domville and Carroll would follow. Despite the candour of the Fifty Points, the Australian security services failed to do likewise and when Eddie Ward, the gadfly Labor MHR for East Sydney called on 23 May 1940 for the scrutiny of a Nazi 'fifth column' he was ruled out-of-order.³⁴ Perhaps here the Australian slackness that Stephensen habitually condemned was to his advantage, but he was living on borrowed time. In 1941 the Fifty Points would come under closer security examination and be shown to have been a monumental misjudgement of the Australian character; so too were many of the other articles penned by the Kookaburra and the Bunyip since September 1939.

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The beginning of hostilities in western Europe marked a watershed in the development of the war, even though an astute diarist such as Manning Clark noted that the April invasion of Denmark and Norway had already brought a close to the 'phoney war'. It was immediately apparent to Stephensen that things were now turning serious and in possible anticipation of an early conclusion to the war. the June Publicist condemned the endorsement of some prominent Australians (including B.S. Stevens and C.E.W. Bean) of the Kimberley resettlement proposal: 'Seven Million Acres of East Kimberleys to the Jews'. Stephensen was attempting to master his own rising level of anxiety and excitement, writing to Miles from Wagga Wagga, where he was holidaying, on 21 June (on the eve of the Franco-German armistice) that the war news was 'chillier and chillier... I am feeling quite calm, but I am sure there will be exciting times ahead in Australia for us all... I have a strong premonition that I'll be in a maelstrom of politics during the coming three years!'35 This was one prediction that came to fruition, although not quite in the fashion anticipated when he had also mused: 'My future, like Australia's, is insecure... I may yet find national scope for my talents.' The Kookaburra suggested that the Bunyip was 'over-worried' around this time and one reason for his anxiety may have been the continued restraint placed on him by Miles, preventing him from engaging in the direct political activity he had so earnestly desired since his party 'Plan' of November 1935.36 Around this time Miles admitted to Arnold Leese the 'Racial Fascist' in Britain that he still felt restrained and obliged to bide his time.³⁷ Others who had more time to bide than did the ailing Miles were not so restrained and by June 1940 an 'Australia-First' group had appeared in Melbourne under the crude, but dynamic, leadership of Leslie Cahill (b.1903, or thereabouts).38 This group was distinct from the earlier, feebler collection of like-minded extremists who had briefly gathered under the protection of the Victorian parliamentarian E.L. Kiernan in 1936 and it had emerged from an equally placid gathering chaired by Richard Collins (b.1911), a mild-mannered Ansett Airways clerk who held meetings in his Richmond home.³⁹ The more vigorous Cahill group consisted of about a dozen generally younger activists and had, like its leader, a touch of Irish radicalism. Cahill was not a complete unknown, as he had already been in touch with the Odinist circle of Mills, even offering to attend the mid-summer rambles of 1939 in order to discuss putting some Odinist theme on the stage, including dancing.⁴⁰ The potential choreographer wanted to include 'a fair bit of British stuff', assuming that the Odinists 'can't very well object, besides its in the name of art, Wagner got away with it'.41 Billy Miles was never one for Odin or for dancing even when younger, but he was prepared to offer this new group of 'young men' the oxygen of publicity (even though many of them were young women, including Cahill's *de facto* wife), given its similar ideals and his assessment that they were 'progressing well', although he stressed in the September issue of the *Publicist* that the two organisations were not connected—detached observers would have difficulty distinguishing between the Sydney and Melbourne groups and the formation of the Cahill circle had not occurred without some prior consultation with Miles. ⁴² It is possible, but unproven, that he directed some financial help southwards to Cahill, or that his old friend W.D. Cookes (a Melbourne shoe-shop millionaire and later Australia-Firster) did so at his request; the security services were later convinced of a continuing commercial link between the two aged businessmen and a judicial inquiry concluded that Cookes, who was also a friend of A.R. Mills, had provided the *Publicist* with secret 'financial aid'. ⁴³

Cahill, who would play an important part in the nationalist struggle until 1942, was a Sydney-born itinerant labourer of Irish descent. He had fled to Melbourne from Port Pirie in 1931 after deserting his family and became active in the Unemployed Workers' Union and in the Communist party (which he had joined as a teenager and served in South Australia) alongside his new partner until his expulsion in December 1932 for maverick, Trotskyite tendencies. An aggressive and bruised footballer in his spare time, the athletic Cahill had a series of minor convictions—drunkenness, indecent language, resisting police and most recently, in February 1940, for 'Offensive Behaviour' after assaulting a Communist interjector on the Yarra bank.44 Like the more sophisticated Stephensen, he had rejected one form of ideological extremism for another, informing the readers of the Publicist in June 1940 that his Melbourne group stood for 'Australian Nationalism' and inviting participation in speaking classes from all who were able to 'Think Australian, Be Australian, Act Australian.' In conformity with his communist training and his inclination towards violence, Cahill also expressed his preference for 'activists' prepared to be a 'vanguard or spearhead'. There were few takers and later in the year he was forced to admit 'setbacks' to his program of 'Nationalist Thought', although he remained confident that recruits could be found amongst young people who had 'not been seduced by the perverted ideology of a foreign philosophy', by which he meant Marxism—he now hoped to seduce them with another one.

For the moment, the Bunyip in Sydney was forced to sit and watch as history passed him by—with the collapse of France, Belgium, the Netherlands and of the British Expeditionary Force, it was travelling at a speedy pace. His condemnation of the 'Leftist Defeatism' that had caused the demise of the French Third Republic in the July *Publicist* clearly aligned Stephensen with Vichy and those Australian champions of Maurras excluding Chisholm, who was wrestling on the horns of his own dilemma and had absented himself momentarily from this

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group. Stephensen even confided his expectations to Ian Mudie: 'Like Petain, I will be called in at the death-bed, after the collapse of the British Garrison, not before.'45 This hubris (Petain after all had been a national hero to an earlier French generation) did nothing to advance the cause of the 'New Order' to which the Publicist devoted itself in September, asserting that a 'New Australia' was now inevitable. The columns of the Publicist were unable to offer as much illumination of Stephensen's thinking in this period following the collapse of France as his private correspondence. On 22 August 1940 he wrote to Justice H.V. Evatt of the High Court, with whom he had talked that morning in his Darlinghurst chambers, revealing his thinking about the immediate future; Stephensen had befriended the younger brother of the 'Doc', Clive Evatt, in 1935 as a prime mover of the NSW Book Censorship Abolition League, when he still advocated 'free speech' as opposed to 'legitimate speech'. The younger Evatt would address the Yabber Club as NSW (Labor) Minister of Education in June 1941, but the older was the more influential and in August 1940 was considering abandoning the bench for the chance of politics. The 'Doc' may not have given Inky much indication of his intentions, but Stephensen certainly made his own position perfectly clear. He expressed his concern about the 'decay of Democracy' which he now regarded as 'no more than the instrument of plutocratic domination' and he was confident that the present system would be 'relegated to the scrapheap by 1950', once Britain was either defeated or fought to a stalemate.46 The disillusioned Australian people would have by then sought salvation from a 'Nationalist leadership' that operated according to the principles practised in the 'progressive' ideologies of Germany and Italy 'whether expressed as National Capitalism or National Socialism'. Clearly Stephensen thought that, like Cincinnatus, he would be called to duty, but he flattered Justice Evatt with the concluding suggestion that there would be room too for him in the New Order: 'You are in a position to exercise an immense public influence by statements of realities which party-politicians are afraid to make.' The 'Doc' did not take up this offer, even though the British Empire was on the verge of humiliation in the air over southern England. This did not, however, retard the further development of Stephensen's hubris as another former member of the NSW Book Censorship Abolition League, Bartlett Adamson, soon discovered.

There was already bad blood between Adamson and his former friend Stephensen, as the Bunyip had recently denounced the Fellowship of Australian Writers (now led by the communist Adamson) as 'dupes and stooges of Moscow'. ⁴⁷ A verbal exchange between the pair followed in a Sydney street in October, during which Adamson had rhetorically wondered what Stephensen's 'excuse' was for still being alive. In response, the Bunyip penned a reply and wartime *apologia* explaining where he stood. He began with an assault *ad*

hominem, asserting that Adamson and 'his ilk' were 'hypocrites' and that without the *Publicist* the 'level of journalism in Sydney would have sunk still further into the mire in which it was wallowing when I started MY STRUGGLE in 1933'.48 Following a description of his activities over the last seven years as 'perhaps a martyrdom, which somebody in Sydney had to make, to break the spell of "democratic" decadence', Stephensen treated his antagonist to his vision of the immediate future:

You do not yet realise that 'Democracy' is deadened, and that new forces are stirring in humanity's consciousness—forces which will break the spell of Capitalist-Democracy's hypocrisy. You will find Russia, under Stalin, aligned in due course with a New Order in Europe, a new way of life, of thought, which is even now coming to birth, and will eventually replace 'Democracy' throughout the world. The New Order will have to fight its way against a great deal of ignorant prejudice.

The Bunyip saw his own role as having 'lit a candle': 'It won't easily go out, even if I die.' He closed with a personal Parthian shot: 'What excuse have you for not being dead?' If, as Stephensen suggested, his vision was to be realised during the 'coming five years', there would be any number of deaths in the process. However, it could not come about without an Axis victory in Europe and the organisation of a political party in Australian that would actively pursue his envisaged form of modified capitalism, or his 'National Socialism'; neither prospect had advanced much by the end of 1940. Cahill's desire to organise a pilgrimage to Ballarat on 3 December for a Eureka commemoration was cultivated euphoria, so too was Stephensen's renewed, almost habitual, call for a 'A New Political Party' in the final issue of the Publicist for 1940. He wanted the collection of an organisation fund, the appointment of a 'National Organizer' and the calling of a vague, national Convention, but, there was no definite timing offered in the phrase 'immediately after the war'. 49 There was also no escaping the uncertainty about when that would be, as the Anglo-German struggle stretched into 1941 and the 'Roaring Forties', but by the end of 1940 Stephensen had stepped back from his long-stated insistence on immediate political activity in favour of a waiting game. Within nine months, however, the demise of his patron would offer an opportunity to change gear yet again.

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The Publicist of New Year's Day 1941 took up the 'new' theme in 'Towards a New Party' by the Bunyip Critic ('towards' being the operative word) and it seemed that the 'New Australia' was not to be as new as some had thought, for this issue

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discussed and endorsed W.C. Wentworth's archaic 1850s concept of an Australian 'aristocracy' (appropriately termed a 'bunyip aristocracy' by its contemporary critics), which he defined as the rule of the best as opposed to that of the mediocre. Wentworth had hitherto been praised in the Publicist of March 1938 25 the author of the poem 'Australasia', but this was the first appearance of his remote political thinking. The 'Roaring Forties' would be, according to this article, a fight between 'the Best and the Rest', a proposition that seemed as implausible in the mid-twentieth century as it had done in the mid-nineteenth century. Professor Chisholm, long an advocate of an 'upward, aristocratic movement' must have regretted his apostasy had he read this issue, but he would undoubtedly have agreed with its prophetic conclusion: 'Hard times are coming, calling for hard men', a reworking of Baylebridge's old call in National Notes for a 'hard doctrine'. Hitler had provided the doctrine and the hard times: Stephensen must now provide the men. He seemed, however, to prefer ruminating at length on the doctrine per se, expounding in the March issue on the nature of the coming New Order, mysteriously suggesting that it would be 'adaptive to circumstances, in accordance with national needs', although he still gave no details of its structure-Val Crowley later did so, describing it as institutionalised 'Mateship', an Australian version of Volksgemeinschaft that employed the memory of Henry Lawson to press its case.⁵⁰ Although Stephensen privately expressed his admiration for Hitler campaigning in the Balkans in April 1941 ('What a man!'), the local 'hard men' continued to be those active south of the Murray, where Cahill called in February for communist methods to be used against the communists themselves—direct action, mass meetings, spreading the message everywhere in workplaces and public spaces—these were the crude but effective techniques that the Nazis had mastered in the early twenties and which came naturally to the rugged Cahill.⁵¹ 'Australia First' seemed now to have two arms; a Sydney one, which continued to indulge in extended theory about a native 'National Socialism' and that of Melbourne, which sought to confront the domestic enemy at street level in what Cahill called the 'Struggle for Power'. The danger existed of a public split between the two arms when Cahill complained to Miles and Stephensen at the end of March about their inaction, stating his preference for the immediate formation of a 'Nationalist movement' to be ready before the war's end in order to begin an immediate campaign for a 'Nationalist Australia in our time': 'I am sure we will lose nothing by being a little adventurous, conservatism will get us nowhere.'52 Cahill was tired of waiting and already disillusioned with some in his little Melbourne group, including his old associate Collins, who had visited Sydney during the previous Christmas and expressed concern to Miles about any possible implication of disloyalty.⁵³ Disloyalty was just what Cahill wanted, but it would be some months before his clarion call was heeded in Sydney.

Billy Miles, aged sixty-nine, was now in failing health and even less inclined for direct action than ever, but he took some comfort in his demise from the supposition that Britain too was moribund. He told Cahill in April that he remained absolutely confident that 'Britain will lose the war! ... I have no doubt.'54 The old man had taken a shine to the proletarian Cahill and defended him against a level of intellectual snobbery in the Australian-First Victorian circle. When Dr Ingwersen of Kyneton (a Publicist contributor) complained in May to Stephensen about Cahill's ignorance, Miles offered a personal rebuke. He admitted that Cahill was not the 'arm-chair', scholastic type, but saw a function for such organisers like 'our best helper in Melbourne'.55 He could have added that there seemed precious little similar organisation in Sydney, perhaps in part because he had retarded Stephensen for so long-Inky no longer seemed the golden boy. Cahill, on the other hand, was entrusted by Miles at this time with attempts to negotiate with Peter Russo, the Japan-based academic who had shown an interest in Australia-First in mid-1940. In doing so, the Kookaburra had given some indication that he was perhaps disillusioned with the Bunyip, for the anti-intellectual Miles was critical that Russo (like Stephensen) was the type who allowed 'intellect' to predominate at the expense of 'his instincts and character'.56 This was certainly not the case with Leslie Cahill. The Melbourne organiser had already received Miles's blessing in April for basing his direct action on a foundation dear to his patron's heart. Baylebridge's National Notes were, Cahill stated, 'the basis of our policy and propaganda. It should enable most of them [the Melbourne group] to grasp the deeper and more profound realities underlying our aim'. 57 The Australian Nietzsche had now replaced Marx in the thinking of this Victorian Railways labourer, just as it had earlier done in that of the Rhodes Scholar, but the bridge between Cahill and Stephensen was now sufficient for the Bunyip to even condemn the supra-nationalist aspects of Nietzscheanism as 'modern preposterousness' in the subsequent issue of the Publicist—this was arguably an attack on the Cahill method.⁵⁸ Even the Commonwealth Investigation Branch, through their bumbling monitoring of defeatism in the Yabber Club, now thought the Melbourne group the more dangerous given the youth of its operatives, including Cahill, and their 'Irish' origins, although it was decided not to take any action against the circle owing to Miles's declining health; Stephensen rated only a brief mentioned in their assessment, and then his name was misspelt.⁵⁹ He was now in danger of being classified with the Rest rather than with the Best, such as Cahill, whom Miles met on 19 June in the Yabber Club, hearing an encouraging report on recent Melbourne activities—it was exaggerated, as the southern group was already in decline. Yet, if both the Sydney and Melbourne Australia First circles were languishing, Adolf Hitler saved them by invading the USSR on 22 June 1941 in

'Operation Barbarossa', re-galvanizing their sense of mission and thereby ending the uncomfortable truce between the Nazi and Soviet systems. In the following months, Cahill continued to be the chief advocate of action both in Melbourne (and later in Sydney), but he was also allowed space in the Publicist by Miles in his final months as editor to outline doctrine, possibly in an attempt to foster him for future leadership. Stephensen did little other at this time than offer some detail to principles already expounded by the journal ad nauseam, allowing himself to be diverted by a puzzling discussion on 'bio-politics' (an off-shoot of eugenics). The former Oxford cricketer momentarily took his eye off the ball of his 'politico-cultural' struggle in mid-1941, possibly owing to his wife's serious illness-Stephensen confided to the poet Rex Ingamells that his personal world was collapsing under 'strokes of fate' and this seemed to be undermining his ability to 'combine Australian culture-propaganda with political agitation'.60 The communist system he had derided for most (but not all) of the past decade was collapsing under his nose, but Stephensen still did not plan to take any direct action until the war ended, as his confidant, Ian Mudie, also told Ingamells at the end of June, likening his patron's position to the famous Mont St Quentin order issued by General Monash to the AIF in August 1918—'each man to act on his own, & as many as possible to reach the top'.61 It was hardly an encouraging prospect, even if those enthusiastic about a German victory expected the end to come soon.

Cahill in Melbourne seemed to have a stronger sense of destiny following 'Barbarossa', conscious that the Soviet Union seemed finished, and he was able now to use the July 1941 Publicist to demand similar changes back home: 'The Party System Must Go!'. He quoted his new prophet, Baylebridge, on the undesirable lack of community cohesion in contemporary Australia and advocated instead a 'Corporate State' which would terminate the division between private and public life—an Australian Volksgemeinschaft of the type already outlined in 'National Unity' (Point 26 of the Fifty). Those unwilling, or unable, to conform should be treated as aliens. This issue was the one that Mudie labelled as 'great' in a complimentary letter to Miles, which would explain his later support for Cahill as a potential leader of the political arm of Australia-First. 62 Cahill had sufficient political nous also to sense in the 'Resurgence' number of September that the (otherwise laudable) Nazi assault on the Soviet also presented obstacles for the ultra-nationalists back home through a 'blitzkrieg of pro-Sovietism' by lord mayors, professors, artists, doctors and bishops. A professor thanked God for Russia in the Herald; a doctor announced his readiness to send Red Cross supplies to Russia; the Lord Mayor of Brisbane wanted to fly the Soviet flag. Cahill saw such disloyalty as 'a very grave threat to the Australian way of life' in that the communists were thereby popularising their dogma and he offered an alternative through the formation of an 'organisational united front' between 'Australian Nationalists and other Anti-Communist organisations':

The threat of Communism should spur us towards the goal of real National Unity. It should act as an incentive to increase our efforts to build up a strong and virile organization of Australian patriots who will some day avenge these insults to our National honour by our inevitable victory over the disruptive forces of International Red Communism.

That 'inevitable victory' was drawing closer with every kilometre gained by the advancing *Wehrmacht* in western Russia during that northern autumn. Meanwhile, the Bunyip further expounded on the 'Fifty Points' of May 1940 in painful detail in the August number and further on the old 'Symptoms of Decadence' (last seen in January 1938) in the October issue.

The Bunyip had still failed, however, to learn the elementary lesson that converts are not won by insults, for he concluded his analysis by urging any who doubted Australian decadence to 'look carefully in the mirror'. This made for poor public relations.

Stephensen's decline was arrested only by the efforts of others, as there was change in the air. 'John Benauster' announced his virtual retirement from the editorship of the Publicist in its sixty-third edition of September 1941, owing to age and ill-health; he had briefly been in a coma in late August. Stephensen was nominated as his successor, but significantly not allowed the title of 'editor'. He had to be satisfied with that of 'relieving editor-proprietor', implying that the Kookaburra was not perhaps finished. The same issue seemed to stress 'businessas-usual', with Miles stating the usually eccentric editorial line—a hymn of praise to the British eugenicist Morley Roberts and his theory of 'Bio-Politics', aimed at 'humanity's betterment'—and Stephensen then expounding on the same topic. This was hardly a time for the *Publicist* to be pursuing new lines of social inquiry, as the old ones were now beginning at last to stimulate notable public hostility. The Bunyip made no attempt to counter the critique of Roberts's reviewer, Frederic Eggleston, that the world-view expounded in the unintelligible Bio-Politics was that of 'a perfect Hitlerite' and that those peddling it in Australia were thus 'preaching a Nazi philosophy'—instead he reproduced these comments with stubborn pride. 63 Instead, he directed his hostility at an easier target the student body of the University of Melbourne. Their journal, Farrago, had prudently noticed that the recently recirculated 'Fifty Points' had retained that all-important principle 'For National Socialism' and it had the temerity to suggest that such a slogan was now inappropriate. Farrago had thus called for the removal of the 'fascist' Publicist from the university book-room. Stephensen begged to

differ, reciting his old argument that the students were confusing 'Italian Pascism' with Australian Nationalism', maintaining instead that 'the Publicist is neither Italian nor German; but is solely and distinctively Australian'. This was drawing a long bow in an issue that was entitled the 'Resurgence' number and which now habitually, like German (and Japanese) propaganda itself, referred to the coming 'New Order'—in private Stephensen was already celebrating the success of German arms in Russia and the consequent demolition of the myth of the 'Mighty Red Army'. Equally difficult to swallow was his parallel claim that the Publicist, unlike its leftist rivals, continued to believe in 'persuasion by argument, not in suppressio veri' (suppression of the truth). Any reader of the elaborated Fifty Points, whether a Melbourne undergraduate or not, could not easily accept such a claim.

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The demise of Benauster after September 1941 offered the opportunity for Stephensen to set aside any mid-year (or mid-life) self-doubt and at last to take up the challenge trumpeted by the Publicist at the beginning of the year, when it had called for a 'New Party'. This would also be an acceptance of Cahill's March plea to be 'a little adventurous' outside of the financially straitened journal's Elizabeth Street office, where the Bunyip now sat as de facto editor.66 What tension there was between Cahill and Stephensen was finally set aside in the interests of unity and the Melbourne organiser was invited to make a permanent move to Sydney in September 1941 by Valentine Crowley, writing on Stephensen's behalf. Crowley told Cahill that the Bunyip now thought it good for the movement if he were to move north and promised him employment through Australia-First connections if he did so. He needed little encouragement and the southern capital's loss would be the harbour city's gain.⁶⁷ If Stephensen's first semi-independent efforts of October were anything to go by, Cahill's presence was sorely needed north of the border. The October issue of the *Publicist*, released on the first of the month, was still more literary than political and it circulated the day after Stephensen had addressed the Australian Natives' Association in Sydney on 'The Meaning of Australia-First'. Rather than delivering a rousing beer-hall harangue, the speaker had chiefly expressed his outrage at having asked for an Australian shrub at a florists and being told by a 'Pommy' assistant that he had never heard of it. 68 If Australia-First stood only for floral chauvinism, there seemed little to fear, but the unidentified security agent ('Agent 222') planted within the Yabber circle thought this warranted a report to the Canberra 'rubber-stamp' politicians whom the speaker had also denounced. This agent would have been better employed analysing the 'Fifty Points' or studying the tactics of street-level activism advocated

by Leslie Cahill, *en route* to Sydney after 16 October, fired up and ready for action. The Australia-First circle had experienced many emotions since September 1939, including melancholia and elation. By the last weeks of October 1941, with the Nazis in Europe now confident that victory was at hand, it seemed an appropriate juncture for their Australian enthusiasts to take action on behalf of their own vision of a local New Order—'Australian Action'. On the verge of gaining editorial control over the *Publicist*, Stephensen had declared in August: 'We have waged a war against Australian stupidity, complacency, and decadence for more than five years. We have been correct and the majority of Australians have been hopelessly incorrect throughout that period.'⁶⁹ This *hubris* was now to be applied to politics as well as to journalism. However, before the end of the year, the *Wehrmacht* would be stopped in its tracks by 'General Winter' and by Soviet forces transferred westwards following Pearl Harbor (on 7 December). The entry of the Japanese into the conflict, now a world war, would also have disastrous ramifications for the Australia-First circle. As so often, Inky's sense of timing had deserted him.

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CHAPTER 9

THE MAD, THE BAD AND THE DANGEROUS TO KNOW: SEPTEMBER 1939-OCTOBER 1941

The Creative Artist produces the anti-toxin to remove the Jew Poison from the Body Politic.

Hardy Wilson to W.J. Miles, 22 August 1941.

I believe in Germany and fight for her today, tomorrow and in the future, till victory is ours.

'Adolf Hitler' plaque found in the possession of Enoch Atkinson, Sydney, July 1940.

DOYOU STILL THINK, OR DON'T YOU GIVE A DAMN?

Action Post pamphlet of the National Socialist Party of Australia, June 1942.

The Council of Seven—the western link—a kindly old gentleman—a creative artist —onlookers—party games.

The Australian industrialist W.S. Robinson had been impressed with what he had been permitted to see of German industry in mid-1939 and he greeted the declaration of war shortly afterwards with considerable regret. It was not the fate

of Poland that concerned him, but that of Germany itself and, in due course, that of the Empire, as he confided from London to his brother in Melbourne:

The real menace to the British Empire and all it stands for is Bolshevism and unless this be recognised and our war aims appropriately modified, we run the risk of disaster. In our efforts to pull down the leaders of enemy nations, we may 'succeed' in pulling down the whole world. We are...still failing to recognise where danger to all we hold dear really lies.

He lamented that Britain and the dominions were now fighting against, and not with, Nazi Germany: 'Wise leadership should have allowed us to line up with Germany and crush Bolshevism. Instead we are faced with a rapidly spreading 'Red Flood' and this today is civilization's and our own greatest menace.' There were some in Australia who agreed with this assessment and were prepared to give it a public voice, aligning themselves with aspects of the German cause as much as it was prudent to do so in wartime. Their motivation was often an outright enthusiasm for the Nazi system. This group included Miles and Stephensen and others in the Australia-First circle, but it also included many who were not (or not yet) formal members, like A.R. Mills and Hardy Wilson. There was even evidence of a galvanized Nazi sentiment in distant Western Australia, a link that would prove fatal to the Sydney dreamers. These enduring and new adherents did not suffer the pangs of second thoughts or the anxiety of the volte-face, like the Melbourne intellectuals Clark, Chisholm and Lodewyckx, all of whom reassessed their earlier attitudes to Germany and to Nazism when the war was either threatening or had turned especially ugly.

Some of the Australian enthusiasts for the Nazi model, 1939–41, were verging on political madness, particularly those who prepared to form their own openly Nazi parties during wartime and others in the intensity of their prolonged fanaticism. Some were bad in a way that contradicted Alan Chisholm's exculpatory description of collaborators as 'well-meaning dreamers', seeking to spread malice on the home front as well as revelling in its intensifying European manifestations. Others were simply making bad choices by barracking for Australia's declared enemies. All of them were increasingly dangerous to know at a time when the surprisingly extended patience of Australia's disparate security services and distracted political leaders was coming to an end. In the old country, the security agencies were understandably more concerned about a local 'Hitler's Fifth Column', made up of outright enthusiasts for national-socialism, whether former-members of dissolved political organisations or not, and they feared that the German 'peace offensive' of late 1939 was giving rise to front-groups such as the 'British Council of Christian Settlement in Europe', of which the

Tasmanian-born C.E. Carroll was a prominent member.² This British analysis of potential 'Fifth Columnists' applied with equal force to the faraway Australian Nazi enthusiasts, as Eddie Ward had pointed out in the federal parliament in May 1940, although there were still no formal 'National Socialist organisations' to dissolve at that time.³ Before the end of 1941, there would be several—a 'National Socialist Party of Australia' and two other similar organisations on the drawing board. All were one-man-bands, but not so the reorganised 'Australia First Movement'; they would all go down together, still waiting for the national resurgence.

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There were times when any reader of the Publicist might think that the Australia-First movement was little more than the alliance of a literate Kookaburra with an acerbic Bunyip, for the writings of these two (including under various pseudonyms) constituted a substantial proportion of the journal's contents. There was, however, a group of Australia-Firsters who either did not contribute to the journal, or who did so rarely, as well as some who contributed to their cause of national resurgence in other ways, often financial. They were a mixed bag and a cross-section of mainly lower middle-class Australia, the group whom Stephensen had half-contemptuously termed the 'Little Bourgeois', earning (as he did) a modest amount more than the average male wage of around £3/9/-. Amongst those who endured with their belief in Australian chauvinism despite the challenges of the wartime years was Keith Bath (b.1900), a Manly real estate agent, former local councillor and member of the Royal Empire Society; Cecil Salier, the retired AMP executive; Val Crowley and his brother Clarence; Harley Matthews, the Moorebank poet and vintner, and his rural neighbour Martin Watts, the civil engineer and anti-Semitic polemicist later described as 'a very decent man gathered up by something that had got beyond his control' by a security advisory committee that had clearly not read his contribution to the Publicist of February 1939 ('As I See the Jews').4 One had hands-on experience of European extremism; the retired banker Sydney Hooper had admired both Mussolini and Mosley, whom he had briefly met on a European journey from 1930-33. He also made the acquaintance of Morley Roberts and possibly of Arnold Leese, both men of the utmost extremity in their own fields.5 Hooper thought Hitler a godsend to Germany and could see no reason in 1937 for Australian animosity towards him; although he later denied it, he probably thought him a godsend to Australia as well.6 Edward Masey, a foundation member of the Australian Institute of International Affairs, was of a similar outlook and had contributed to the Publicist periodically from October 1936, chiefly on economics.

The outbreak of war had not directly affected these men of non-military age and they continued their Australia-First activities undaunted. Masey addressed the Yabber circle on the enduring appeal of Mein Kampf in June 1940; Salier lectured the Australian Progress Movement in Sydney on 'Australian Thought and Literature' in September 1941; Watts continued his polemical journalism in the Publicist, where he questioned any likely advantage to Australia in an Allied victory.7 He was joined in his work as a propagandist by the contributions of his notably anti-feminist wife, Dora ('Anna Brabant'). Mrs Watts enjoyed the luxury of thinking that feminism demeaned women by forcing them to work and offended the financially independent Miles Franklin by telling her so. Franklin complained in response to Miles, but unsurprisingly received little consolation from that quarter.8 Like her husband, Dora was virulently anti-Semitic and took delight in quoting Lionel Lindsay in the November 1940 Publicist to the effect that that modernism was organised in Paris by Jewish art dealers keen to handle new merchandise. The more tolerant Robert Menzies, a friend of Lindsay, later commented on, and accepted, the artist's 'hearty intolerance and well-selected hatreds'. It was precisely these elements of his personality that directly appealed to Mr and Mrs Watts, and to others.

As the war had not touched this handful of Sydney enthusiasts directly, their social lives were uninterrupted; they continued to frequent the wartime Yabber gatherings at the Shalimar café with its 'Discussions of Australianity'. Around this time, some of them also formed a fluid 'Group of Seven' (Miles, Stephensen, Salier, V. Crowley, Hooper, Masey and, eventually, Cahill—there may also have been others), a sort of gathering that might simply have been an innocuous reading and discussion group meeting in the homes of the members. Watts, an irregular attendee of Yabber, was excluded from the inner circle following some disagreement with Miles and Stephensen in 1941, although he was able to serve briefly on the executive of the political arm in 1942.9 The 'Seven' might also have been an Australia-First revolutionary committee in embryo, for some of Cahill's 1942 correspondence with Stephensen and others included a map of Australia over which 'C.O.7' had been written; the Security Service later believed this stood for 'The Council of Seven for the National Revolution'. 10 If so, the seven made for an unusual group of insurrectionists—four of them were retired, having been born well before the turn of the century; of the three younger men, two (Stephensen and Masey) were of a sedentary nature. Only Cahill was the revolutionary type and, already disgruntled, he had joined the Army at the time of the interception of his map; he later suggested an alternative group of seven that excluded Stephensen and Hooper, but included Mudie.11 Cahill alone of the earlier 'Seven' had not been blessed with the designation of 'permanent' invitee to the Shalimar, despite the favour of Miles, falling into the category (like the

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equally crude Watts and the female members of the network) of 'Others' asked to attend 'at the discretion of the convenor'. The circle would discover in March 1942 that this was not how revolutions were made.

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Discomfort about a war in which Australia was aligned against the home of their ideological model was not limited to the Shalimar set. The Australian members of the Anglo-German 'Link' were of a similar mind and free to express their views in private, still spared the fate of incarceration that overtook their British members (including the expatriate Carroll). One of the more vocal and querulous was Melaine O'Loughlin, the Moravian-born Nazi enthusiast from Western Australia. She had been a correspondent with Miles since April 1939, but the Nullarbor (and her gender) prevented personal attendance at Yabber gatherings; she preferred to disseminate gossip through her pen and in doing so, she provided an insight into the thinking of Australia's Nazi dreamers at war. Poland had barely been violated before she was expressing her conviction that 'International Jewry' had brought about the subsequent Anglo-German war, from which she hoped to preserve her son.¹³ Her husband Thomas beseeched Miles within weeks to continue to do what he could to keep Australians 'Australian minded', but clearly it was difficult to keep his wife's mind off European refugees.14 Before the end of the first month of war, she was bombarding the luckless Miles with complaints about the 'Jewish arrogance' of her unfortunate tenants, Dr Strauss and his family, recent refugees from Vienna. She was especially displeased with their stated intention of returning to Austria after the defeat of Nazism: 'JEWS! EXPLOITERS! KIKES! "Wake up Australia!"" The Publicist editor was soon offered some of her 'Gedichte' (poetry) on similar themes, but their anti-Semitic content was too much even for Miles to publish.

That the O'Loughlin household continued to receive printed matter from the *Reich* (including an essay by Dr Goebbels) through the post alerted the security services to this particularly ardent member of the Link and she was visited at home in September by an agent of Military Intelligence, who confiscated her copies of German periodicals and the *Anglo-German Review*. This did nothing to cool her ardour and soon Mrs O'Loughlin was urging her friends to employ 'Australia First' as a sort of '*Heil*' greeting (Stephensen and Mudie were already doing so). She continued to rail against the luckless Strauss family, wondering why the Australian government continued to permit Jews to drive cars and to buy up properties. The Jews of Vienna were no longer doing so. There was no irony in her parallel condemnation of attempts by Dr Strauss to prevent his son from performing military service through reserved employment ('teaching the Police "Ping-Pong")—there was no better example of the tendency to condemn Jews

whatever they did. The new year 1940 witnessed resolutions of the same character; she intended to terminate the lease of her long-suffering tenants and have the house furnigated', occupying herself in the meantime by listening to German short-wave radio service, except when the reception was mysteriously sabotaged by Jews and Masons. Mrs O'Loughlin now looked to the distant Stephensen for salvation (although she had not yet learned to spell his name correctly): 'You ardent Bunyip Critic save Australia!' 18 He was not yet ready for that role, but there was some stirring in Western Australia that indicated others were.

Soon after the outbreak of war, O'Loughlin had reported to Miles rumours that she had heard about Laurence Bullock and his intention to establish a western 'Australia-First Party'. 19 Miles had not heard of either the man or his intentions and soon told him so directly, expressly drawing a distinction between the Sydney circle and any interstate imitation (as he later did with Cahill in Melbourne).20 Although the patron of Australia-First was eventually happy to draw Cahill into the Sydney circle, his intention to keep Bullock at a distance was wise, for he proved a dangerous maverick who made the Sydney 'Council of Seven' look like a tame debating circle. Bullock, born 1897 in Surrey, England, was a archetype of those drawn to the various forms of fascism in the years between the wars—the embittered, the restless and those who felt they had little more to lose by pulling the prevailing system off its hinges. He had served in the British army during the World War and migrated to greener pastures in 1924, where he had attempted farming and failed, like so many others, given the financial rigours of the Great Depression.21 The 'Jews' were held responsible for this economic catastrophe and the mental labyrinth of Douglas Social Credit offered him his first political solution. Like Cahill, Bullock had also been active in attempts to motivate the unemployed both with the endorsement of the Labor movement and, after 1933, without it; he was drifting further to the radical Right. By May 1939, employed as a travelling organiser of the WA Primary Producers' Association, he was considering establishing his own 'People's Party', but around the time of the outbreak of war he discovered a secular version of the trinity: Melaine O'Loughlin, the Publicist and Australia-First. With the fanaticism of the convert, Bullock was now determined to go his own way even without the endorsement of W.J. Miles. It proved a dangerous path.

Although Bullock still intended to use the term 'People's Party of WA', his newly focused vision was one inspired by Nazism, for he had admitted to Mrs O'Loughlin in November 1939: 'I believe in Germany's struggle and I desire them to win the war', a view which even Miles thought rather too expressive. ²² Bullock also told the Subiaco importer Hermann Ittershagen (honorary German consul in WA) in a plea for funds in November that he intended his strong and virile organisation to bring about 'THE OVERTHROW of this system by whatever

means found to be necessary when the opportunity arises' through delivering a 'staggering blow' to the 'MONEY MONOPOLISTS'. Not surprisingly, Jews were to be excluded from membership.²³ His was a hard doctrine, although there was no evidence that (unlike Cahill) Bullock was familiar with that espoused in the works of William Baylebridge. Soon it would be hardened and, in the meantime, Bullock offered his modest services to the German cause via the consulate in New York, Ittershagen's office having been temporarily closed.²⁴ Laurence Bullock may not have been mad, possibly not even bad, but he would certainly prove dangerous to know and, as the western tail of Australia-First, he would ultimately wag the eastern dog when he sought to challenge right with might. By March 1942, Military Intelligence would automatically regard any prior contact with Bullock as evidence of subversion and Leslie Cahill, revealed as a correspondent after an earlier raid on his Melbourne address, was only one of the easterners to discover this to his peril.²⁵

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There was no greater Australian enthusiast for aspects of Nazism than A.R. Mills, but he was not a man to be attracted to Bullock's promise of revolutionary violence. This high priest of Odinism and profound mystic was remembered by Eric Stephensen as 'a very kindly old gentleman', a description that perhaps dated from their post-war fellowship in the sedate Melbourne 'Bread and Cheese' club rather than from any pre-war acquaintance.26 The younger Stephensen was not the first or last person to be lulled into a benign appraisal of a man who appeared pleasant enough—those familiar with his works alone could not offer such a charitable assessment. Like so many of the other Nazi enthusiasts, Mills had not seen any reason after September 1939 to temper the views that he had espoused with such fervour before that turning point and he confided his desire for a German victory to the British fascist Leese in February 1940, convinced that Australia could only be saved by a 'walloping'.27 The war had brought a halt to semi-naked fire leaping at his mountain retreat, but it only drove him further towards the Australia-First camp, something that he had hitherto avoided given his aversion to the Australian brand of chauvinism. Only a wartime sense of crisis pushed Mills momentarily away from mysticism alone towards an acceptance that spiritualism and politics could be mixed (as his late mentor General Ludendorff had believed well into the twenties until the upstart Hitler had persuaded him otherwise). This new coupling did not escape the attention of the nation's oftenunfocused security services.

Barely more than a fortnight after the commencement of hostilities, this kindly old gentleman was visited by some equally kind constables of the Victorian

police force concerned about his potential loyalty in wartime. Mills denied everything, including his anti-Semitism, but a subsequent Military Intelligence analysis of him in November 1939 was more penetrating and surprisingly fair: 'A staunch loyalist but seems to have a fanatical regard for the German Nazi system and an equal hatred of Jews.'28 No-one ever established where the considerable funds spent on his obsessions had come from, given that his practice of the law was habitually unsteady and subject to lengthy interruptions. Clearly, he was thought to be one to watch. Despite the fact that Mills now knew he was under scrutiny, he was brave (or foolish) enough to make a lengthy contribution to the Publicist in January 1940. It was one that outlined the ideological position that he had now streamlined: 'Religion and Politics'. The 'non-sectarian' editor stated that his reason for publishing it was not owing to its religious claims, but 'for its fundamental Political implications', which he described as being of an identical character to that espoused by Australia-First, even though Mills himself remained a 'Britain First' thinker. The columnist began by affirming the connection between religion and politics and even that 'religion determines politics', as demonstrated by the connection between democratic British politics and the Jewish ideas of the Christian religion. This had led, he maintained, to priority being given in Britain to Jewish causes—he mentioned Palestine, but implied that the present war was also part of this perverted process. The Jewish-Christian religion was elsewhere responsible for the democratic belief in the 'equality-lie' and in materialism, a situation that would inevitably end in chaos.

Having established the problem in this article, Mills then offered a solution, a 'new way'-paganism-which he admitted was quite ancient given its origins amongst his British forefathers. The Odinist therefore seeks to replace the 'superstition and false values' of Jewish-Christian worship with that of the 'British Father' spirit, an aim that had political implications. These implications were all Nazi-inspired. They included race reverence; acknowledgement of racial solidarity; recognition of common submission to the State in areas that are beyond the understanding of the individual and the related suggestion that political leaders be trained (not elected) for their positions. His final implication was the acknowledgement that 'the final test of a person's...value, is the measure of the vitality he gives to the State' with its further extension to the 'Everlasting'. Contemporary Jews did not escape their due analysis when Mills concluded the article by listing the political obligations on the 'British-Australian' of 1940. These called for a similar sense of racial consciousness and individual political subjugation, but also for the denial of honours to 'money-spinners and parasites'. The new light of Odinism outlined in the article promised renewal and 'more abundant Living' according to these principles in 'Politics, Finance [and] Social activities'. It was a völkisch political vision with Odinist knobs attached, and one

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that the author had formerly implied elsewhere in volumes and papers that had borne his characteristic swastika. 'Religion and Politics', like these earlier efforts, could not have won any converts to Australia-First, but perhaps it could win converts to paganism within Australia-First. Mills operated thereafter on such a premise and he was assisted in his proselytizing, strangely enough, by Cahill the former communistic atheist. The article had certainly offered an alert that the indigenous paganism of Mills was now seeking to intertwine itself with the expansive, indigenous, national-socialism of Miles, Stephensen and Cahill; soon there would also be a serious and more natural attempt to give the Australia-First movement a formal touch of indigenous, Jindyworobak literature. Odin and Thor were never, as one police informant later claimed, 'Nazi gods', but any student of the works of A.R. Mills could be forgiven for thinking so after January 1940.

In the aftermath of Mills's Publicist debut, there appeared to be an attempt by the security services to collect incriminating evidence about the now suspect Odinist movement. Any rumour or piece of hearsay was given currency, whatever its origins. In July 1940, two witnesses attested to Military Intelligence of having heard Mills lament the possibility of an Allied defeat of Hitler, as such a result would be fatal for both Britain and Europe 'because the Jews would have complete control'. At home, he said, Menzies was working hand-in-hand with the Jews to exploit Australia and to line his own pocket, an uncharitable assessment of a man who would later defend Mills in the parliament. As for the enemy, Mills saw no cruelty in Germany, believing that the concentration camps were well conducted. He was also pleased at the prospect of the release of Mosley—'the logical leader of Britain'—from internment. Hitler was a 'wonderfully kind man' and Mills wanted the Empire also to flourish under 'Hitlerism'.29 Later in the same month he was overheard referring to Hitler's 'amazing physique and personality' prior to a meeting of the Rational Health Association and to an inspiring work by 'Neitzche' [sic], an indication of the association between this philosopher and Nazism that now existed in the shallow minds of some. Even the partisan analysis of a Christian Scientist, Mr Patterson, was given credence, although it sounded plausible enough—Mills, he assured the police in mid-1940, 'never ceases to advocate Nazi methods' including measures of anti-Semitism.³⁰ He never had, and never would, even after having been given the opportunity to compare those well-run German concentration camps with the Australian variety.

Within two months the broader electorate was given the chance to assess a candidate who had recently advocated political training on the Nazi model for potential leaders, when A.R. Mills offered himself as a candidate in the Melbourne seat of Fawkner for the federal poll of 21 September 1940. Under the aegis of the Motorists' Protection League, the candidate curiously adopted

the inappropriate slogan of 'One Flag! One People! One Parliament!' He also diluted his campaigning energy and funds by lobbying against Menzies in the neighbouring seat of Kooyong, ably assisted by Cahill and his enthusiastic young cadres. He gained 2,152 votes (under 3% of the whole), against the sitting member (and future PM) Harold Holt of the UAP (38,387) and A. Fraser of the ALP (22,558). His widow recalled three decades later that he had stood as an 'Independent Liberal'—'he was always a Liberal'31 If so, it was a strange form of that philosophy and akin to that adopted by Augustin Lodewyckx, another purported adherent of 'liberalism'. The electors of Fawkner preferred the liberalism of the United Australia Party, such as it was, but Mills took electoral defeat in his stride, probably looking elsewhere for political salvation as an Axis victory beckoned in 1941. Always a frequent traveller to his former island home of Tasmania (where his mother survived), Mills entertained one fellow passenger overnight on the Nairana bound for the port of Burnie in March 1941 with a potpourri of Nazi analysis of the current state of the world. A former AIF sergeant, A.A. Mosely, had not liked what he had heard and he had heard quite a lot on that crossing of Bass Strait, being struck by his unnamed companion's anti-Semitism, his anti-Christianity ('the worship of the Jew'), and his references to so-called 'Nazi deities' of Odinism. The gentleman had worked himself into a shipboard frenzy in his belief that 'terrible things would befall any country that protected the Jew'. Mosely reported this disturbing taste of subversion on his return to Melbourne and Military Intelligence knew immediately where to file his account.32

Mills was now convinced that the non-religious aspects of the 'Odinist outlook' were the 'remedy that must ultimately be applied to the sickness of today', as he had earlier argued in the Publicist and told Stephensen so again in May 1941.33 The 'Fifty Points' of August 1941 impressed Mills and by October he was a regular correspondent with the budding leader of the political struggle.³⁴ He was also now a member of Cahill's Australia-First 'Discussion Group', formed in accordance with Stephensen's November 1938 directive that such bodies be gathered prior to the establishment of a formal political organisation.³⁵ Once a new party was finally ready to be launched in November 1941, the transplanted Cahill wrote to his former partner in Melbourne enclosing the no.1 'Australia First Movement' ticket for Victoria, 'there is no one more worthy of that honor than yourself'.36 The security services were mistaken subsequently to think that Mills was now the 'leader' of the organisation in that state (or even a member of its executive committee), an error that would cost him his freedom. There was no such position, but the marriage of religion and politics, Australia-First style, was now complete. It was not to be a happy or an enduring union; Odin was afforded many virtues in Norse mythology, but he was not a constant husband.

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Another member of Cahill's Melbourne 'Discussion Group' was W. Hardy Wilson, now again a gentleman-farmer, this time at Wandin in the Dandenongs, He also spent time at his old stamping-ground of suburban Kew after February 1940 when he had remarried. From these vantage points, Hardy Wilson contemplated the war with dread. His literary alter ego had thought in August 1939 that such a conflict would mean the end of 'Europe as a leader of world thought'.37 Accurate though this prediction proved to be, less astute was his parallel suggestion that the Jews had connived to bring it about out of a hatred for Germany. 'Richard le Measurer' accordingly wrote to Prime Minister Menzies on the eve of war warning him of the menace that would arise from the arrival of Jewish refugees fleeing a European conflict. He wanted the PM to make a pre-emptive public statement of non-acceptance in order to frustrate a vast, international 'Jew movement', which would destroy any country where the proportion of the parasitical Jewish population was too great, although the author failed to establish what was the ideal proportion.³⁸ Menzies proved unreceptive to this approach, but Miles did not and the Publicist of November 1939 carried 'The Jewish Influx into Australia—As Viewed by an Eminent Artist', none other than the man whom readers were reminded had been mysteriously vetoed from holding the directorship of the Victorian National Gallery. There was little new in the arguments that followed, but those readers would be offered more detail in manuscripts to follow in 1941, when Wilson offered solutions to the problem set out in this issue and in the extended denunciation of refugees offered by both the Kookaburra and the Bunyip.

Hardy Wilson allowed this anti-Semitic fear of refugees to obsess him in the following year. The German invasion of Russia in June 1941 had exhilarated most of the local enthusiasts for the Nazi cause, but it only served to heighten Wilson' anxiety. He had little doubt about an Axis victory, telling Miles so in July and August: 'Hitler is proving himself a child of nature. He obeys unswervingly. Having started Europe expelling Drones, or Jews, he turns to Russia and announces that he will destroy the power of Jewish Bolshevism. And he will.' But this inevitable push was already causing problems for Australia: 'Already Russian Jews are entering Australia.' A large number of Russian Jews in mid-1941 were being purged by the *Einsatzgruppen* in the occupied part of the country; few, if any, had escaped to sunny Australia, but Wilson was nonetheless worried about Jewish influence on the future, should there be 'thousands of Jews dumped here from Europe after the war'. Out of his fear that 'Behind outward events, Jews are directing Australians to their end', he asked Miles to permit him to write a further *Publicist* article, putting forward a 'simple, straightforward solution

to the Jewish question in Australia', one which 'could be accepted and carried out without difficulty'—that distant 'child of nature' in Germany was already working on something similar. Wilson offered Miles some indication of the likely content of his article by referring to Jews as 'noxious irritants who cause social disease' and by reminding him that 'It is not the Jew, but the Creative Artist, who is a 'fertiliser'. The Creative Artist produces the anti-toxin to remove the Jew Poison from the Body Politic.' However, the editor wisely declined this creative artist's offer, perhaps conscious that he was already on the knife-edge of the wartime censor, but Wilson's musings would be self-published separately later in the year. In the meantime, the prospect of an Allied victory nagged at him and aroused what he called his 'survival instinct', for he also confided to the Kookaburra his fear that: 'If the world is to be guided by United States and Britain, under the direction of Jews...it means extinction of our breed.'

The depth of this aesthete's wartime anti-Semitic paranoia was now profound. He had recently refreshed his understanding of the Jewish world conspiracy by studying the Protocols in an edition introduced and published by the noted anti-Semitic warrior Arthur Field from Nelson, New Zealand (author of The Truth about the Slump), whose influence had spread across the Tasman to touch Eric Butler, Ernest Jones and Dr Becker, amongst others. This particular edition contained Field's July 1940 addendum, which suggested that the flight of the Jews from Europe was only a regional solution to the Jewish problem, and that both Nazism and Fascism (like Bolshevism) were part of the Jewish world conspiracy.⁴⁰ Wilson had not quite turned away from the Nazi 'child of nature' in this fashion, but he was turning his mind to a solution of the Jewish problem in his own region, having discussed the geopolitics of East Asia with Stephensen in August 1941 and having sought 'his help' as a fellow man of culture, to understand them.41 The subsequent proposal that came to light in 1941 was beyond that of 'Israelia', his planned Jewish ghetto-cum-concentration camp in the Dandenongs. This had been only a short-term measure to contain the Jewish contamination until a broader cure could be found, so Hardy Wilson further outlined both the problem and the solution in his two significant publications of 1941—Eucalyptus and the Solution of the Jewish Problem. The first work was a further volume of the adventures of the fictional alter ego 'Richard le Measurer', a sequel to The Dawn of a New Civilization of 1929, which followed le Measurer-Wilson through the travails of the thirties up to the period of his continued self-exile at Wandin. Any reading of the second work indicated that the devil's decade had done nothing to soothe the author's conviction that the Jews were at the heart of the problems of modern society. Europe was doing its best in 1941, under Nazi supervision, to find its own immediate solution to the problem. Wilson was unaware of those details and out of misguided fear that its main component would be the

expulsion of European Jews, he turned his earlier article on the Jewish influx into a broader thesis.

Eucalyptus provided extraordinary insight into Wilson's thinking in the period 1929-41. Its sweep was broad and reflected the author's extensive intellectual and other interests, providing an account of the ups-and-downs this mystic had endured throughout and chronicling his attempts to illuminate worthies such as Lyons, Mussolini and Hitler. There was, however, one thread that ran through the whole work wherever le Measurer had journeyed, from London to Tasmania to the Dandenongs—the Jew as a cultural parasite. It was a damning portrait: 'The Jew is the drone of humanity. He is without the instinct to lead; never has he held his own territory.' He was a drone-bee, not a honey-maker, or creative worker. Contemporary Jews were therefore living on borrowed time: 'At the present time, Jews are most essential in the world because they are fertilising new creativeness. Once this object is accomplished, Nature will depose them.'42 Their behaviour in the southern continent was, according to this survey, of the same character as that exhibited elsewhere; Arthur Phillip, the first governor of NSW, was descended from German Jews (an apparent fault); General Monash was a Jew; Isaac Isaacs, the former-Governor-General, had presided over the financial crisis of the Depression. 'Today Jews control politics, law, banking, the press, trade unions, literature, and whatever they wish to control.'43 Such sweeping condemnation was nothing new in the circle of Australia's Nazi enthusiasts-Stephensen had refused the invitation of the friendly Australian Natives' Association on Australia Day, 26 January 1941, to participate in commemorative services at Governor Phillip's statue in the Botanical Gardens out of similar sentiments. 44 Wilson-le Measurer was pessimistically convinced that 'the Jew is winning, or has won and his plans are well laid...All Jews work for world domination' and part of their plan was the design to occupy Australia with expelled European Jews and in turn to expel the 'British' inhabitants to Canada. 45 In order to foil such designs, le Measurer wrote for help to the newly elected MP Dr Evatt, believing that he would eventually succeed the discredited Menzies and that as both a native of NSW and a writer he would view the problem more imaginatively than most.⁴⁶ Bert Evatt was certainly a man of great imagination and already motivated by parliamentary ambition, but his demons were not of Semitic origin. Le Measurer would need to find assistance elsewhere to avoid the coming 'Downfall' and, in 1941 the only local champions of the struggle against Wilson's feared Jewish domination were the members of the Australia-First circle. The omens of success in the struggle of national resurgence were not good, however, for at the end of Eucalyptus le Measurer jumped over a cliff as in the face of a bushfire. 47 But he had not done so before his alter ego had formulated a solution to this particular national challenge.

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Wilson's Solution of the Jewish Problem was self-published at Wandin in September 1941. According to its author it was written because influx had turned into invasion. The 'Jewish invasion of Australia' had now reached 'alarming proportions', in part because of the alleged mass arrival of expelled Russian Jews, but also owing to the forthcoming retreat of Jews expelled from the USA once they had excited the inevitable hostility of the locals.48 Germany had unwittingly initiated a 'Jewish fertilising movement' through her programs of anti-Semitism and Australia was paying the penalty: 'Australia is now under Jewish Communist government in all but name.' If that was not daunting enough, the Jews would soon constitute a dangerous proportion of the Australian population.⁴⁹ Wilson's solution was simple enough, even simpler than the watch-towers of 'Israelia' and decidedly more attractive than le Measurer's suicidal one-move them on further, to the island of New Guinea, both the eastern half still (at the time of writing) in Australian hands, and the western, still under Dutch administration despite the fact that the Netherlands itself was under German occupation. The resettled refugees (up to five million of them) ought to be allowed to have their own preferred form of government in the territory—he thought 'autocratic communism' an appropriate one—with a measure of Chinese commercial input. Wilson was still a Sinophile, despite his flirtation with the most extreme form of European racism and he accordingly foresaw that his 'Eastern Jewish Republic' would attract its own flow of Asians, inevitably diluting Jewish customs and ethnic identity.⁵⁰ Utopia or dystopia, the vision was a clear one, but as impractical as his suggestion that Billy Hughes, former prime minister and champion of Australian sovereignty over the island, should set the foundation stone of the new polity. In this area, as in so many others, the imagination of this creative artist was not well grounded. Within a year of his suggested solution, Australian troops would be sacrificing their lives in Papua and New Guinea in an effort to halt Japanese invaders; neither side contemplated the establishment of an 'Eastern Jewish Republic'.

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On the other side of the globe, not even the denizens of the dreaming spires of Oxford could ignore the outbreak of war. Manning Clark, now a married man and soon to be a father, but still a financially-straitened student, had been forced to accept a teaching appointment at Blundell's school in Devon in late September and reluctantly to decamp from Balliol college soon after. There was still the solace of the radio, both the BBC and the short-wave service of its German equivalent, the *RRG*, which was spreading the Nazi gospel as far as the Perth sitting-room of Mr and Mrs O'Loughlin. The Clarks, in their last

weeks at Oxford, listened attentively to Hitler's October peace speech where the Führer offered the prospect of an international conference. Manning (like the ill-fated and soon interned members of the 'British Council of Christian Settlement in Europe') privately expressed his sympathy with that proposal and with Hitler's analysis of Polish intransigence by noting the 'poignancy' of the German appeal.⁵² John Kirtley would soon express much the same opinion in his clumsy fiction for the December Publicist. The distant listener even preferred the musical menu offered by the RRG (with its 'rough simplicity') to the blasé melodies of the BBC, as well as preferring their 'turgid, full-blooded, unrefined' spirit. This was not all he preferred: 'But my emotional sympathies are with them in this tortured struggle.'53 Now in Devon, Clark devoted much time in the new year to contemplating his personal future and that of the Empire. His opinions often coincided with those of Berlin, and of the distant Australia-First circle in Sydney: 'I am inclined to agree with the German Nazis that the destruction of English power is a prerequisite to stability in Europe', having been brought to this conviction by the 'forcefulness of the German case.'54 The young teacher's growing antipathy to British imperialism had brought him, by March 1940, to the uncomfortable position of acknowledging that my enemy's enemy is my friend, but this marked the high tide of his pro-German sentiment. Once the fighting began in earnest, in Denmark and Norway in April, Clark stepped back from the abyss to contemplate what a German victory might actually entail, but it was an almost reluctant step: 'The event has forced me to abandon being an onlooker & to become a barracker. This also I can't understand.'55 This analogy was more appropriate to his beloved Carlton football team than to the Anglo-German struggle, for nationalism (and ultra-nationalism in particular) was more than a 'football team's spirit', as Xavier Herbert would later casually label it. Nevertheless, this resolve now indicated that Clark was finally beginning to see that perhaps the 'German experiment' was now ripe for the judgement he had studiously avoided since 1938; the end of the 'phoney war' also constituted the end of his flirtation with the aspirations mouthed by the resurgent Germany.

The grand offensive of May 1940 also tested another earlier Clark hypothesis that the ruthlessness of modern Germany was a sign of her 'creative work'. By the time of Dunkirk, he had concluded otherwise and confided in his diary on 28 May that he now desired an allied victory. However, Clark expected, even desired, the infliction of some cathartic pain on the English, conscious of the German propaganda motto *Gott strafe England* ('God punish England'): 'Must England be punished. Again, I fear so.' He wanted the English social system to be defeated, whatever the military outcome of the struggle. Yet he was reluctant to observe that punishment first-hand and Mr and Mrs Clark returned home to Melbourne in August, where Manning was obliged to 'answer the charges' from

his parents-in-law (as he described his discomfort) and to take up a teaching position at the nearby Geelong Grammar in the following year. The distance from Europe and relative safety of Australia tended thereafter to dull any residual sympathy for the German position, which had already been reduced to ashes when Clark had finally confessed to himself that the Nazis were nihilists and unwilling to 'create an alternative', or incapable of doing so.59 The scholarly Australian idealist would need to look elsewhere for that. In the meantime, the Manning Clark of the Geelong period (1941-44) became more focused on the 'vile life' that he was enduring rather than further engaged in the lengthy political reflections of his early diary period; as the war reached its climax in the great battle for Stalingrad in late 1942, the second Clark diary preferred to comment on the removal of the author's appendix. The Geelong period was not entirely void of intellectual reflection, however, for Clark at home developed his interest in Australian history and began to write on the subject during these war years. He was even self-confident enough in public (despite considerable ongoing selfdoubt in private) to joust intellectually with Alan Chisholm, the great friend and colleague of Clark's father-in-law at the University of Melbourne. The wartime Clark had gone from being an early onlooker of Hitler's Germany to a late barracker for the Allied cause; Chisholm's transformation was more dramatic he swapped sides at a-minute-to-midnight.

Professor Chisholm was also struggling as a not-especially-detached onlooker to understand wartime developments in Europe. His former enthusiasm for Maurrassisme was severely tested by the collaboration between his mentor after June 1940 with the outside forces which had destroyed the Third Republic; Chisholm had long wished for the destruction of the old French order, but when it occurred, he harboured unexpected doubts about the 'well-meaning dreamers', even though his literary affection for Maurras endured. The key to his dilemma was found earlier (before the first shots were fired) in the Nazi-Soviet Pact of August 1939, for Chisholm could not comprehend that any civilised western country would dare to ally itself with Stalin, the 'devil of savagery' and he now reluctantly ranked Nazism alongside the more despised ideology of communism.60 Although he continued to admire Hitler's 'primitive genius', as opposed to the 'Greek genius' which inspired the likes of Gilbert Murray, he brought the full brunt of his social prejudice to bear following the pact, condemning the German leader as 'ill-educated' and a 'journalist'. Noting, correctly, that the pact violated the spirit of every sentence of Mein Kampf, Chisholm confessed that it had destroyed 'any admiration' that he had felt for Hitler and offered himself the solace that Dante would have now consigned the German leader to the lowest rungs of the Inferno. 61 When he aired his thoughts on 'Britain and France' in the Australian Quarterly of September 1940, the

Nazis as a whole were relegated to the same plane of damnation, but his earlier sympathies for their French counterparts remained, bloody but unbowed in the manner that would be repeated in his 'well-meaning dreamers' Argus article in the following February. Chisholm was 'impenitent' about his earlier views on Blum, although he now conceded that some 'sinister people on the Right' had undermined the otherwise healthy structure of the French state, forgetting that he too had once advocated an alliance between Maurras and the radical Colonel de La Rocque (now dismissed as a mediocrity), also in order to undermine the existing order. 62 The professor continued to defend Maurras and expressed doubt about the level of his mentor's true commitment to the New Order (he was less doubtful later in the Argus and in private); he was also prepared to offer Petain some benefit of the doubt owing to his advanced age and to an extent because his government was constructed according to Maurassian principles.⁶³ It was those very principles that led Chisholm now to propose a 'real Latin bloc' of Britain and France, rather than France and Italy, to combat German (and Soviet) barbarism. His analysis of the French radical Right remained that of an insider, of a contrite apologist, contrite enough for the Free-French 'Patriotic Fund' associations of Melbourne, but not for an assistant master at Geelong Grammar School, Manning Clark, perhaps himself suffering from a degree of contrition.

Clark announced his return to the Melbourne intellectual scene by offering a reply to Chisholm in the same journal in December 1940: 'The Dilemma of the French Intelligentsia.' He noted that Chisholm's views on Franco, Mussolini and on Russia continued to align him with the extreme Right, pointing out that there was nothing inconsistent in the French intellectual tradition about Maurras and Petain looking towards Hitler.64 He was critical of the 'pose of cultural superiority' that had allowed the French (and Chisholm) to look disparagingly on German culture and which had led the Germans to ask in despair 'Ist Gott Frankreich?' (Is France God?).65 The article gave no indication of the author's political stance other than the hint of Leftism found in its conclusion that the French intelligentsia would do well to abandon its (Maurassian) antipathy to the masses, a slight at Chisholm and some indication that the author was still searching for alternatives (although no longer that of Nazi nihilism). In June of the following year, Clark additionally provided Australian Quarterly readers with an astute analysis of the German question ('France and Germany') which made clear his antipathy to the violation of the German spirit that Nazism had constituted, something that he had not realised in 1938-39. It also provided some critical observations on current French atavism and 'neo-Fascism' that were again directed at the champions of Gallic authoritarianism, whether old or new.66 These learned essays by a converted new-comer did not ameliorate Chisholm's born-again antipathy to 'le barbare du Nord' and every 'inhuman Hun', but

he did, in time, come to acknowledge the Soviet communist bulwark against German Nazi barbarism, asking his friend Randolph Hughes in August 1941 to excuse his *volte-face*.⁶⁷

Elsewhere in Melbourne, that disapproving father-in-law Augustin Lodewyckx was performing his own volte-face, now using his voice and pen to serve another master. The professor broadcasted for the Australian Department of Information via the ABC on diverse cultural topics towards the end of 1941, as he had once been approached to do under the scrutiny of the German propaganda agencies via the RRG, and served as a wartime censor—few would have his skill at detecting concealed pro-Nazi sympathies. Lodewyckx also attempted to wipe clean the slate of his reputation by publicly condemning the Nazis for what was to him the gravest of sins, their diminishing of the status of universities, in an Australian Quarterly article of September 1941. He described their 'suppression of academic freedom in Germany as one of the most tragic events of our time', something he had failed to mention in peacetime, although his conclusion was supposedly based on what he had seen in 1937 and 1938.68 Nevertheless, the Australian security services were sensible to maintain a close watch on Huize Eikenbosch for the duration, even if their shadowing of army Lieutenant Axel Lodewyckx at Townsville was questionable. Yet the often clumsy vigilance and attempts to entrap the family as late as 1944 were not solely due to paranoia, as some have suggested, but owed something to the pre-war public statements and sentiments of the professor and his wife. 69 The earlier sentiments of some other barrackers and onlookers went unnoticed.

VI

In early 1940, Gus Schwaller, a worker at the Holden bodyworks at Fishermen's Bend, near Melbourne, took his vacation in the Northern Territory. While enjoying the diversions of the outback, that most Australian of environments, he took the opportunity to vandalise a cliff-face at Piltardi Waterhole with a symbol that most Australians regarded (contrary to Mills) as foreign, scrawling a large swastika with charcoal. Its subsequent discovery further fuelled the anxiety of those concerned about a 'Fifth Column', seemingly confirmed by the discovery that Schwaller had only recently returned from Germany. The chief victim of the affair was not the hapless panel-beater, but a more distinguished German-Australian, T.G.H. Strehlow, the noted anthropologist and former university tutor of Rex Ingamells. On 23 May 1940 A.M. Blain, the federal member for the Northern Territory (speaking after Eddie Ward on the topic of internal dissent), employed parliamentary privilege to denounce Strehlow as an enemy agent and to warn of the existence of a cell of 'Central Australian Nazis'. The accusations

were fanciful, but possessed enough credibility to taint Strehlow in the eyes of some—two of his brothers would die serving in the Wehrmacht—despite his testimony in June to Army Intelligence that he was proud of his 'German-ness' but committed to Australia, the land of his birth, upbringing and livelihood.⁷¹ The Commonwealth Investigation Branch scrutinised him regardless and although its efforts were, in this instance, fruitless, there was a great deal to occupy their attention in the period before Australia-First emerged from its political cacoon in November 1941.

The Australian political fringe was not short of Nazi enthusiasts outside of the scope of Stephensen and Miles, mostly lone wolves and often-outright cranks incapable of fitting into any other organisation, but nevertheless possessed of a serious purpose (unlike Mr Schwaller). Some had been in contact with Australia-First, but the Kookaburra and the Bunyip were regarded by the ultra-fanatical as too moderate and too tardy. Here too were found the mad, the bad and the dangerous. Two prepared to form their own extreme organisations, independent of Stephensen and his merry men; both were foolish enough to plan their launch at the most inopportune moment for such party games. Still others continued to prefer more clandestine methods of propagandising on behalf of the beloved ideology and their own interpretation of it, waiting for a German victory to set the record straight. In addition there were several who exemplified the unknown number drawn into the whirlpool of ultra-nationalist politics through a detached admiration for the German cause and thus damned by association in the eyes of the security services. These individuals learned the hard way that Nazi enthusiasts were dangerous to know, even if they were distant ones.

Stephensen had called in the December 1940 Publicist for the preliminary organisation of a new political party, but only 'immediately after the war'. His hand would be forced to set this qualification aside before the end of 1941, but in the meantime several Nazi enthusiasts tired of waiting and pressed their determination to proceed alone. One of them was Edwin Arnold, a porter at Town Hall station in Sydney, who had served in the NSW railways since 1922, when he was seventeen. Arnold was known to Miles, whom he had met in early September 1938 after submitting an article for the Publicist on the Sudeten crisis—'Germany's Aims'—that argued in favour of the 'National-Racial State'. It was also a detailed analysis of German-Czech-Polish relations that showed considerable, if selective, knowledge of the recent history of the region.⁷² The editor declined the offer after their meeting. Arnold was not yet known to security through his consular correspondence with Dr Asmis in 1933 and 1938, but he soon attracted their attention when he replied to a Sydney Daily Telegraph advertisement in February 1939 in search of love. An 'Aryan' German woman had placed an advertisement in the personal columns in which she had expressed

her desire to make the acquaintance of a suitable Australian man. In his reply on 13 February, Arnold (who lived with his parents) stressed his fun-loving, youthful outlook, though admitting that he was not quite a 'gentleman'-she could have gathered that independently by reading his parallel condemnation of Australian women as 'feather-brained'. Politically, if not personally, Arnold was her perfect match, as the Asmis correspondence had demonstrated, and in his reply, the porter had waxed lyrical about Germany and its leader, making it perfectly clear that if the Fräulein was not a supporter of the Nazi regime there was no point in meeting, given his insistence that he was 'a convinced believer in fascist and National Socialist principles'.73 The suitor assured security agents soon after the outbreak of war on 18 September (following the lady's internment) that the letter was an exaggeration: 'As I was keenly interested in all political movements I thought this was a wonderful information [sic] about at least one country, so I answered the advertisement, stating that I was a great admirer of Herr Hitler, of the National-Socialist Party, and of Germany in general." Arnold attempted to persuade his interrogators that he had deliberately exaggerated his political commitment 'for the purpose of creating as favourable an impression as possible'—a typical instance of dating-game hyperbole—but the officers were unconvinced. They preferred to believe the text of his letter, where he had concluded 'To see and tread the sacred soil of the Fatherland is the greatest wish of my life.'75 This was certainly a love-letter, but one directed at a country and its ideology rather than at a lonely woman. It was out of the question after September 1939 for Arnold to commune with German soil, but military service for the thirty-four-year-old was not, although he pleaded that 'as a combatant...I should be of little use'. He was also now considered to be of little use to the NSW Railways and was dismissed a short time later on 23 October 1939 on security grounds.

The rogue porter had not been a member of the powerful Australian Railways Union at the time of his arbitrary dismissal, having resigned because of his opposition to 'communist influence'—the only organisation of which he was a member was the 'Society for Psychic Research'—but the communists in the union protested anyway, still opposed to the European war in accord with the spirit of the recent Nazi–Soviet Pact. Perhaps they recalled Arnold's letter to the editor of the Sydney Sun in August 1939, where he had urged Russo-German rapprochement and suggested that a Soviet annexation of Estonia would be appropriate. Editorial correspondence aside, the ARU Railway Advocate in November branded his dismissal as 'unjust and arbitrary', ironically likening it to 'Hitlerism'. The lone victim preferred to seek assistance elsewhere and appealed to Prime Minister Menzies in June 1940, but the 'irresponsible fellow' had bigger fish to fry at that time; neither the red union nor the blue Lodge could help this

loveless, jobless Nazi fanatic.⁷⁷ Fortunately, the Royal Australian Navy did and soon after his removal from Town Hall station on security grounds, Arnold was employed as a painter and docker at the Cockatoo Island shipyards in Sydney Harbour. When the Security Service was revamped in March 1942, it was given sole responsibility for providing security clearances in order to avoid such clumsy oversights. At work in these shipyards, Arnold contemplated at leisure the formation of a political organisation that would give expression to his undimmed admiration for national-socialism and its leader. He would briefly find refuge within the Australia-First tent from November 1941, but it was not entirely to his ideological taste, and by February 1942 Arnold was prepared to launch his own 'World Aryan League' and an associated Nazi party.

Cyril Edward Glassop (b.1910), a Sydney electrical fitter also engaged in naval shipbuilding, was not so patient. He too was already known to security, having been a serial federal and state 'Independent Labour' candidate in 1936, 1937 and 1940 and having founded the 'Anti-Communist and Motherland Front' in January 1937 (complete with a quasi-Nazi leader's uniform) prior to endeavouring to form a 'New Front' in 1939.78 This party joined its defunct predecessor following its inaugural meeting at the Newtown Town Hall on 18 May, when Glassop had been heckled by communists not yet aligned with Berlin. The meeting attracted some seventy people, including Daisy McWilliams, wife of the state secretary of the CPA, who invaded the stage and shouted: 'We don't want fascism. Down with Fascism.' She was subsequently charged with behaving in an offensive manner and when giving evidence in court against this public nuisance, Glassop freely confessed that he advocated the corporatism of German and Italian 'fascism', a one-party state and the conversion of trade unions into social organisations after the example of the German 'Labour Front'. The object of the meeting and of his 'Front', he continued, was 'to bury the corpse of democracy'.79 The Newtown meeting had demonstrated that democracy was not dead yet, at least in Australia, but neither were Glassop's attempts to inter it.

Following his lack of success at the September 1940 federal poll (an achievement he shared with Mills), Glassop intended to further engage in party games by forming an 'Australian National Guard', which he hoped to launch in Sydney (also at Newtown) on 25 September 1941, but not before the Sydney Sunday Telegraph had reported four days earlier on this intention and on Attorney-General Hughes's proposed ban of the would-be organisation. Glassop was said to be seeking members on the waterfront, an ambitious task given the union dominance of that workplace; the Commonwealth Investigation Branch drily noted that his presence on the waterfront was resented by 'wharf labourers and seamen who threaten to cease work if he is allowed to continue his present employment'. 80 Although not generally one to be easily discouraged,

the unwanted advance publicity aborted the launch of the Guard, the character of which was indicated by Glassop's design for the party symbol—a black circle containing a stock-whip.⁸¹ Members of the CIB patrolled the quiet streets of inner-suburban Sydney on that Thursday night in vain, later fearing that a secret meeting may have been held instead in Balmain, where the leader lived; Glassop was actually on night-shift and unable to bury democracy on that particular evening.⁸² No more was heard of the Guard in 1941 and it was outlawed by Attorney-General Hughes soon after under the National Security (Subversive Associations) Regulations, as 'prejudicial to the defence of the Commonwealth or the efficient prosecution of the war', but Glassop later claimed that it continued to function until July 1942; he denied that it had operated under the cover of the 'National Brass Band' as he could not play any instrument.⁸³ Unmusical though he was, Cyril Glassop had not yet put away his stock-whip or moth-balled his leader's uniform.

While some were open playing party games in Sydney in 1941 and eager to be seen centre-stage, others were working behind the scenes. In May, subversive pamphlets called a 'Political Quiz' began to circulate in the harbour city. The CIB understandably suspected the Publicist and detected similarities in the style of its Nazi sentiments with the 'Fifty Points' of the Australia-First circle, but a wary Inspector Mitchell soon satisfied himself that the this was not the case; the typeface did not match any known to have been used at 'NAZI HQ'.84 The mystery deepened in June when badly typed pamphlets entitled Action Post also began to circulate, supposedly from a real HQ, that of the 'National Socialist Party of Australia'. Unsurprisingly, they expressed admiration for German national-socialism, but implausibly claimed links with like-minded parties in Britain and on other continents. The bureaucrats under Attorney-General Hughes thought Glassop (rather than Miles) might have been associated with this material, but this was not his modus operandi. The contents were vitriolic; Action Post denounced the 'rottenness' of democracy and expressed no sympathy for the victims of the recent London blitz, or for its indiscriminate destruction of property: 'Damn their bloody buildings. People have shivered and starved in the shadows of these fine old buildings.'85 It went without saying that the Jews were depicted as the ones responsible for this holocaust. Acting-Prime Minister Fadden demanded investigation and some official action, but the Action Post continued unmolested and began to circulate wider afield. Organisations such as the Housewives' Association of NSW and the Country Press Association received roneoed circulars in which the NSPA had asked 'DO YOU STILL THINK, OR <u>DON'T YOU GIVE A DAMN</u>?' They gave sufficient damn to pass them on to the security services demanding a response, outraged that the current struggle had been placed in the context of Britain's flimsily-justified wars over the last fifty

years, fought for the benefit of 'Hebrew financiers'. The party was apparently unimpressed with either the imperial connection or even with certain traditions that had established themselves in Australia since 1915—Churchill was labelled a 'pot-bellied, pig-faced, political abortionist' prosecuting 'this British war' and even the holy-of-holies, Anzac Day, was attacked for its British associations. Some of the circulars were brazenly signed 'HEIL HITLER!' and this caused the director of the CIB, Colonel H.E. Jones, also to give a damn, although even by September he could offer Canberra no good news other than the assurance that the circulars urged people to 'ACT' without offering any advice on what to do. 86 Attempts by Jones to establish a link between this material and the defunct 'Blueshirts' of W. Tracey on the WA goldfields had failed; the 'grand council' had long ceased to function, if it ever had. Military Intelligence even interrogated the makers of rubber stamps in Sydney without result.

A breakthrough in the investigation did not occur until 3 October 1941 when a poorly coded advertisement appeared in the Sydney Morning Herald, soon deciphered by Colonel Powell of the CIB, and contact was made with a resident of seedy East Sydney, 'Alexander Mortimer', actually William Alexander McKeand (b.1911), an employee of the Postmaster-General's Department since 1927. An English migrant who arrived in Australia in 1922, McKeand confessed the authorship of Action Post on the condition that his literary activities be kept secret. His interrogator was left in no doubt of his motives: 'He is considered fanatically National Socialist at heart, and it is thought that following his present publicity campaign, he intended to indulge in sabotage.'87 Although it was also noted that McKeand 'was a lone wolf and that he did not preach National Socialism, but merely sent out the written word', internment for the duration was recommended on the urging of Military Intelligence. The nature of McKeand's employment was his downfall rather than his nocturnal pamphleteering, for as an accosting clerk at the Transmission Radio Department of the Sydney GPO, he possessed a permit which allowed him access to key points of 'telephonic and radio transmission stations and depots'. As well as further unsubstantiated claims of an intention to sabotage communications, McKeand was damned for having sought financial help (via correspondence with the Japanese consulate in Sydney) from the German embassy in Tokyo, the Osaka Chamber of Commerce and from a Deutschlandsender short-wave facility in the Reich.88 His connection with Die Brücke, to which he had subscribed, and to the Link, of which he had been a member, cannot have helped. There were also connections with Cahill when that activist was still in Melbourne and 'Mortimer' had attended the Yabber Club at least once, in March 1941.89 This unrepentant, confessed hater of democracy was given his day in court on 7 November, despite the earlier promise of secrecy—the procedure of an open court would soon be dispensed with for

other subversives. He was sentenced to a total of twelve months imprisonment with hard labour under the national security regulations for publishing material prejudicial to the war effort, even though he had done little other than upset the housewives of NSW. This was not, however, the end of his incarceration in Long Bay and elsewhere; nor was it the end of the circulation of underground, pro-Nazi literature in Sydney, as Military Intelligence had hoped it would be.

Even before McKeand's arrest, another crudely typed pamphlet had caused anxiety to the security services and NSW police. 'Gentiles Awake!' had hit the streets and post-boxes of Sydney in July 1941, when 'T. Brown' had urged his fellow Australians to 'Arise!' against 'World Jewry'. The arguments used to promote insurrection were the familiar ones—the real enemy was not the Germans, but the eternal Jew, that 'curse of mankind' and the 'cause of all War. Misery and Discontent'. The 'Jew vultures' had whipped nations like Australia into the fever of an unnecessary war and Great Britain was now their all but last line of defence. The home government was already one by the 'Bankers for the Jews' and the situation was worsening with the arrival of thousands of refugees, who would, in due course, gain a stranglehold through 'Bribery, Freemasonry, etc.'. They had little to offer their country of asylum, for 'Jews never had or ever will have creative ability of any kind' and accordingly, the polemical author urged his fellow countrymen to sweep them away: 'Only then can we ever hope to build up a new Australia, free of all confusion and despair.'90

'Gentiles Awake!' was an especially venomous piece of work and the anxious authorities searching for its origins initially focused on the usual suspects (Miles and Stephensen)—they would have been better to have suspected the lesser-known Hardy Wilson. The pamphlet was, mutatis mutandis, in the style of very early Nazi leaflets that had become familiar to the good burghers of Munich twenty years earlier. However, the author was not one of the more established Nazi enthusiasts, but Thomas Potts Graham (b.1906 in England), who came to Australia as late as 1936. He was employed as a clerk at Australian Aluminium at Granville and had corresponded with Miles on the topic of Australian national-socialism, but had not attended the Yabber gatherings until introduced by the relocated Ian Mudie towards the end of 1941. Although security was keen to see Graham as a clandestine successor of McKeand and as a second member of the NSPA, they failed to establish a link between these two loners, both of English Novocastrian origin.⁹¹ However, Graham did join another loner (Arnold) in temporarily abandoning seclusion to become a member of the restructured Australia-First, until his further individual pamphleteering attracted the undivided attention of the NSW police in February 1942. Like Arnold, Glassop and McKeand, Graham had served a suitable anti-Semitic apprenticeship before the end of 1941 and would graduate to indefinite incarceration in the following year.

This circle of younger men playing party games was joined in some illicit letter-boxing by a retired, more senior enthusiast of Nazism, Ernest Jones, the serial founder of the Australian League of Truth, the Australian Unity League and probably also of the Guild of Watchmen. The author of several anti-Semitic tracts, Jones was best remembered by security for his self-explanatory 1933 Hitler, The Jews and Communists. Australians Awake! His earlier connections with Mills and Heiler were also known to them and his file contained details of two March 1936 meetings between Jones and P.J. Kesting, a German born, naturalized, resident of Adelaide since 1899. Kesting was probably a Nazi party member and certainly known to Dr Asmis (as was Jones) and following travel in the Reich, 1935-36, and the imprimatur of Dr Goebbels, he became the local agent for several German newspapers. Jones and Kesting were thought to have discussed anti-Jewish propaganda and 'Jewish doings'. 92 At the time of the outbreak of hostilities, the AUL was Jones's latest vehicle to combat these doings and it accordingly came to the attention of the security services in NSW for its distribution of pro-Nazi literature. Jones was soon interviewed by operatives, admitting that he was the sole member of the organisation, but although he denied Nazi sympathies, he was happy to be recognised as a 'Christian Socialist' who continued to expose the sins of both communism and 'Judo-capitalism' [sic]. The AUL's role was to encourage the 'study of the Jewish problem in world politics and economics'. This seemed to placate his interrogators for the time being, but within weeks he was again under scrutiny for having posted a Nazi badge to a Wollongong recipient. Despite this history of activism in peace and war, Jones was charitably assessed by the NSW Director of Security: 'I am satisfied that the propaganda issued by Jones under the banner of the Australian Unity League is not pro-Nazi and that allegations that he is such arise from his fanatical hatred of the Jews.'93 This benign outlook was not extended to many others whose Nazi enthusiasm was not of the same depth as the man who habitually signed his correspondence 'With Pan-Aryan Greetings'. During his interrogation, Jones had gone to great lengths to emphasise his 'British' sympathies and loyalty to the Empire—he had convinced some, but only those unfamiliar with his extensive publishing history.

A number of others were not so fortunate in their security assessments. These were the almost-innocent victims of a system that often seemed arbitrary and unable to distinguish between those who constituted a real threat to internal security through their party games and those who were unlikely to harm anything other than their own future prospects. The security files contain two pointed examples of this category of suspect—two well-educated young men who were not politically active, but pro-German (possibly pro-Nazi) in outlook. Both were foolish enough to contact German officials after the outbreak of war,

thus attempting to form dangerous associations; both were unwise enough to irritate their police interrogators by assuming a posture of intellectual superiority; both were persecuted accordingly. Neither was given the opportunity to appear before a court and defend themselves against any charges that the authorities may have cared to bring. They were Enoch Atkinson (b.1913) of Melbourne, a first-generation Australian of British parents, and Thomas Hugh Gilhooley (b.1921 in Britain) of Perth, both of whom had graced an Australian university, still in those days something of which to be proud even though it might excite malice amongst the less fortunate.

Atkinson was educated at the University of Melbourne (although it is unclear whether he was ever taught by Chisholm or Lodewyckx) and had already gained a blot on his character in the eyes of some by being dismissed from the (voluntary) Militia in 1935 for non-attendance. He was a student of German history (like Arnold the autodidact) and felt sympathy in the thirties for the plight of a Reich attempting to free itself from the bonds of Versailles (like Manning Clark the postgraduate scholar). Atkinson later admitted to Military Intelligence that he was sympathetic to Germans and had German friends: 'I have read a lot of German history and I do not blame them for going to war.' For this reason, he had assumed the alias of 'Carl von Muller', which puzzled his interrogators. By 1940 'Muller' had moved to Sydney, after a period of employment in the old German New Guinea, and was working as a private investigator until disqualified by convictions for conspiring to pervert the course of justice (in a divorce suit, the bread-andbutter of his occupation) as well as those for the illegal possession of a pea-rifle and of an unlicensed pistol.94 By mid-1940 he had come to the attention of the wartime security services through the testimony of acquaintances that he was disloyal. Molly Woods, a young shop assistant from Potts Point, was the chief provider of damning witness and of hearsay to Military Police Intelligence in July 1940. According to her, 'Muller' was a 'Fifth Columnist' who claimed a connection with a German rubber planter in North Borneo, Robin Lutter, with whom he was seeking employment. More importantly, she claimed that he had approached her offering to enrol her in his subversion. The loyal Woods had declined, but told her friend Edna Pegus of Manly that the suspect always gave his (unidentified) girlfriend the Nazi salute, and that she returned it. Pegus added her own observation that Atkinson-Muller was never sympathetic to the English, but 'always sticking up for Germany'.95 However, this pointless tittle-tattle was reinforced by more substantial evidence from Marjorie Balmain of Manly. Miss Balmain had met Atkinson on board the Macdhui sailing from Rabaul, New Guinea, in September 1938. Despite the passing of the years, her recall was sharp. Atkinson had told her that he was returning home from Java (in the Netherlands East Indies), having spent time on a plantation in the nearby Australian mandate of New Ireland (formerly New

Mecklenburg). He spoke favourably of Hitler and after she noticed that he took an inordinately keen interest in the North and Middle Head entrances to Sydney Harbour, Atkinson admitted he was a spy. There was more:

He was wearing his hair very long, which gave people the impression that he may be a professor. He also stated that when his brother came back from the war there was no food for them & they had to go out & shoot to get bread & that was why he was so much against the Jews & in favour of Hitler.

Miss Balmain had assumed that Muller was German 'because he spoke so much about the conditions in Germany after the war & about Hitler & the Jews'. She had also seen a plaque that contained an image of the Führer, presumably when in Muller's cabin. 96 This accumulated evidence was enough for Military Intelligence to raid the Elizabeth Bay flat of the suspect soon after. It is difficult to determine whether their primary motive was Atkinson's movements in the 'Near North', an area considered under Japanese threat even before Pearl Harbour, or the damning possession of a Hitler icon.

The raid proved fruitful and the offending plaque was found hanging on the wall, but the victim was undaunted and spoke admiringly of Nazism to those invading his privacy. Once the plaque's inscription had been translated—'I believe in Germany and fight for her today, tomorrow and in the future, till victory is ours'—Atkinson's fate was sealed. Military Intelligence recommended his internment to the Army (which continued to determine such matters) on 31 January 1941, bolstered by the accumulation of further evidence that whilst in New Ireland in 1938 Atkinson had taught the natives the Nazi salute and had distributed busts of Hitler to 'Boss boys'. He also had purchased a Luger pistol, later attempting to buy more, and was found by an intelligence operative to possess sketches of Tasmania and the Flinders Island group marked with German language markings. The internment recommendation was based on a desire 'to restrict the movements of men of this type whose statements and actions destroy the very spirit of unity of purpose'-pour encourager les autres.97 The allegedly confessed spy was detained by ministerial order on 30 April 1941. When the prisoner appealed to a security advisory committee in July, a more sensible assessment was made of his case, the committee recommending immediate release on the condition that he not reside within 50 miles (80 km) of Sydney. They regarded him as more of a nuisance than a threat, believing that the 'Muller' persona had been adopted to 'prove more interesting to members of the opposite sex, in whom he is greatly interested' and to give him 'an air of mystery'.98 This technique had clearly not worked on Miss Balmain or Miss Woods, but the committee was now satisfied that internment had taught Atkinson a lesson, at

least about the opposite sex. Accordingly, Atkinson was released on 7 August, although immediately prosecuted for not having registered for military service. A subsequent appeal against the restrictions on his movements, made in order to assist in the earning of a living, was dismissed by Army Minister Forde in January 1942. No more was heard of Enoch Atkinson or Carl von Muller, although he was still ranked in late 1943 as a 'potential quisling' worthy of reinterment in the event of an enemy invasion. 100

The younger and less mature Thomas Gilhooley suffered a similar mix of bureaucratic and investigative vindictiveness with even less justification. He was not identified by shop-girl gossip, even though he had been a part-time shop assistant while an Arts student at the University of Western Australia, but by his own, intercepted correspondence. Described by the Security Service as 'a sickly youth, somewhat eccentric, but not devoid of brains', Gilhooley was bespectacled and of slight build. 101 In January 1940 he unwisely wrote to the German ambassador in Washington seeking German publications 'so that I can learn the truth'. He was especially curious about 'the Jewish war of 1939, especially about the Polish procedure and horrors' that had caused the conflict. The request concluded 'With the best greetings of German victory'. This was followed a month later by a letter to Mosley's still-legal British Union seeking similarly inclined British publications and inquiring about membership. But Gilhooley was not a British chauvinist; like Cahill in Melbourne, there was an Irish element to his outlook, as he told a Hungarian pen-pal, Elsie Weiss, in the German language in March 1940. He explained to the Fräulein that his desire for a German victory came from a wish for 'Irish Freedom' after '700 years of British oppression'. This oppression had included the scattering of 'our people' and the suppression of 'our language'. He likened the British retention of Ulster to the post-war Rumanian occupation of Transylvania, recently reversed and returned to Hungary in a Vienna pact overseen by Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop 'by the grace of Adolf', signing off his letter with 'Delenda est Britannia' (Britain must be destroyed). There was also a report of domestic disloyalty when allegedly Gilhooley had declined to buy a 1940 copy of the Women's Weekly with a coverphoto of Queen Elizabeth: 'I wouldn't pay good money for that.'102

These foreign and domestic transgressions were enough for the security services in Perth to raid the Gilhooley parental home before the end of 1940, where agents found large amounts of Nazi and 'Communistic' literature; both were equally suspect in the period before June 1941 when Hitler's aggression turned towards the steppes. The raiders also discovered evidence of contact with a local Nazi, Werner Rossbach. When subsequently interrogated by men to whom he referred as the 'secret police', Gilhooley proved uncooperative but, unlike Atkinson, avoided internment for the time being, possibly owing to the

fact that he was only nineteen. He was probably reminded of his impending military obligations and was certainly made aware that he was now under close supervision. This did not prevent the young trainee-accountant from subscribing to the Publicist in November 1941 and establishing some contact with Stephensen and others in his Sydney circle already considered dangerous to know; he did not have contact with Bullock or other WA enthusiasts, as security later suspected.104 Gilhooley did continue to express his exasperation about security vigilance and he soon earned the considerable, enduring animosity of the new Security Service, the agency that would oversee the accelerated scrutiny of a young man later labelled as a subversive, anti-British agitator and as a 'dangerous influence in the community'. That animosity lasted beyond 1942, when the inaugural directorgeneral, MacKay, was replaced in September by the fiercely anti-German head Brigadier W. Simpson, who was still fighting the last war (in which he had served with distinction). However, the Brigadier, whom some in intelligence thought had once been a New Guardsman, never succeeded in quashing the disloyalty of a dissenter he considered mad, bad and dangerous to know.¹⁰⁵ He was still trying to do so in January 1945.

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Many of the participants in radical, fringe politics are by nature mavericks and reluctant to accept the discipline of any organisation other than their own. This was often the case with the Australian enthusiasts for Nazism both in peace and later in war. What united them towards the end of 1941 was the conviction that the foreign ideology they so admired was on the verge of ultimate triumph. This conviction brought with it the obligation to prepare on the home front for the chaos that would inevitably follow. The 'politicals' took up this challenge; so too did some of the 'poeticals'. The unfortunate Thomas Gilhooley provided an example of the merging of these two groups when further interrogated in 1943 at Loveday internment camp, explaining that he had been drawn into the Australia-First circle in part through poetry:

I like poetry. I like Rex Ingamells and I like Ian Moody [sic], he is better I think. I read the magazine 'Jindyworobak' which is edited by Rex Ingamells...I have met Moody. I first learnt about him by his writing in the paper in 1941. I saw a poem in the Publicist called 'This is Australia.' 106

This 1941 verse was the clarion call of a national revolution and Gilhooley had accepted both its literary and political elements, observing: 'I understand Rex Ingamells and Moody were members of the Australia First Movement. Ingamells

is not interned as far as I know.' The puzzled and disgruntled Gilhooley was now behind barbed wire, a fate that Ingamells and Mudie had escaped, but only just, for Stephensen had succeeded in drawing them into his politico-literary struggle by the end of 1941. These two sensitive, intelligent poets, models of the fusion between Australia-First and *Jindyworobak*, were never mad, or bad, but they too had by then become dangerous to know. Gilhooley was not the only observer who wondered why they were still at liberty during these perilous times.

CHAPTER 10

'THE FIRES OF HELL'—THE KULTURKAMPF ON THE HOME FRONT: SEPTEMBER 1939-OCTOBER 1941

We shall hear the tjuringa roar above the sounds of war; we shall look into the fires of hell and not be blinded. We shall emerge from the furnace, fused to nationhood.

lan Mudie, Affirmation, 1940.

A combination of politicals and poeticals is formidable, as was proved in England in the Elizabethan Age, and in Eire twenty-five years ago.

P.R. Stephensen on the 'Jindyworobaks', Publicist, 1 September 1941.

P.R. I am convinced is set on becoming the Fuehrer of the new literary resurgence and perhaps the political one too.

Victor Kennedy to Rex Ingamells on P.R. Stephensen, 9 September 1941.

Cheerful cynicism, and bitterness—the 'Song-Man'—'Rex'—
'embarrassing affiliations'—the sympathetic and the spunkless—a 'male
frolic'—the natural aristocrat.

There were occasions in the first wartime period of the Nazi enthusiasts (September1939–October 1941) when Inky Stephensen, still on the leash of his patron, seemed to have accustomed himself to that restraint and to prefer the literary cause to the political one, despite his often stated view that the national struggle

was a combined politico-literary one; there was even mumbling amongst some of his followers that he had turned 'yellow'. Although he restated the importance of political action in the 'Resurgence Number' *Publicist* of September 1941, when he was on the verge of becoming the leader of the ultra-nationalist political and cultural fusion, any detached observer of the period since the outbreak of the war would be hard pressed not to concede that the literary side of Australia-First was making more of an impression than the political. The *Jindyworobak* movement had shifted closer to Australia-First in that time, and the security services now began to interest themselves in fellow-travelling poets such as Rex Ingamells and Ian Mudie (not formally a Jindy until 1941), adding their details to portfolios that had hitherto been restricted to the politically outspoken such as Miles and Stephensen, as well as to some of the more outlandish of the Nazi enthusiasts and rabid anti-Semites such as Mills, McKeand and others. The notion of guilt by association was thus in vogue well before Pearl Harbour turned it into a guiding principle of the Curtin government after its succession to office in October 1941.

The Jindyworobak movement had only itself to blame for this association with its appearance of fellow-travelling, for Ingamells and Mudie (as the founder and leading disciple) allowed themselves to be drawn to the light of Stephensen's wartime New Order, unlike Xavier Herbert, the primary peacetime, literary golden boy of Billy Miles. Although not unsympathetic to Japanese geopolitical aspirations, Herbert found the anti-Semitism of the wartime Publicist distasteful (and offensive to his Jewish wife, Sadie) and he was no longer enamoured of the 'Perfect Australian Publisher', as he had once called Stephensen. Bored with nationalism, he gradually distanced himself from the Publicist circle. Some other writers shared his reservations and the alignment between Australia-First and the Jindyworobak club was against the better judgement of a few early members of this literary circle including Brian Elliot, who left Adelaide in 1938 sympathetic to Australia-First but still convinced that the Jindyworobak club had no political platform.1 Nevertheless, by September 1941 Stephensen thought he had attained the goal he had set himself—the goal of gaining the assistance of the Jindies 'in formulating the Australian Essential', his vaunted 'formidable' combination of politicals and poeticals.² As Ian Mudie had implied in 1938, this was a far more natural association than the Wagnerian-inspired one that Mills and Cahill would attempt to forge between an alien Odin and Australia-First. The last months of 1941 and the beginning of 1942 indicated just how formidable (or weak) that politico-literary combination was and just how hot the 'fires of hell' were likely to be for those involved in the Australia-First Kulturkampf—the contest of their 'new' culture and ideas with the 'old'. For some of these poeticals, the outbreak of war had only stimulated their enthusiasm for the ultra-nationalist appeal of the local version of national-socialism, rather than dampened it.

It was only to be expected that the *Publicist* literary circle would be hostile to the declaration of war against Nazi Germany, even though they had frequently insisted that some sort of cleansing struggle or wrath would be necessary before the establishment of their New Order. Anticipation is often more comfortable than reality and there was a certain bitterness in the air from the beginning. Before long, the journal featured two poems by 'G.P.' (Dr G.E.P. Philpots) which expressed the view that racial impurity and decadence had lead to the 'Goys' (Gentiles) fighting for Jewish interests—'Britain and the Jews' and the none-too-subtle 'Jew and Gentile-Bribery or Blood?' Much the same cynicism was found amongst the works of better poets than this retired Melbourne dentist. The two leading nationalist versifiers, both of prime military age, were also doubtful about this new war. Ingamells told his 'Dear Jindyworobaks' membership soon after the outbreak that they should avoid making a 'too hasty decision' about joining the services. His reasoning was clear:

There is in this young country, in our Club and out of it, a body of practical idealists who, in recent years, have zealously and unselfishly devoted their energies to fostering a distinctive Australian culture. Are their dreams, conceived for Australia as a whole, now to be cut off from fulfilment?⁴

His literary partner, Ian Mudie, was no more sanguine according to his recall of twenty years later; in May 1959, the poet told the University of Adelaide History and Politics Club that 'With the opening of the Second World War there was a certain amount both of almost cheerful cynicism, and bitterness, and realisation of the importance of the bloke in the street.'5 That initial cheerful cynicism was perfectly illustrated by John Kirtley's short story 'When a Black Canary Sings' which appeared in the Publicist in December 1939. In this dubious imitation of Chaucer, a dialogue occurred between the animal characters in which the author made it clear that the European conflict had been forced upon a peace-loving Germany by a duplicitous and belligerent Poland. The piece was devoid of political nous and possibly of literary merit as well, and one of the few writers of genuine quality who had recently been drawn into the Australia-First circle, the recalcitrant Xavier Herbert, understandably prepared to distance himself from the *Publicist* and its politics before the end of 1939, fuming, 'I don't like them!'6 The process of divorce was, however, more extended than he thought; so too would be the war. Many Nazi enthusiasts had expected a short, cleansing struggle, not the extended global conflict that eventuated and which Germany could not hope to win.

The war, short or long, was not just a political struggle in the view of the Australian dreamers. It was also an intensification of the peacetime Kulturkampf and Stephensen reminded the readers of Design in January 1940 that Australia needed not only an economic rectification but also a psychological shift, 'a cultural renaissance'.7 This was especially pressing, for he expected that a moribund Britain would soon abandon Australia and the country would then need to maintain its culture 'against the Asiatic'. Only a nation with its own matured 'National Culture' acting as a 'rallying point' could survive this challenge-without it, 'we lack a raison d'être', something self-evident to all but the 'decadent' and soon after Stephensen reminded his Publicist readers that decadence was an especially Jewish trait, quoting Nietzsche to that effect.8 Accordingly, the second of the May 1940 Fifty Points, 'National Culture', called for 'Australian culture; against imitativeness'. All were to be obliged to assist in 'the growth of a distinctive National Australian culture...as a means of preventing intellectual and biological decline'. The connection between culture and politics was therefore clear: 'The opportunity to establish and maintain a distinctive Australian National Culture is thus the opportunity to establish a distinctive Australian Nation.' In the view of the Publicist, cultural resurgence was both an opportunity and an obligation; it accordingly spent much of the period from September 1939-October 1941 seeking to establish a distinctive Australian National Culture 'against imitativeness', or at least to lay a foundation. The Jindyworobak club had been treading down this path since 1938 and it was not surprising that its members and associates were in the forefront of this wartime Kulturkampf.

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lan Mudie proved the most strident champion of the cultural line taken by Australia-First and the Jindies, although he was not a member of either group at the outbreak of the war. His verse continued to appear regularly in the columns of the wartime *Publicist* from March 1940 under his own name and as 'Wilka Yelper', adding to the stable of ridiculous pen-names adopted by *Publicist* contributors. Mudie's profile was now sufficiently high for Xavier Herbert, his regular correspondent, to label him as the 'Song-Man'. Mudie's initial wartime contribution appeared in the issue of March 1940; 'Corroboree to the Sun'. It proved to be one of his better and more durable works and was reissued later in the 1940 *Jindyworobak Anthology* as a collection of thirty-one poems —'Copies obtainable at The Publicist Bookshop, Price 5s. Signed edition, limited to fifty copies, 8s. 6d.' When published separately in the same year, the *Corroboree* collection carried thanks to the *Publicist* editor 'for having published most of

these poems', as well a dedication by Stephensen reminding readers that it was necessary for Australians to 'become rooted in our own Austral soil'. The gifted graphic artist Eric Stephensen, who would soon design the logos on Australia-First stationery, designed the attractive cover of an aborigine, spear in hand, dancing before a blazing sun. The whole was marked by the völkisch sensibility of 'blood and soil', the 'Austral soil' referred to in the dedication. 'Earth' contained the instructive maxim that 'Earth then is in our blood /... This earth.../ Our earth', an association that was reinforced in 'This Land', which praised the 'strength and austerity' of the harsh Australian climate and landscape. Much of the primary 'Corroboree' poem, however, was taken up with the negative, with denunciations of the democratic mediocrity, which threatened 'our heritage'. This 'fuddled mediocrity' had crept in where the seats of 'the mighty should command'. Their 'white and pudgy hands' had created a society where 'no flame, no genius, may live, / but only little souls that are too damp and meek / even to smoulder. The solution offered was a national revolution, a societal bushfire that would incinerate the old and its cramping 'little men' with 'little minds' for the new and its champions—'let all the dross be burned'. The Song-Man then looked forward to the 'Resurgence' that would follow this purge in the accompanying poem of the same name, a revival that could only come once 'alien' influences had been purged from the country, allowing 'our blood swinging / like play boomerang, / back to its channels'. Those outside elements had included 'alien pockets festering our sweat / at ten per cent'. 10 Although this poem was without overt anti-Semitic references, which were frowned upon by the wartime censor, 'alien' was one shorthand reference employed by the wartime Publicist to describe the Jews and the poem could not be exonerated from any accusations of what the fascist poet Ezra Pound later admitted was the ultimate 'suburban' prejudice.

The *Corroboree* collection was also marked by the stress of its time; 'Affirmation' was a declaration of perseverance in time of war. Here the poet insisted that 'our world, the world of new youth' would stand solid amidst the challenges of the conflict, emerging 'from the furnace, fused to nationhood'. This process of 'men affirming manhood, women / affirming womanhood, nations / daring to affirm their nationhood' would replace the old, where men and women were 'economic puppets of a new gold calf' and 'automata of the bright machines'—this verse was a powerful example of the anti-modernism (and misogyny) which had motivated literary fascists from D'Annunzio to Pound, all of whom were convinced that the 'fires of hell', as Mudie described them here, were a mandatory testing ground for the New Order. The Song-Man was now bursting with confidence that the Dreamtime (*Alcheringa*) was near; the time when the 'sheep' would give way to the 'kangaroo', when the 'Colonials' as he later called them would give way to those who truly understood the country, a

group which included the 'Aryan' aborigines." That controversial and unpopular view was reinforced in 'Echo of Alcheringa', which labelled as 'fools' those who could not sense that the new Dreamtime would be built on this recognition of the 'older culture' of its aboriginal predecessor. Miles Franklin was not amongst them and she thought the *Corroboree* collection had captured the 'spirit of Australia'—it had certainly captured the spirit of a particular brand of Australianism. Mudie never bettered it poetically, nor better stated his political outlook. Any 'fool' who could not sense that Ian Mudie was now the poet-laureate of Australia-First was soon exposed to his new status in the columns of the *Publicist* of 1941.

The first issue of the 1941, circulated on New Year's Day, contained a further example of his Alcheringa-inspired visions, but also an article by the P.R. Stephensen that anointed the South Australian poet as the minstrel of the ultranationalist movement: 'Ian Mudie-Australian Poet.' Here, Stephensen lauded Mudie as a 'New Poet', a 'true Innovator' and as one likely to join the 'Australian Immortals' once his output was increased in the service of 'an indigenous culture'. What the Bunyip Critic liked about the Mudie opus was its differentiation from the works of the pretentious modernists (amongst whom he included Pound), but above all its 'deep surge towards the elemental spirit of our own land, its courageous, fundamental Australianism'. His rejection of 'Europecentricity' [sic] and association with the land rendered him a 'White Blackfellow' (a curious compliment in the thirties), as well as a stimulant to Stephensen's notion of the 'Australian Idea'. Clearly the readers of the Publicist could only expect to hear more from the Song-Man. If so, they were not disappointed. The February issue contained his 'Tomorrow', which promised national rebirth; the March issue featured 'Sulphur-Crest', which unflatteringly likened the country to a cockatoo in a cage; April saw 'To This Land Dedicated', where Mudie denounced the 'living dead' who currently occupied it and again looked forward to the cleansing flame of the 'beacons of nationhood'. These themes of a slothful nation worthy of chastisement were repeated in May with 'The Sleepers', in June with "Return" and in August with 'The Nation of the Blind', which closed with the familiar call for a national awakening. Mudie was now referred to in Publicist advertisements as 'a young South Australian who affirms his belief in Australian national resurgence'. This he certainly did, but he had also begun the working method later criticised by A.D. Hope in 1945, when the critic noted that Mudie had rewritten a single poem over.¹³ His magnum opus of the year 1941, however, was the collection This is Australia, which included a poem of the same name that had appeared in the Publicist in July—an issue that Miles Franklin at least thought was 'great', writing to a probably unappreciative Miles to express her enthusiasm.14

The 1941 collection This is Australia included twenty of Mudie's Publicist poems and was published in Adelaide under the Jindyworobak imprint, featuring the 'little Black Man' logo.15 Beneath it was written the slogan 'For Australia First' and a dedication 'To P.R. Stephensen' followed. 'This is Australia', the leading new poem, lived up to these introductory insignia and further celebrated the 'sacred' soil of the continent and the vision of 'this Land resurgent' which Mudie and Stephensen championed. This land was abused by the masses, appreciated only by the 'few', but was nevertheless preparing itself for the 'sons' who would hold the soil scared, 'sons who shall be / fanatic and consecrated in their loyalty'. This was the clarion call of the national revolution, which must precede the national resurgence. Similar calls followed in 'Unity Now', which denounced externally imposed concepts of 'universal brotherhood' that sought to deny the 'high destiny of nationhood'; in its place in 'Half-Way House', the poet offered patriotic ardour and 'loyalty'. Those who did not share this level of fanaticism were chillingly denounced therein as 'traitors', as they were also in 'Return', where they were specifically identified as having 'purse-bound hands'. Even though this poem thought the prospect of an immediate renewal of Alcheringa was remote, the ultra-nationalist climax came in the final poem, 'To This Land Dedicated', where Mudie looked to that future, where all would now be unified and dedicated to a new life 'mighty with National purpose, / strong with Australian need'. Forceful though some of the verse was, this was not the Australia that most of its inhabitants, black or white, envisaged in the latter part of 1941 and Mudie's vision was unsurprisingly not one to which the critics warmed in wartime. The most incisive of them, A.D. Hope, thought the collection contained 'traces of the fanaticism of the Hitler Youth Movement' and that the love of country which it expressed was the love of the fanatic.16 He later heard echoes of Nazi rally chants in its 'emotional hysteria, in its yearning for a leader to follow and obey, in its insistence on unity as the solution, in its scornful dismissal of democracy and internationalism as capitalist humbug'.17 This was a cogent assessment that would have been made even more convincing by a reading of the private correspondence of the period between the putative leader of the national resurgence, P.R. Stephensen, and Mudie the poet of the movement.

Mudie's poetic yearning for a leader had found what it was looking for by July 1941, when he declared: 'We who are Australians had no leader; we had no conscious direction; we had no realisation; we were incapable of realising their political implications. We were all drifting into Moscow's net. Then came P.R. Stephensen.' As the Germans were saying, 'Führer befehl, wir folgen! (Leader command, we follow). The cult of personality, especially characteristic of Nazism in this period, had claimed another adherent. Mudie's correspondence with the

Bunyip continued in the same vein and could only have made Stephensen blush with false modesty:

It is that by your constant fight for Australia over the last nine years you have, despite your own desire, become identified <u>absolutely</u> with the Australia First movement in the minds of our enemies, & with <u>Australia</u> as well as the movement in the minds of those of us who are, I hope, fanatics.

This self-confessed fanatic also referred to Stephensen as 'a colossus striding the continent', concluding that he 'must' be the 'National Leader' and accept the 'admiration of your army of followers', a group that he was confident would soon grow like a 'dust storm'. In reply, Stephensen reiterated the call for individual initiative, which Mudie had already referred to (without much enthusiasm), as the 'Mont St Quentin' outlook: 'We don't want a leader; we want 1,000 leaders thinking in unison." This was not what the poet wanted to hear, but it was all his hero was prepared to offer at the moment. In the meantime, he suggested that Mudie and Ingamells work together—the former was keen to win the latter over to Australia-First—by establishing a group in Adelaide that could duplicate what was being done in Sydney (which was not very much). It was around this time that Mudie planned to establish his own nationalist literary magazine, seeking contributions from the likes of Xavier Herbert. The Sydneysiders offered no practical assistance or advice on the formation of any Adelaide branch of Australia-First; only Cahill in Melbourne could have provided that. The counsel offered by the 'National Leader' was more pedestrian—Stephensen merely suggested that the Adelaide Jindies should use Australian paper for their publications ('Burnie Mills, Machine Finished') as insisted on by the Publicist. He also suggested that they employ the slogan 'FOR AUSTRALIA FIRST' immediately beneath the Jindyworobak trademark.20 Mudie did so in his subsequent publications, but national revolutions were made of sterner stuff than paper types or literary trademarks; they were not even made by pamphlets such as the 'Fifty Points', which Mudie welcomed in August in anticipation that their circulation would have 'good effects'.21

Whilst he remained in South Australia, Mudie could only continue to prosecute the cause of Australia-First through the pen rather than the sword and he did so until he packed his bags for Sydney later in September 1941, as Cahill in Melbourne would do several weeks later. Mudie offered Stephensen in August a revised version of an earlier *Publicist* poem, 'Awakening', which dealt with the spiritual awakening of the men who would 'make a Nation'—men from the streets, ploughmen, poets, soldiers, factory workers and clerks, all now together in a national community, an Australian *Volksgemeinschaft*: 'We,

standing, feet to earth, / ready to use / pens, muscle, minds, / In the making / We, the Australians, / losing our slouch, losing our casualness, / shall arise / to make a Nation of proud, conscious, and awakened men.'22 This poem was, he told the leader, the 'latest product of my exhilaration', but if the Song-Man had stopped for reflection, he might have noticed that such men (and women) in Australia were already working in precisely this way, but against the prospect of the pressing Axis victory causing exhilaration in the ranks of the Australia-Firsters and their fellow-travellers.

The demise of Miles and the promotion of Stephensen to 'relieving editorproprietor' of the Publicist in September 1941 marked a turning point for the Australian völkisch movement and the issue of that month contained seven Mudie poems in what seemed an orgy of celebration of this rite of passage some of them reappeared later in the This is Australia collection, which dutifully carried the slogan 'For Australia First'. Here, 'The Songless' bewailed the lack of nationhood; 'Increase-Site' looked to the spirit of the soil to enliven the continent's inhabitants; 'To What Destiny' questioned the worth of the efforts of the 'dreaming' pioneers given modern degeneracy and wondered if were better for white people not to have sailed south; 'My Vision Never Sleeps' countered this pessimism with the hope that the 'National earth' would soon be able to attain its 'destiny'. The October issue was of a similarly strident literary character with Mudie stressing the sense of anticipation and emergency that prevailed in the nationalist camp. 'Urgent is the Need' suggested that in an ugly, impermanent world the only fixture was the 'Idea of Nationhood' and its 'dream of a people risen, of a Nation made / steadfast for a thousand years'. This local version of the 'Thousand-Year Reich' would be the end-product of a 'permanent dream', the realisation of the 'blood-and-soil' vision that Stephensen and his ilk had championed since 1935-36—'A Nation that shall be / loyal to its environment, / one with its soil, / building in beauty, / rooted for all time / in indivisible permanence / of Unity.' Within weeks of the appearance of this revealing poem, Mudie packed his bags for Sydney, where he was elected to the executive of the Australia-First movement on 20 October 1941, having set aside the earlier project for a nationalist literary magazine, when he had hoped (fruitlessly) that writers of the calibre of Xavier Herbert would contribute.²³ By the end of the year, however, he realised that it was now time to favour the sword over the pen, having sensed in his poem 'The Young Warriors' that 'Soon, soon, / the time of National / flowering.'24

Accordingly, around this time Mudie made an important contribution to the *Jindyworobak* testament *Cultural Cross-Section* (edited by John Ingamells, brother of Rex and himself a minor Jindy) where for the first time he abandoned poetry in favour of prose in 'Politics and Aboriginal Culture'. It was time to address in

more detail the issue of the place of aboriginal culture in the 'Aryan Australia' envisaged by the Fifty Points. Many sympathetic to Australia-First and to the Jindyworobak vision, including Rex Ingamells himself, could still not see how these two circles could be reconciled. They could not imagine that the 'little Black Man' could ever find a place under a southern cross made up of little swastikas. Stephensen had written to the Jindyworobak founder in July 1941 in an attempt to explain that they could, reiterating his earlier conviction, after Täuber, that life originated in Australia and that the aborigines were the oldest Aryans, who then migrated to India, thence to Europe via the Caucasus. As well as arguing this spurious connection of blood between the old and new Australians, the Bunyip also reiterated his conviction that the aboriginal practice of 'mutual deliberation' was 'True Communism'; an example of social co-operation that provided a precedent for the 'Corporative Body' political organisation to which Stephensen hoped to co-opt the Jindies.²⁵ This argument had gone some way to convincing Rex Ingamells and Mudie was therefore offered the scope to propagate aspects of it at some length in Cultural Cross-Section, following the editor's observation that aboriginal values could find 'universality in a modern medium'.26 In doing so, Mudie denounced the prevailing 'Europa-Yankee money monopoly' and reminded his readers that Australians were no longer Europeans, at least not environmentally, and they accordingly needed to adjust themselves to their own continent—the aborigines provided the example to follow of this environmental adaptation. Newer Australians would suffer 'until National Resurgence causes in us an adjustment to that environment'. Only 'cultural decadence' was retarding this vision and holding back the 'dream-worlds' that Mudie and the other 'wellmeaning dreamers' held dear.²⁷ The way forward was to put 'Australia First in all our thoughts' and to move towards a 'truly Australian Nationalism'. A.D. Hope correctly perceived that this was the declaration of a political creed by the hitherto entirely literary Jindyworobak circle.28 No reader of 'Politics and Aboriginal Culture' (which was more about the politics than the culture) could be in much doubt that the creed offered was that of Australia-First, which had continued to nail its colours to the mast of 'National Socialism' despite the fact that the war had now entered its third year.

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In January 1942, the Special Branch of the South Australian Police, at the request of their counterparts in Sydney, launched an enquiry into the identity of a resident of their state known as 'Rex'. Soon after they had established that the reference was to Reginald Charles Ingamells of Rugby, Adelaide, a teacher at the prestigious Prince Alfred College. They had already reported on Ian Mayelston

Mudie, correctly noting that these two were in regular correspondence with Stephensen in Sydney. A pedestrian account of Ingamells's background followed, although it was mentioned that whilst at the University of Adelaide in the early thirties, 'Rex' did not engage in any political activity; rather his 'obsession' was given as 'English literature', an activity that was assessed as being without any 'political significance'—nothing could have been further from the truth by 1941.²⁹ The role of Ingamells in establishing the *Jindyworobak* group was noted without any penetrating commentary. As so often, the constable who wrote the report had seen and stated the obvious, but missed the substance. Well before this report was penned, his 'slightly stooped' subject had drifted, like Mudie, into the orbit of Australia-First, as an examination of his own department's intercepted correspondence would have indicated to the author of this security assessment.

Rex Ingamells had more than enough to occupy his time in the period after the establishment of the Jindyworobak circle in 1938—he edited the club's Anthology, 1938-40-but it was Australian literature (not 'English') that was his obsession. It was not therefore surprising that he would be drawn into the company of the literary critic of the Publicist, particularly given the role of Ian Mudie as a gobetween. The reservations about the war that Ingamells had communicated to his members at the outbreak steadily strengthened and although many dropped out of his circle in consequence, he steadfastly maintained his friendship with Mudie, the most strident poetic advocate of the new wave. Mudie thanked him for doing so in June 1941, at a time when others had already dropped their correspondence with him, and devoted considerable energy to winning Ingamells over to a greater commitment to the Australia-First cause; it is unclear whether this was at the behest of Stephensen, or at his own initiative. 30 Poetically, there now seemed little to separate 'Rex' from the 'Song-Man'; soon there would be little to separate them politically. The major collection by 'Rex' in the first-half of 1941 was his At a Boundary, the chief component of which was 'The Gangrened People', an extensive critique of wartime Australia that suggested the 'burlesque democracy' was asleep and that the masses were distracted by 'Commercialism'. The cause for which thousands of Australians had enlisted since 1939 was dismissed by Ingamells the non-combatant as 'hypocrisy' (although he conceded that it contained 'some justice') and the Anzac tradition for which the Diggers had fought in Greece and North Africa was one of several 'tragic fictions'. This was certainly not an endearing attitude at that time. The poem looked forward to a further testing of war in the Pacific that would take the nation across a boundary away from its 'asinine inertia'. 31 Written in a 'fever of feeling and conviction', 'The Gangrened People' was an expression of the poet's continuing scepticism about the war, when he privately admitted 'I've not a speck of imperial patriotism'. However, Ingamells did confess that his 'Australianism' was strong enough to

encourage him to join the RAAF in the event of a war with Japan, although events after December 1941 proved otherwise.32 It was certainly strong enough for Mudie and Stephensen to court his co-operation and for 'Rex' to be part of the discussion about what Mudie called 'P.R.'s plan for the present'.33 Before the end of June of that year, Ingamells had finally shed the political reluctance that he had once exhibited and had accepted the Stephensen line that the Australia-First struggle was a politico-literary one, even if the more demure 'Rex' never adopted the exuberance of the 'Song-Man'. Mudie reported to Stephensen with apparent delight on 29 June that following a visit 'last night', Rex had asked him to 'please tell P.R. that I am with him up to the hilt'. He had also confided with sincerity and humility (to Mudie's surprise) that 'Inky' had now become to him a symbol of 'Australian resurgence'. Even though Ingamells still thought it possible that he would disagree with 'your ideas & policy in any matter, he would consider it his duty to submerge his own point of view in his loyalty to you. He declares his life energy to be now at your service.' This was a startling admission from a normally reserved man and it pleased Mudie immensely: 'Dear Rex, he took the long road, but he has come to Australia at last.'34 So too had his brother John, already in the RAAF and constantly seeking regular issues of the Publicist; neither Stephensen, Mudie nor the Ingamells brothers realised that there would be few future editions from which to choose. Nevertheless, Mudie was soon able to report that Rex had definitely seen the light, that he too now clearly subscribed to the 'Leadership' that Stephensen had touted in his Design article and defined in the Fifty Points: 'When I told RI of your reluctance to become the "National Leader", he replied: "He can't help it now; his work has made him a symbol".' It was not therefore surprising that Mudie detected a decisive, welcome shift in his friend's attitude: 'He is full of plans for helping the development of Australia First.'35

The 'National Leader' took the opportunity himself to test the veracity of these reports by writing to Ingamells in early July 1941, having received more of his poetry via the Song-Man, congratulating him on his tardy conversion to 'Australian Nationalism and Resurgence'. Like much of Stephensen's correspondence, this initial letter contained elements of false modesty:

My little struggle has not been altogether in vain, as I have helped to arouse or create nascent Australian national consciousness; and I hope to continue within my limits for another twenty or thirty years... At present you seem stirred by a sense of wrath at the rottenness of hypocritical pluto-democracy. After that cleansing wrath, the urge to project a new and better synthesis will be felt.³⁶

Even though Stephensen was still in his 'waiting-for-the-end-of-the-war' mood, the Leader soon offered some sense of where he was likely to take his

new convert: 'Eventually, when the war ends, I expect Australian Nationalism to bloom like our Dried Heart after a shower of rain. At present, we are latent, parched, waiting, waiting.' The Bunyip (although only in his fortieth year) did not seem to be prepared, yet, to take to the arena himself on behalf of 'the Idea', telling Ingamells that future action would come from 'you younger men', but it was made clear against whom that future action would be directed—'British dominators of Our Land and their Australian-born pawns', as well as 'Inter-National Jews and Communists', who constituted an 'Unholy Trinity'.37 A general summary of the Australia-First interpretation of national-socialism followed in what Stephensen called his 'Bunyip Benedictions'—the individual was nothing in the thousand-year life of a nation and 'only the Idea endures'; the aborigines were the oldest Aryans and their 'True Communion' was to be preferred to the 'Ghetto-Marxist' class struggle; the 'Nation Over All'. As for the Leader, Stephensen was careful not to frighten-the-horses, claiming that he was without personal ambition and that he rejected 'anything resembling a messianic role'. He claimed instead the role of a 'John-the-Baptist, a forerunner'. Had Ingamells been a student of history rather than literature, he would have known that an unproven, young Adolf Hitler had made similar assertions barely twenty years earlier in the beer-halls of Munich.

Lest Ingamells be left in any doubt about the track he had now agreed to follow, Stephensen offered continued tuition in a torrent of further correspondence later in July. Rex was warned how to deal with 'Democ-rodents' who worked secretly, lurked in holes, scurrying out in the dark only to gnaw the 'National fabric'—Nazi propaganda in Europe was similarly dehumanising those now feeling the full wrath of the régime's persecution in eastern Europe.38 Having accepted the yoke of 'the Idea', Ingamells was even steered in the right direction for any future agitation, when Stephensen suggested a potpourri of his long-standing prejudices such as the foreign domination of union leadership by immigrants from 'Slumdom' (unable to see that Australia had brought 'brotherhood' closer than elsewhere) and the US (that is, Jewish) domination of Australian culture. He even suggested that the Jindyworobak circle could now lobby for changes to the names of capital cities back to the 'originals', including 'KAMBRA' for the national capital.³⁹ Even though Ingamells was a sometime student of aboriginal etymology, under the able guidance of T.G.H. Strehlow, he may have found this suggestion curious. 'Canberra' was, after all, of aboriginal origin, even if its precise meaning was disputed. It is surprising that Stephensen (and the Ariosophists) did not prefer the alternative of 'Aryan City', one of the finalists in the early quest for a name for the future capital soon after Federation.

Rex Ingamells was a late convert to the Australia-First circle and its extreme form of Australianity, but he proved a fast learner. It was obvious that the process

of his Damascene conversion had been painful, for he admitted that his arrival in the arms of Australia-First was by way of 'a long roundabout track'. ⁴⁰ Later he explained that his brother's enlistment in the RAAF had been instrumental out of fear that John 'might be sacrificing himself for a system which I felt instinctively to be rotten':

I reached a sense of utterly futile logical futility before the supreme flash revealed to me that what was necessary for Australia was already in being—an organised body of sincerity which does, indeed, put Australia First. I had been developing for some months a hatred of Commercialism, but its <u>alienism</u> to Australia was a point I missed. It only needed that link to make me political minded. I don't know how it was that my mind got round to you and Ian, but it did, and simultaneously the link was supplied, and with it Hope. In that instant I had a sense of your true mission, I realized the falseness of the propaganda against you; and became, in short, desirous to learn.⁴¹

Ingamells now described himself as 'a converted, no, an awakened Australia-Firster, a convinced one', although still in need of 'informing'. The South Australian Special Branch had missed all of this, but if they had not, it is doubtful that they would have identified the links between an antipathy for 'Commercialism', a sense of 'alienism', and native national-socialism. Stephensen did immediately and Rex's confession was music to his ears, holding out the (unrealised) prospect that Australia-First and Jindyworobak would eventually become one. In the meantime, the Bunyip Critic would provide all the 'informing' required, ably assisted by Ian Mudie. Before long the convert even became a forceful proselytiser himself using Jindyworobak stationery to explain his newly adopted political stance. Ingamells told the poet Kenneth Gifford on 24 July 1941 that 'free democratic institutions the world over' had been used for the exploitation of 'as many as possible by as few as possible' and were thus unworthy of support, given that their 'evil spirit of Commercialism' (elsewhere 'Anglo-American commercialism') was directly hostile to 'Australianism'. Accordingly, Ingamells denounced the party system as institutionalised selfishness; 'no party deserves the confidence of the nation.' No party, that is, except the 'Australia First Party' (which had not yet been given a formal structure). Ingamells did have some reservations, but these were easily set aside given his faith in the National Leader:

Although I don't agree with all his points, I find there an organized body of sincerity which does, indeed, put Australia first. There'll be hard knocks, too, for anyone who does openly state his sympathy...Stephensen is trying to educate a body of young fanatics (like us) to play a part after the war...I think persons like us...may exercise

a force both for strength and reasonableness in a cause which is fundamentally right. The idea for the present is to talk and think the right ideas, and that's all.42

'Rex' made the fanaticism to which he had been converted sound easy, even attractive despite the promised 'hard knocks'—Gifford wisely remained unconvinced. The British Empire and Russia (both denounced by Ingamells in the same letter as entities from which Australia needed to free herself) were not quite finished yet.

While the Wehrmacht was doing its best to ensure that they were, Stephensen continued to whisper sweet-nothings into the ear of the leading Jindy with the intention of sharpening his inclination to home-grown ultra-nationalism and their August correspondence saw further 'Bunyip Benedictions'. Stephensen advised him to engage in local activism: 'Therefore, let us inculcate local love, and regionalise Australia as the Ancient Aryans did, sending message-sticks from tribe to tribe, and sometimes making visits.'43 The younger man was thus offered the challenge of giving 'Australia-First propaganda a new and vital stimulus in their own way'. The Bunyip admitted that he was doing so in the absence of any little bunyips, as he had no sons (aside from his step-son Jack Lockyer) and therefore needed to rely on others and to be an 'Uncle', an 'Alcheringa Godfather' to younger Australians: 'My writings, such as they are, are my gift to Australia, instead of sons.' More importantly, Stephensen expressly wanted Australia-First and Jindyworobak to work together in both a political struggle and in a Kulturkampf: 'In effect, the task now is to build and join-together all that is Australian into a National Cultural Synthesis; and you—YOU!—are going to do something very important in that work.' Ingamells soon received a copy of the 'Fifty Points' and was asked in return for an article on the development of Jindyworobak, but one that would downplay the contributions of thinkers such as L.F. Giblin and others who had sought to divert 'political Nationalism into abstract literariness'.44 This was a propaganda line that Ingamells was uncomfortable with, as he shortly admitted to the leading Jindy and Stephensen sceptic Victor Kennedy, and the Bunyip's insistence almost undid his efforts at conversion at the start. A frustrated Ingamells told Kennedy that he thought Stephensen was attempting to claim the credit for the literary resurgence for himself alone, but he was prepared to tolerate this vanity as a small fault when set beside 'his tremendous, almost frightening, strength and virtue':

I admire him tremendously; his articles, month after month, give the dare to prejudice, skittle smug preconception, are in fact one gigantic call to people with imagination and courage: his own cannot be doubted. Could we have him perfect, and could his faults be pigmy [sic] ones compared to other peoples? There's no doubt he's a really great Australian, and, if he's a demagogue, our politicians are crabs.

There was also one other qualification: 'Where P.R. has the flavour of Nazism, I don't join in.' It was already too late for that, as Australia-First was not offering its adherents an *d la carte* menu—it was all or nothing. Nevertheless, Ingamells predicted that 'He'll inspire a great deal in the New Australia he's so fond of talking about, but he won't be it and it won't be he.'45 Kennedy was not so sure. This was not perhaps the praise that Stephensen would have wanted to hear, but he had already directed 'Rex' to his seminal 'A Reasoned Case against Semitism' in an attempt to focus his ideological instruction—it remained 'quite unanswerable by pro-Semites' in the immodest estimate of its author.⁴⁶ By August–September 1941, Rex Ingamells knew precisely what sort of ideology he was associating himself with (as he explained to Kennedy), if the suggested reading supplied to him at this time was any guide.

Within days of this final benediction, Stephensen saw fit to offer the wider public an indication of the newly forged link between Australia-First and Jindyworobak. The September 1941 Publicist was branded the 'Resurgence Number' and it was the first issued under the control of the new 'relieving editor-proprietor', trumpeting the formation of the politico-literary alliance that Stephensen had long advocated (if not always practised). The chief feature article was by the Bunyip himself, 'The Jindyworobaks', and the issue featured three poems by Ingamells and seven by Mudie. The relieving editor immodestly claimed the credit for inspiring the Jindies by means of The Foundations of Culture in Australia in 1935—this was the hubris referred to (and excused) by Ingamells in his correspondence with Kennedy—and traced the evolution of Conditional Culture, which he described as the 1938 'manifesto' of the 'Jindyworobaks'. Readers of the Publicist were reminded that Ingamells had then suffered from the illusion that National Resurgence could come chiefly through literary means, an error originally shared by the author of Foundations but already 'reluctantly abandoned'. Stephensen was at pains to make his point about literature and politics working in tandem—the early Jindies had eschewed the 'political theme of Australian Nationalism', with the early exception of the de facto Jindy Ian Mudie, whose work had shown a 'full and matured understanding of the necessity of Australian community-resurgence, not only through "literature" but also through political action'. Rex Ingamells had now joined this stable and Stephensen directed his readers to the ten poems from these two leading poets contained in this issue with immense satisfaction as 'we look forward, with keen anticipation, to help from him [Ingamells], and indeed from all the Jindyworobaks, in formulating the Australian Essential. A combination of politicals and poeticals is formidable, as was proved in England in the Elizabethan Age, and in Eire twenty-five years ago.' Ingamells's initial contribution to this combination included 'Harvest', where he suggested that

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the pre-war 'sugar-coated' lies circulated as the truth and later transformed into 'national policies' had now resulted in the present condition of 'hatred, plague and war'. It was an indictment of the cause to which most of his fellow Australian had dedicated themselves over the previous two years. They too were condemned in 'To the Australian Public', where the poet promised chastisement for those who had failed to come to terms with their own land and who had been 'greedy for lies'. 47 This 'Resurgence Number' of the Publicist as a whole constituted a declaration of a kind of war by the founder of the *Jindyworobak* club—the only question that remained to be settled was how many of the 150 or so members/ contributors of the club were prepared to follow the man whom Kennedy called the 'main-spring, its guiding genius, and its slave'.48 It all depended on whether the individual members believed that the 'Australian Essential' could be realised without the dissolution of the British Empire and the social revolution that an Axis victory in Europe was likely to bring—to Stephensen and others, now including Ingamells, such a victory was a sine qua non for their National Resurgence, whether they publicly acknowledged it or not, and as 1941 drew to a close, it seemed very likely. John Kirtley, for example, was wonderfully confident that the Allies simply could not match Germany's direct 'do it' approach and the 'wonderful qualities' of her leadership. 49 He even turned his hand away from the short-story to abstract poetry in anticipation of the impending birth of the new era, personified as 'Australia's first pale-skinned natal son' in his 'The Australian Dream'. 50

The October 1941 Publicist allowed the more skilful artist Ingamells to join this chorus in full measure and to offer his own testament of conversion by reprinting the essay 'National Unity' from the recently published Cultural Cross-Section, where 'Rex', like the 'Song-Man' had momentarily set aside poetry for prose. Although the essay was rambling, Ingamells made his point that the present social, economic and political structure of Australia was 'unsatisfactory'. He was especially critical of the democratic method of government which had landed the country in the 'present awful mess', and although he hoped that democracy would be preserved, Ingamells offered the proviso that 'the only justification of democracy is its fruits, and its fruits have yet to justify it in the modern world'—he preferred (like Mussolini) to describe the present system as a 'plutocracy'. Eric Campbell and others had long since blazed this trail, but not at a time when the country was at war with the enemies of democracy. Rather than endorse the present struggle against the European dictators, Ingamells preferred to offer 'party-blind, money-blind, redraggery-blind, ignoramus-blind' Australians a 'true vision of what we should be fighting for'—'a pure patriotism, love of our country, our homeland, for its own sake'. This analysis avoided the obvious question of who we should be fighting against, but few could object to such a vague aspiration. Those who did were branded by the writer (á la

Stephensen) as 'mugs' and their 'dull stolidity is part of the wall that stands in the way of intelligent national reconstruction'. Soon to join the ranks of those stolid mugs was the acerbic critic A.D. Hope, who detected in this article a less-than-impressive, fascist-like *Jindyworobak* political creed, given voice by a 'troop leader' from the 'Boy Scout School of Poetry', no longer worthy of his 'bushcraft badge'. Elsewhere in the same issue, Mudie's 'Urgent is the Need', with its dreaming 'Idea of Nationhood', similarly outlined what Australians should be fighting for; so too did the Song-Man's candid 'The Young Warriors': 'Soon, soon, / the time of National / flowering.'

The 1941 Jindyworobak Anthology, edited by Ingamells, gave some indication of the editor's new political commitment, but it generally seemed business as usual for the other contributors, with poetry from several sources urging Australians to be more conscious of their own land lest they lose it and to shun the persona of the 'Austral-Anglo' whose blood contained the waters of the Gulf Stream rather than 'Murray water' or that of the Darling.⁵² The verse of the editor himself was prominent, as was that of Paul Grano (b.1894), the militantly Catholic corporative poet and Jindy agent in Queensland, author of the biting, misogynistic social commentary 'Slattern' in 1940 and of the ambitious collection Poet's Holiday in 1941—'limited to fifty thousand copies, of which forty nine-thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine have been numbered and signed by the author.' Victor Kennedy, once he had distanced himself from the political Jindies and from Stephensen, later assessed Grano as having the 'Australian-fascist outlook', suggesting that Yallaroi (his publishing house in Brisbane) was an Australian name for 'Catholic Action'.53 Others, only half in jest, saw him as a potential inquisitor following the unlikely prospect of an Italian victory, and believed that the wisest course was to 'keep in good with him to escape rack & faggots'.54 The 1941 Anthology contained Grano's 'Prime Minister to Go Home', an incisive, if not entirely accurate, critique of Robert Menzies and his reputed Anglophilia, which recommended that the PM also take the sparrow, starling, gorse, Capeweed, prickly pear and the fox 'home' with him. Ingamells's chief effort was 'Impossibilities', a confident assertion of a nationalist Australia's future in contrast with some of the other, more pessimistic contributions like 'Australia 1941' by Gina Ballantyne and 'Outcast' by Garry Lyle. Perhaps the optimism expressed in Ingamells's verse was the product of his new liaison with Stephensen; perhaps it reflected the success of Axis arms at this juncture. Whatever its origins, the poet now believed that nothing could stand in the way of the shining Australian Essential: 'Can aero-taillight banish star, / Valhalla dwarf Alcheringa?' This final line disconcerted the likes of A.R. Mills and very soon the aero-taillights of Bomber Command (often piloted by young men seconded from the RAAF) would begin to banish the stars from the skies over the major cities of the Reich—none of this seemed to matter in the euphoria of late 1941.

More important than what was published in the 1941 Jindyworobak Anthology was an attachment to an editorial note by Ingamells that did not see the light of day: 'SOMETHING MORE THAN AN EDITOR'S NOTE.'55 The published note was an open letter to Douglas Stewart of the Bulletin, who had declined to participate in the Anthology, but his pointed refusal had prompted the insulted editor to offer a more detailed, unpublished addendum on behalf of the Jindyworobak movement. Here, the angry founder offered an extended account of the influences that had led to the inception of the club. They ranged from Devaney's The Vanished Tribes of 1929 to his 'own spontaneous Australianism'; from the 1933-34 influence of L.F. Giblin to the 'scornful reception' accorded his coined conception of 'environmental values' in 1937-38. More controversial in late 1941, however, were the suggestions that his early literary career had been frustrated by 'commercialism' and his admission of the influence of Stephensen, which began in 1935 with the Australian Mercury and which continued with the Foundations. His conclusion went a step further and acknowledged Stephensen's 'fundamental purpose which was more realistic, in that it was political, than mine. I have since announced my advancement, to a position very akin to, and greatly inspired by, Mr Stephensen's. For Australia First, I am a follower of Mr Stephensen.' It is unknown why Ingamells decided not to publish this angry addendum, but had he done so, the liaison between Australia-First and Jindyworobak would have no longer been the subject of speculation. It would have complemented the 'Resurgence Number' of the Publicist, the 'National Unity' article and further demonstrated that Stephensen's recent claims of a link were not exaggerated. The South Australian Special Branch could not have been more in error than in their estimation that 'Rex' had 'revealed himself as being definitely pro-Australian, but only from a literary point of view'. Their parallel suggestion that his writings were without political significance was equally worthless.⁵⁶ By October 1941, 'Rex' was committed to the Australia-First mission and when Mudie packed his bags in Adelaide for Sydney, he took with him the good wishes of the founder of Jindyworobak. Four days before the year ended, Ingamells also applied for membership of the Australia-First Movement and forwarded his subscription to Sydney, even though he retained some reservation about how far political propaganda and culture could be telescoped. By then, it was too late for such trifling.⁵⁷ 'Rex' would soon discover, like others, that it was not possible to associate with Australia-First without being tainted by 'the flavour of Nazism'.

IV

Ingamells had not signed his membership form without the warning counsel of some in the *Jindyworobak* movement who perceived the danger of drawing a literary club into the orbit of a political lobby group. Victor Kennedy (b.1895),

the distinguished Victorian journalist and respected poet of progressive political disposition. He had briefly founded his own literary magazine in Queensland in the Twenties and was soon attracted to the *Jindyworobak* cause, editing the 1942 *Anthology*, the first issued under the supervision of a poet other than the founder. See Before this, however, Stephensen was convinced that Kennedy was an 'instinctive Australian-Firster' and told Ingamells so in August 1941, at the time that the founder of *Jindyworobak* was submitting to the siren call of radical politics. It was a false assessment and Kennedy was not enticed by the flavour of Nazism, despite an attempt by Stephensen in August 1941to entice him to join the cause in the manner of Ingamells. The Bunyip reminded Kennedy that he had long wielded a 'nulla-nulla' for Australia First, but the journalist continued to prefer a lingering 'Internationalism', which Stephensen so roundly and tactlessly condemned, for the stranger of the strange

The September issue and its slanted exposition of the development of 'The Jindyworobaks' soon followed, but if Ingamells was prepared to excuse such arrogance, Kennedy was not. He wrote to Ingamells immediately and further warned him about Stephensen's 'egotism', offering the biting assessment that 'P.R.' was 'set on becoming the Fuehrer of the new literary resurgence and perhaps the political one too'.61 Kennedy thought that the young, impressionable Mudie had been won over by excessive flattery and reminded (the younger) Ingamells that similar techniques had recently been employed to win him over too: 'He has been trying to drag me in for some years too, and during the past twelve months he has been 'valuing my cooperation in Australia First'. But he needs watching.' Kennedy reminded 'Rex' that Stephensen's September article, 'The Jindyworobaks', had not simply publicly announced co-operation between Australia-First and Jindyworobak, but had implied Ingamells's unqualified support for 'their sociopolitical propaganda'. A detailed critique of the new liaison then followed in which the founder was warned that *Jindyworobak* would only be playing 'second fiddle', especially given Kennedy's confidence in the accuracy of rumours from Sydney that Stephensen was 'not altogether soundly balanced in anything'. The recent eccentric advocacy by the Bunyip of the more eccentric 'Bio-Politics' of Morley Roberts was considered by Kennedy to be a strong argument against any politico-literary link. So too was his conclusion: 'If Jindy is to live it must be on its own mettle and apart from "embarrassing affiliations".' This warning fell on deaf ears and Kennedy seems to have recognised that his plea was weakened by issues of finance: 'The pity is that there is no money behind it. There is behind the Publicist which doesn't yet publish an advert. Where does it come from?' That last question was never fully answered by Miles, Stephensen, Ingamells or anybody else.

Victor Kennedy had already attempted to give some indication of the course that Jindyworobak could follow without an Australia First coupling in

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his essay Flaunted Banners published in the 1941 Anthology and separately under the imprint of the 'Little Black Man'. His was a supposedly minimalist interpretation of the Jindyworobak concept, suggesting that its intent was merely that of 'joining or linking up white culture with its own environment'-no explicit New Order; no trumpeted national resurgence; no pure blood, but lots of soil. 62 He undermined his minimalism almost immediately, however, by quoting the founder to the effect that the Jindies are 'those individuals who are endeavouring to free Australian art from whatever alien influences trammel it, that is, to bring it into proper contact with its material'. But even this minimalist position contained some of the flavour of Nazism for those determined to detect it-Alfred Rosenberg's Kampfbund für deutsche Kultur of December 1928 had called for the elimination of foreign influences on German art; for the renewal and celebration of the German spirit in art; for the creation of an art in harmony with the land and for the creation of an art of the national community. Kennedy might have refused to see the parallels, but Mudie's poetry was inspired by the local equivalent and Flaunted Banners conceded that this South Australian poet was 'a Jindyworobak as far as his work is concerned'. 63 There were also references that caused the reader to wonder which particular symbol was featured on the flaunted banner, when Kennedy denounced inter-war art as 'defeatism and decadence...conveyed in forms that suggest nothing but chaos and disruption'. Surrealism, Cubism and futurism were offered as examples of the degeneracy of this 'old order' now defied in a Kulturkampf by the young Jindyworobak school, which preferred, according to Kennedy, the 'particular'; the art form of one 'who like Shakespeare, reaches the stars by way of his own humble village'. This was a very völkisch sentiment, whether the author was aware of it or not-the main themes of the argument were those utilised by Hitler in one of his more celebrated speeches, at the opening of the 'House of German Art' in Munich on 18 July 1937. Here the Führer had condemned aspects of modernism (including 'futurism') and announced its replacement by a new art grounded on the sentiment and experience of the Volk, one that would produce, in time, several outstanding practitioners who would reach the 'eternal star-covered heaven of immortal, God-favoured artists'. Kennedy had trespassed onto dangerous ground and had even crossed into the territory of 'blood-and-soil' by allowing the Jindy founder to have the last word, quoting Ingamells's assertion that 'the real test of a people's culture is the way in which they can express themselves in relation to their environment, and the loftiness and universality of their artistic conceptions raised on that basis'.64 This was cultural national-socialism, or something very close to it when the broader Australia-First agenda was thrown into the mix.

After reading Flaunted Banners, P.R. Stephensen assumed that Kennedy was a fellow-traveller of Australia-First—Hitler would have concluded likewise—and

accordingly pestered him in his August 1941 correspondence by reminding him of his own flaunted banner. For once, the Bunyip's assumption about another was not as far-fetched as Kennedy himself believed. When Kennedy subsequently rejoiced in the 1942 internment of 'Inky Stephensen and his merry men', he was rebuked by Grano whose house had also been raided by the Special Branch. The 'fanatical Catholic' poet reminded him that he too might still be implicated with Australia-First through his correspondence with Stephensen; he could also have mentioned this essay. Kennedy rejected this suggestion with hearty contempt, but there was no denying that a portion of the *Jindyworobak* movement was so implicated, even according to the minimalist interpretation of *Flaunted Banners*.

V

Stephensen had succeeded in ideologically lassoing the Jindyworobak leadership before the end of 1941, but the Publicist had failed to corral what would become one of Australia's leading literary magazines, Meanjin, established in Brisbane in 1940. Stephensen had welcomed the appearance of the first two editions of this new journal in the Publicist in April, particularly lauding its founder Clem Christesen and the contributor Paul Grano, expressing the hope that it would follow the Jindyworobak path of connecting to their native soil and thereby tapping into the same source of strength as Mudie the exemplar had done. This alone, he asserted, would lead to the 'renascence of Australian poetry'. However, a blunt Miles over-rode his literary adviser and unwittingly sabotaged this courtship by complaining to Christesen that the third issue had demonstrated 'insufficient Australian national feeling'. In reply in May, the editor was almost apologetic and offered the Kookaburra some assurances: 'I may not be with you all the way...but I am most certainly sympathetic towards the Publicist and its endeavours to found an Australian Nationalism.'66 This assurance was probably good enough for Stephensen in 1941 (if not later), but not for his already ailing boss, who continued to insist that Christesen did not take nationalism seriously, reminding him that internationalism was tainted by Jewry: 'The Jews inflate the queer-birds of the Gentiles with queer, illogical, ideas, and so float them up into Nephelocoggyia [sic; 'Cloud-Cuckoo-Land'] where the idealists (or unrealists) pass their dreamy lives.'67 Christesen wisely made no attempt to argue with this woolly attempt to interpret reality, wisely concluding that there seemed little prospect of collaboration with a magazine still edited by a man convinced that poetry even of the quality of Mudie's was unlikely to stimulate patriotism from a weak, decadent people.68 The editor of Meanjin would later comment on the differences between his journal and the material published by the Jindies, suggesting that the latter was narrow and chauvinistic and that its Australianism

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led to 'a cultural bankruptcy, up a billabong'. This assessment was, in part, the outcome of Miles's valedictory critique, but Christesen nevertheless continued to display some interest in the equally chauvinistic Australia-First circle, issuing a 'Nationality Number' in November 1941, with articles by Stephensen, Ingamells, Devaney and Grano alongside poetry by Mudie, Hudson and the editor himself. Ingamells's contribution, 'Australianism', had made it clear that this poet was now an open convert to the belief in the combination of the political with the literary, for it had praised Stephensen and freely employed the term 'Australia First', which he now connected with the concept of Alcheringa in a way similar to Mudie's poem 'Journey' where the Dreamtime was linked with the 'resurgent National Consciousness'.70 Stephensen, however, was displeased with the editing of his piece, 'Queensland Culture', and subsequently urged authors to beware of the Meanjin Papers, but what especially rankled was an anonymous critique (by 'Mopoke') of Mudie's poem 'This is Australia'. Mopoke had dismissed the verse as 'seriously purposed intellectual and emotional sterility', causing an outraged Stephensen to condemn Christesen and Meanjin as now merely better than nothing.71 The anonymity of the piece especially rankled, as he later told Rex Ingamells: 'Anonymity is the characteristic of Communism, Judaism, and of Big Capitalism. It is the distinguishing characteristic of 'Democracy' in the compulsory 'secret' ballot. I view anonymity as the negation of personal responsibility and the means of destroying individual character.'72 He had not thought so when writing under various assumed names, but public condemnation by the Publicist could not protect the Meanjin editor from the fear of internment once the crisis of March 1942 swept away his southern rival.

Clem Christesen was not the only prominent literary figure of the time who evaded Stephensen's siren call. Xavier Herbert was another and again personality played as much of a part in this estrangement over the course of 1941 as did policy. The restless author of Capricornia was unenthusiastic about a second imperial war and, like Ingamells, he discouraged Australians from immediate enlistment, viewing those who did (such as his brother David) as little better than mercenaries.⁷³ Once, in 1937, he had thought that 'the next war is going to bring us independence', but that belief had not endured for long and his only contribution to the early struggle was the preparation of a novel in manuscript, 'Yellow Fellow' (sometimes 'Yeller Feller'), which espoused Australia-First principles.74 An alternative title was that taken from his earlier utopian vision of an Australian republic: 'True Commonwealth'.75 He devoted much of 1940 to work on this manuscript and to restless tramping across the country from the snowfields to the tropics. This 'Great Australian Novel' in progress was in part the product of Herbert's literary friendship with Ekkhardt Beinssen, an Australianborn German who had served under the Kaiser, leaving Germany for good in 1936 after having also served in the ranks of Otto Strasser's 'Black Front'—a Nazi splinter-group that regarded Hitler as not Nazi enough. Beinssen was interned in mid-1940 and unable to offer Herbert any further counsel, but 'Yellow Fellow' survived for the moment. Herbert was enduring personal, literary and political crisis at this time; the arrival of Mudie's 'Corroboree to the Sun' in November 1940 had left him 'spunkless' and he asked himself 'Have I lost my dreaming?'77

It seemed that he was doing so, and by May 1941 Herbert had fallen out with the home-grown Nazi enthusiasts who retained theirs, having publicly criticised Stephensen for advocating 'pogroms'—this response was not unexpected, as Herbert's wife Sadie, was of East End Jewish origin and the Luftwaffe had recently made serious attempts to devastate that part of London. Stephensen denied the charge.⁷⁸ By now, their relationship was strained, as Miles had rejected the proffered sections of the new manuscript and the sensitive Herbert did not suffer this setback with impunity.⁷⁹ He now decided to cleanse himself of the Kookaburra, the Bunyip, Australia-First's Nazi enthusiasm and politics in general—the 'Yellow Fellow' manuscript was incinerated by its author. Later, even after his relationship with Stephensen had temporarily thawed, Herbert was grateful he had done so, convinced that the security services would have interned him along with the others had the manuscript fallen into their hands.80 He was also fortunate for the same reason not to have taken up Mudie's offer to contribute to a projected nationalist literary magazine. By July 1941, he was even urging his literary 'blood brother' to abandon politics altogether and along with it the types who have nothing but what they 'fake up in dreams'; this category included Miles and Stephensen, now branded a 'Bastard' by his former literary mate and client.81 The old admiration for Miles had also entirely evaporated—once Herbert had increased his respect for the old man with every meeting; now the opposite was the case. Just as the Australia-First vehicle was accelerating in October 1941, Herbert's interest in 'the Cause' had dwindled. He confessed this to the equally sceptical Clem Christesen: 'Although I am madly patriotic I am bored by talk of Nationalism. What is Nationalism but the football team's spirit? Actually I hate Australians.'82 This was not the path to the 'New Order' followed in the heady days of Capricornia and the incineration of 'Yellow Fellow' marked a turning point for a disenchanted Xavier Herbert. However, his friend and literary 'blood brother', Ian Mudie, had not shared the disillusionment of July—the day after Herbert's confession, on 20 October, he joined the executive of the new movement formed amongst the inner circle at the Shalimar café.

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Herbert would soon be again on the move to avoid the impending political action in Sydney; Mudie had left suburban Seacliff (in Adelaide) for suburban

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Neutral Bay (in Sydney) to be part of it. An additional, unplanned advantage for him in the move was the proximity to Miles Franklin, with whom he would develop a close literary and personal relationship that enhanced the quality of his poetic output. As well as offering literary encouragement to the relocated Mudie, Franklin continued to attend the regular Thursday Yabber gatherings despite the repugnance she felt for Miles and some of the others, although her antipathy must have been eased by the fact that his attendance became less frequent as 1941 passed. The outbreak of war had not caused this renowned writer to distance herself from the Australia-First circle; rather she became active in the course of 1940 on a committee established by Stephensen to lobby for the placing of a bronze bust in the Mitchell Library dedicated to the turn-of-the-century writer A.G. Stephens.⁸³ This committee constituted a 'who's-who' of Australia-First; Stephensen was the honorary secretary; Val Crowley the chairman; S.B. Hooper acted as the honorary treasurer; the general members included Franklin and Cecil Salier. The subscribers also included many not unsympathetic to the Australia-First agenda, or who were at least prepared to endure the accusation of being fellow-travellers by mixing in such company; Professors Chisholm and Waterhouse; Baylebridge; Ambrose Pratt; the military historian C.E.W. Bean and the novelist Eleanor Dark.84 Franklin had allowed her name to be linked with that of Stephensen in this cause in March 1940 when the pair had also made a joint call for a tablet to be placed on Stephen's residence.85 This public linkage did nothing to increase the public esteem for her reputation; nor did it do much for the memory of A.G. Stephens—the official history of the Mitchell Library makes no mention of Franklin, Stephensen or their quest for a memorial bust. Stephensen was able to address an increasingly hostile Fellowship of Australian Writers on 'The Life and Works of A.G. Stephens' in June 1940, but the Sydney Morning Herald rejected a similar article intended for its Saturday magazine.86 Both Stephensen and Franklin were still pursuing their goal in 1952, when one had been disgraced and the other had eschewed right-wing politics for good; Inky immodestly regarded himself as an expert ('more or less') on the subject as late as 1954 and wanted to write the appropriate entry in Alec Chisholm's Australian Encyclopaedia.87

Franklin had made her opposition to the war apparent in 1939 to those prepared to listen. She shared Mudie's 'cheerful cynicism, and bitterness' at the beginning in her criticism of the unwarranted enthusiasm of 'disinherited' AIF recruits going into the 'male frolic' of war 'to fight for the country that they never owned' on behalf of 'the big financiers'. These were the 'plutocrats' now habitually abused in the columns of the *Publicist*. 'They have a system', she believed, 'that the boys cannot get out of till they vanquish or are vanquished'.⁸⁸ In private, the Nazi enthusiasts and their fellow-travellers hoped for the release

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of these boys by means of the latter option. Nor, as she told Nettie Palmer, was Franklin enthusiastic in May 1940 about the acceptance of Jewish refugees, a constant bugbear of the Publicist circle, at a time when the war was beginning the 'slaughter of Nordic youth' in earnest, whilst Islamic and Mongol 'hordes' were 'breeding and breeding'.89 Once the slaughter of Nordic and Slavic youth escalated with 'Barbarossa' from June 1941, Franklin shared the distaste of Stephensen, Ingamells and Cahill for the excessive enthusiasm amongst Australians for the Russian war effort. Why were 'Radical Australians', she wondered, 'all for Russia' and conservatives all for 'worshipping England': 'Is there anywhere...any group dedicated to saving & praising...worshipping and developing Australia: or is she a detached orphan?'90 There was one group that made such undue claims for itself, or soon would be, once Stephensen was prompted to convert Australia-First from a lobby group into a political party and Franklin would play her own modest part in the struggle that followed. In doing so, she demeaned both herself and the 'boys' who were now suffering in increasing numbers in the global 'male frolic'.

VII

Stephensen's exaggerated claim to have inspired the foundation of Jindyworobak irritated Ingamells, if not enough to abort the connection between the literary and the political arms of the national resurgence. The Bunyip did, however, make one genuine contribution to Australian literature in the early wartime period by patronising the young Melbourne poet Alister Kershaw. Only twenty years old in 1941, Kershaw managed to avoid service in both the broader 'male frolic' and in the more modest struggle of Australia-First—he was far too independently minded for either—but he was with the movement, or at least with its leader, in spirit as an embryonic intellectual inspired by some components of the fascist model and by some of its practitioners. He later described his individualist philosophy as 'Don't tread on me' and paid homage to Stephensen for respecting it.91 Even more than Mudie, Kershaw was the son that 'Inky' never had. Raised in a comfortable Melbourne family in middle-class Caulfield, Kershaw attended the 'particularly vile' private Wesley College, but was asked to leave at the age of seventeen after he had identified himself as a member of the school's debating society with Oswald Mosley and his policies in Britain. The young student had defended Mosley's views on unemployment—that the problem could be better tackled by doing something other than holding 'more drowsy roundtable meetings', as he put it—and was at odds to explain the horror that his attitude excited in the placid, Methodist school community. 92 He had also defended the critique made by the 'Leader' of international finance and its habit of playing

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'Here we go gathering nuts in May' around any economy at will. Even as an adult Kershaw could not understand why Mosley's 'assaults on the big money interests were considered so outrageous', given that 'nowadays [the 1980s], the sinfulness of the multinationals is an article of faith in intellectual circles'. The only explanation he could offer was that Mosley's mistake had been to see matters 'too clearly too soon', an error 'he often made'. Stershaw made no mention of anti-Semitism in this intellectual post-mortem.

The evolving fascist intellectual did not, however, show any interest in the local variety of Mosley's strained attempt to combine fascism and nationalsocialism, for although he had studied Stephensen's Foundations, he admitted that he was 'out of love with Australia' and this included the local variant of ultra-nationalism.94 Nor did the budding poet find any solace in literary developments across the South Australian border, holding a developed contempt for the 'wombat mentality' of Jindyworobak and its native imagery, wrongly believing that Stephensen was free of any literary disinclination to put a nose 'outside mummy's pouch'.95 This hostile attitude was softened to some extent by Stephensen's influence and Kershaw later became friendly with Ingamells. What did beckon was the prospect of publication in the Publicist, for Kershaw admitted both that he was desperate to be published and that Stephensen knew it. After having been contacted by the unknown poet around July 1941, the Bunyip soon recognised a prospective literary, perhaps even political, recruit when he saw one. It was the beginning of an extensive correspondence (little of which survives) over the next five years, interrupted only by Stephensen's internment, in the course of which the two developed a strong mutual respect and enduring affection. The more the older man learned about the younger one's background and attitudes, the more likely seemed some conversion to 'the Cause' and Stephensen expended considerable efforts to make such a transition possible. It proved elusive, particularly once Kershaw decamped for Europe in the early post-war years. The closest that the young poet came to committing himself in 1941 was to take out a subscription to the Publicist, enough to bring him under security suspicion.

Alister Kershaw was certainly made of the right stuff for the national literary resurgence, at least intellectually, but engagement in the rough-house of political activity in the style of Cahill's Melbourne group was not his forte. He was a careful, critical observer in the thirties of the Melbourne political fringe, the 'herds', and of its miniscule Bohemia. He spent many a cold Melbourne winter's night roaming the streets with the 'lowly schoolmaster' Tom Lindsay (a distant relative of the talented clan who shared their anti-Semitism) and he was unimpressed with the Left: 'They wrote belligerent poems which were supposed to scare the wits out of any fascists who might be in the vicinity, and they painted

muscular pictures of the workers they'd never laid eyes on.'96 Yet, the 'marsupial nationalists' (whom he also assessed according to the quality of their poetry) aroused no greater enthusiasm in this aspiring literary lion. He was particularly struck by one anomaly of the pre-war period—that the Left combined pacifism with the call for an 'anti-German jehad [sic]'.97 However, it was not until July 1941 that Kershaw worked up sufficient courage to write to Stephensen seeking literary guidance, where he stated from the beginning that he was not political. He nevertheless believed that the two had 'a terrific amount in common'.98 This only served to irritate the Bunyip, who pleaded: 'We MUST be political, damn it!... In Australia we have a unique opportunity of Nation-projecting. Help us!'99 Even though this plea was made at a time when Stephensen seemed to be focusing more on the literary struggle than the political, his point was the old one that the Kulturkampf possessed dual characteristics. Kershaw replied on the same day, lest Stephensen failed to see that they were on the same side, and clarified his world-view: 'I'm not a democrat, I'm not, certainly, a 'Leftist' but concerned about any Rightist system that suppresses heretics.' He then praised Foundations, which he had just finished reading (although he made no mention of the distaste he had felt on his first encounter), agreeing with its anti-democratic aversion for the 'gross body of the people—what a vile thing it is!'100 This provided some scope for future co-operation, but in his candid response Stephensen further rebuked the young man: 'Can't you see that my political propaganda goes to the root of the present evil in the Democ-rotten world?'101 He could not, and attempted to clarify an individualist outlook that, probably unknown to him, resembled the evolving 'Objectivism' of Ayn Rand, who had already published two novels by 1941. Kershaw's thinking was, he said, based on the Athenian concept of rule by an intelligent minority (amongst whom he clearly counted himself) and the views of the *Publicist* were 'too despotic for my taste'. 102

The Fifty Points had just been detailed in the August 1941 *Publicist* and many of them were clearly not to Kershaw's taste, for he denounced them as 'damned authoritarian' on 14 August, later offering Rex Ingamells (to whom he had been introduced through Stephensen's mediation) a comprehensive demolition of the chief of them point-by-point. The young poet opposed 'For conscription', even for home defence, having rejected Stephensen's advice to counter his admitted 'nervous exasperation' through physical work or military service; 104 he felt some reluctant reservations about 'Against Semitism'—'well, alright, I don't love the Jews myself, but I'm not in love with the idea of pogroms against, say, Einstein, Lessing, Rubinstein, Epstein'; 'For government' puzzled him—'whose, by whom?; "Against women in industry" brought Madame Curie to mind; 'For monarchism' he thought the expression of 'useless loyalties'; 'For discipline' rankled greatly—'I'll discipline myself; I don't need a politician to

do it', but above all 'Against Individualism' stimulated Kershaw's fierce hostility: 'Individualism! It's the only way for a decent man. An allegiance with the rotten, illiterate rabble? Thanks for nothing!' Yet, despite this considerable gulf, there was enough common ground to keep Kershaw within Stephensen's orbit throughout 1941 and beyond, for even having condemned the Fifty Points, the younger man still told Ingamells that he considered 'P.R.' to be 'the best of men'. The key was perhaps another model that Kershaw had chosen for himself, the 'example of the good individual, my "natural aristocrat", D.H. Lawrence'. 105 Stephensen could forgive many transgressions by one who refreshed his memories of those heady days of 1928 in Bandol Var, especially when they were of like mind to that anti-democratic 'Pommy with a beard', as well as to the Bunyip with the toothbrush moustache, for having praised Lawrence, Kershaw concluded: 'I don't give a damn what happens to the great oleaginous pus of people; they can't perish too soon for my satisfaction; the good will survive out of their vehement pride, their ardent individualism.'106 These sentiments were very close to those of the Publicist, at least close enough for collaboration, as well as close to those of another Melbourne-based advocate of an 'aristocratic' system, Professor Alan Chisholm.

Until the young would-be aristocrat reluctantly secured employment as an ABC announcer late in 1941, the indigent Kershaw hoped that the Publicist could help him to scratch a living through his pen. His reluctance was primarily owing to a work-shy nature—'all "jobs" are vile'—but also perhaps to an awareness of Stephensen's conviction that the ABC was a hot-bed of Zionist 'internationalism' that was helping a Jewish world-conspiracy to 'white-ant' national cultures and traditions from within. 107 Kershaw was certainly unaware of the tight-fistedness of the ailing proprietor of the Publicist, but the relieving editor tried to help, for (as he told Mudie) he in turn hoped that this rather abstract poet would 'become an Australian'.108 Stephensen's method was, however, flawed—not only did he bring Kershaw to the attention of the Jindyworobak circle, he also ushered him into the company of Odin and of the policemen watching both with interest. A.R. Mills, solicitor and high-priest of paganism had, like Mudie, thought the Fifty Points commendable and wrote to Stephensen to express his approval. In reply in October, the Bunyip recommended the twenty-year-old Kershaw as a promising poet, as well as a student of Old English and Anglo-Saxon poetry. He hoped that the mystic and the poet could benefit one another, asking 'Rud' to offer the supplicant some of his Odinist material, for, sensing receptiveness, he had already boasted to him of his own 'Viking Aryan' ethnic origins. 109 Stephensen was nursing considerable literary ambition for the young man's future, ambition that seemed to over-ride his earlier insistence on being political at all costs:

It may be that he will find the key to the Odinist or Norse origins of our thoughts and language, which two millenniums of doleful Christianity have obscured. His literary aim is high, and his instinct compels him to seek the 'rhythmos' of Nature on which our racial ancestors based their living ideas.

A connection with Mills might also help Kershaw in more pedestrian ways: 'Perhaps you could help to find him a job.'¹¹⁰ It did neither, but it did bring Kershaw to the attention of the Commonwealth Investigation Service operative who intercepted the letter.¹¹¹

'Erik Thorshammer', as Stephensen eccentrically described himself, urged Kershaw to keep an appointment with Mills, even if he dampened his expectations somewhat:

Like all lawyers, he is I suppose a dry-bones to some extent; but his books on Odinism show him as poetical in his blood. He is the only man I know of in Australia who would likely to be <u>keenly</u> interested in your Norse studies; and perhaps he may have some books or friends to reduce your loneliness in this quest.¹¹²

Accordingly, the bright-eyed poet arrived at the Queen Street law office shortly afterwards in the anticipation of gainful employment and with Stephensen's ringing endorsement in mind —'May Odin, Wotan and Thor aid you!' They did not and the reality did not live up to Stephensen's promise, as Kershaw explained in his memoirs:

P.R. arranged for me to meet a fairly mad solicitor who was supposed to find me a congenial job of some sort. He didn't. He preached at length about a cryptic neo-Odinist theology, which he had excogitated in between briefs, presented me with a volume containing the neo-Odinist catechism, and showed me civilly out of his office.

Kershaw's introduction into the circle of Australia's Nazi enthusiasts was therefore anything but enlightening, but he continued to correspond with Stephensen and Ingamells in the quest for the publication of his esoteric, 'aristocratic' poetry. Ironically, he found a publicist outside of this circle in the otherwise stern critic of Australia-First, Max Harris (his contemporary) and the new Melbourne periodical *Comment*. Harris, a socialist of kinds, would have been a natural Jindy were it not for its wartime extremity and isolationism, which he found distasteful, but he was open-minded enough to offer a charitable critique of Kershaw's 'Salute—To an Aristocracy' in the January 1942 issue through a review which noted that the work advocated a 'new aristocracy, an aristocracy based on the pride of oneself'. The review noted with puzzlement the extensive vocabulary

of abuse that was contained in Kershaw's reference to the proletariat, including 'mediocrities, less-than-men, rabble, sans-culottes, Marxists, sub-human cretins, the foolish mad, herd, underling'. It also referred without much comment on the poet's denunciation of those seeking social levelling: 'The superior man has no desire to be granted equality with swine; but how understandable that swine should aspire to move at ease in that world from which they are naturally outcast.' Possibly Harris's own belief in the nobility of the poet restrained his personal animosity to such views, but there was little to disguise Kershaw's élitism from that advocated by Nazi enthusiasts at home and abroad.

Comment held its fire until October 1943, when Muir Holburn reviewed Kershaw's latest collection, The Lonely Verge. This work also contained an extensive litany of abuse directed at 'cocktail-swilling cretins', the 'imbecile proletariat', 'gutter-dwelling navvies', 'smart louts' and the 'cold rabble'. It was additionally more political than was otherwise prudent in 1943, for Kershaw, in Stephensen's absence, had taken the Kulturkampf to a new height (or depth) by condemning modern, Leftist poets like Spender, who pursued 'Marx or Freud or Society or some other antiseptic abstraction' and whose outlook would 'impose a soft degeneracy on men'. 113 In reviewing this work, Holburn provided an elegant summary of Kershaw's ideological tight-rope-balancing act:

Mr Kershaw's prose writings all possess the ring of the early Nazi propaganda, but we need not be deceived by this into supposing that Mr Kershaw is himself a 'fascist', nor, despite his fondness for the discredited Roy Campbell [the noted anti-Semitic poet], does anyone appear to be in possession of sufficient evidence to advance such a claim successfully. It is not improbable, however, that Mr Kershaw could be attracted to the pseudo-philosophy of true Fascism with its hypocritical advocacy of individualism cloaking a belief in brutal and extreme regimentation.¹¹⁴

He already had been attracted in that direction since his school days and at the time of his courtship by Stephensen and others.

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John Ingamells, the editor of the 1941 *Cultural Cross-Section*, had warned that some of the streams of contemporary Australian verse 'may turn out to be billabongs'. Within three years of that warning, Clem Christesen of *Meanjin* was convinced that the narrow chauvinism of *Jindyworobak* Australianism had indeed led to such cultural bankruptcy. Even allowing for a measure of lingering literary animosity between Christesen and the Australia-First–*Jindyworobak* coalition, his point was valid. Rex Ingamells continued after the war in the 1938–

1948 anniversary *Jindyworobak Review* to deny that the Jindies had adopted any political program or anything like it. This may have been true for many members, even for most of them, but the open association between the leadership of the club and the *Publicist* coterie (which Ingamells himself had done a great deal to promote) disproved his assertion.

The wartime liaison between some Jindies and the Australia-Firsters had sown the seeds of the club's destruction, or at least of its marginalisation, and Jim Devaney, one of its early inspiring voices, was mistaken in 1948 to see the club as continuing to blaze trails and its members as the 'forerunners of greater national poetry to be' in spite of discouragement.¹¹⁶

Much of the discouragement to which he referred was that provided by the wartime critics and much of this criticism was founded on their hostility to the very political connections that Ingamells later sought to minimise. Foremost amongst them was Max Harris and his Melbourne Comment, the January 1941 editorial of which denounced both Mudie and his political associates (he had not yet reviewed Kershaw's work): 'He gives us the good earth, the good earth, and the good earth...his poetry is limply dressed, drab propaganda.' Harris thought his intentions sound, but that this poet 'must be jolted into intellectual honesty and integrity'. Australia-First fared even worse in his estimation that 'the most decadent influence that can corrupt the national consciousness of this young nation lies in their own spiritual, social and intellectual mediocrity'. He was, however, optimistic about the future: 'Clear thinking, honesty, and critical integrity will in the long run relegate the Ian Mudies and the Publicist poetasters...to the sliminess of their own coils, like the sleeping snake.' Following the Bunyip's ad hominem response to this 'decadent' editorial, Harris further denounced Stephenson's (sic) politicals and poeticals for having taken patriotic feelings and distorted them in the service of the pathological and the neurotic in the Nazi manner. 117 What would such a critic have made of the swastikaemblazoned poetry of A.R. Mills? Subsequently, Stephensen lazily supposed that Harris was a Jew, given that the editor had also derided those who 'must run yelping back to prejudices of anti-Semitism'. 118

Other critics had been as incisive, if less demonstrable and less candid about their own commitment to democracy and/or socialism as Harris had been. A.D. Hope had been the first to perceive in 1941 that the Ingamells essay 'National Unity' and Mudie's 'Politics and Aboriginal Culture' in *Cultural Cross-Section* signalled the emergence of a *Jindyworobak* political creed and he responded to the poetry of the 'troop-leader' and the 'Hitler Youth' fanatic accordingly. To him, the politics had ruined the poetry through 'coarse political jargon, the journalistic vulgarities of the pamphleteer'. Mudie had therefore spoiled a good case by absurd arguments and 'by letting his fanaticism distort the facts'. Even

decades after the event, some literary figures of the time like James McAuley continued to liken the development of the wartime Jindy opus to the 'progress of certain European political parties', a recognition of the connection between politics and art in other instances of a Kulturkampf. 120 It may be that the wartime Jindyworobak leaders were fighting to free Australian literature from the 'ensnaring meshes of Europeanism', as their follower Kenneth Gifford suggested in a Jindyworobak self-assessment of 1944, but in doing so they had enlisted the help of a local, chauvinistic movement which drew its inspiration from an ideology that had developed in the heartland of Europe. They had now ensnared themselves in the mesh of an 'indigenous nationalism' that resembled foreign national-socialism.¹²¹ Only in 1943, following the internments, did Ingamells begin to regret his earlier political commitment and draw a line-in-the-sand. In the meantime, when Flexmore Hudson had insisted on the unassertive 'Australianness' of his poetry to Stephensen in September 1941, his claim was dismissed by the aspiring leader, who urged him to drop his 'out-of-date Leftism' and reminded him that it was not possible to be more Australian 'than I, for I am an Australian National Socialist'. 122 This was the end-point to which the Nazi enthusiasts and their literary fellow-travellers had reduced 'Australianism' by the final months of 1941 prior to the official launch of a political party. Kenneth Gifford later warned Hudson against taking any political plunge (with the communists) since poets should be free to develop their own ideals in their own distinctive way: 'It is not wise to ally yourself to a line of policy which may be changed by people over whom you can exercise only a very limited influence.'123 This was advice that he ought to have offered to both Ingamells and Mudie in 1941, for Gifford was to prove correct in his judgement that the latter had forced himself into 'a straightjacket [sic], because he had subscribed to certain points and publicly allied himself' to Australia-First. Straitjackets are very difficult to remove.

CHAPTER || JESUS TYPES AND AUSTRALIAN ACTION: NOVEMBER 1941-MARCH 1942

He is so much akin to the other fellows, Adolf and Benito, I call them the 'Jesus' type that how much I analyse I cannot see I am wrong.

John Kirtley to W.J. Miles, 5 January 1939, describing P.R. Stephensen.

There is no such thing as Right, only Might. Force is the absolute dominating factor in life.

Laurence Bullock, the People's Party of WA, February 1942.

I believe that the individual is nothing, the Nation everything; I believe in the triumph of Our Cause.

Credo of the National Socialist Party of Australia and Oceania, March 1942.

The 'Movement'—'light-minded, brainless and easily led'—calm amidst panic—the death of Socrates—Bierkeller moments—March hares—out-and-out national socialists.

By the close of October 1941 there was no point in the Australia-First enthusiasts waiting any longer for the end of the war before forming the long-vaunted 'Australia-First Political Party'—the struggle seemed as good as over as the Wehrmacht probed towards the outer suburbs of Moscow and tightened the siege

of Leningrad. Hitler was convinced that the eastern enemy had been struck down and would never rise again; the swastika now flew from Cherbourg to Smolensk, from Arctic waters to the Aegean, even to North Africa (although German influence no longer stretched to Vichy Syria, where the Australian 7th Division had helped recently to exclude Axis forces). In remote Australia, some shared Germany's premature Siegseuphorie ('victory euphoria') believing that the Nazi 'Dreamtime' was near and planned accordingly—Edwin Arnold spent his leisure time away from the docks designing a new Australian flag that featured an upright golden swastika and a white 'A'. At last it was time for the 'Australian Action' first outlined in October-November 1938 and Stephensen could offer priority to the political side of the struggle for the 'Australian Essential'. He would only do so as the unquestioned leader of this radical push and readily accepted Kirtley's 'Jesus type' mantle, perhaps mindful of Norman Lindsay's earlier observation that there was no distinction in the 'mass mind' between a Jesus and a Hitler. The poeticals were now with him, at least the two about whom he chiefly cared and both the recent conversion and the impending political contest were celebrated in the November 1941 Publicist in Mudie's 'Journey': 'By long journeying have I come / to this sacred site of the spirit...Slowly have I come to this vision / that shall inspire me always.' The poet had now found the 'dream-time' path which led to the sanctuary of 'the Idea, / where National vision / ever dwells: / in the vast Alcheringa / of the resurgent / National Consciousness.' Fortunately for Mudie (now resettled in Sydney and working for Salier's old AMP society) most security agents and special branch policemen were not avid readers of poetry, but developments between November 1941 and March of the following year would demonstrate that the desired idea, vision and consciousness were as elusive as the concept of Alcheringa itself.

Newly numbered amongst the dreamers was the seemingly unlikely-looking fanatic Mrs Adela Pankhurst Walsh, now estranged from her erstwhile colleagues in the 'Women's Guild of Empire' over her attitude to the European war and excluded from the columns of the depleted, wartime *Empire Gazette*. Her final appearance at the Guild on 13 October 1939 had ended in tears (not hers) and was marked by the indignity of her forced removal from the premises at the hands of a puzzled constabulary—it folded soon after. But nature abhors a vacuum and although long a champion of the cause of Japan, Mrs Walsh was seeking a further outlet for her inextinguishable energies after March 1941 following the demise of her 'People's Guild'. The former 'Mrs Britannia' had lost much of her imperial zeal in favour of a new affection for 'Germania'. However, she had not lost her ability

to ruffle feathers and, according to the memory of the insider Eric Stephensen, at some time in the course of the year she had approached Miles and Stephensen with a proposal for amalgamation, promising to bring some 200 followers with her. This attractive offer was accompanied by the threat that she would otherwise unilaterally announce the formation of an 'Australia-First Movement'. Miles, as always, was opposed to such a manoeuvre in wartime, but according to Eric, his brother agreed as it was 'something he wanted to do anyway'; Inky also feared what Mrs Walsh would do otherwise.² When the Movement was officially constituted amidst the Gemütlichkeit and privacy of the Shalimar café on 20 October 1941 (although the wheels did not roll until November), Stephensen was anointed as presiding 'Chairman' of the 'Executive Council', which also included Adela Pankhurst Walsh as an 'organiser' alongside the freshly relocated storeman-packer Leslie Cahill. This extraordinary pairing of opposites was itself an indication that the task before them was a daunting one; Cahill's immediate response on being yoked to 'Mrs Britannia' was to threaten a return to Victoria, despite the appeal of the £5 a week organiser's retainer (about half of Stephensen's current income from the *Publicist*, but only a small proportion of the £50 that Miles continued to spend on his weekly horse-racing system at Randwick).

The Movement's Executive Committee spoke as much of Pankhurst Walsh as of Stephensen. Of its ten members, five were women, including Mrs Walsh and her three associates, Marjorie Corby, Elaine Pope and Vera Parkinson. The other member of the gender formerly marginalised by the absent, moribund and now-irrelevant W.J. Miles was Mrs Sheila Rice, secretary and wife of another member, Gordon Rice (b.1910) a printer and occasional Publicist driver. The remaining places were filled by the recently resettled Ian Mudie with W. Tinker-Giles as Treasurer. 'Tinker' (b.1906), another successful shoe-shop businessman although not in the same class as Melbourne's Cookes, was a Yabber regular and may have been an undercover security agent, a further indication of the rocky road that the Movement would face.3 Only three of these executive members (Stephensen, Mudie and Cahill) had drunk, or sipped, the draught of revolution and were thus fit for the leadership of such a professed radical body—the otherwise loyal Mudie had even considered Cahill the agitator a better choice for the leadership, as Miles was bed-ridden and Inky was often vague on detail, but there was only room for one Jesus type. As for the disciples, the Labor journal Progress was not too far off the mark in its derogatory interpretation of them as 'decadent poets and middle-aged women wanting an evening off from knitting'.5 The chairman appeared to have exchanged Miles's' leash for a Pankhurst Walsh safety-pin and the new executive certainly proved no match for the methods of disruption that the adherents of the radical Left were soon preparing for them. But 'Movement' it deliberately was, not 'Party', as Stephensen's step-son Jack Lockyer explained in 1981, making it clear that Miles had been on the outer:

I have a belief, a very strong one, that Billy was too ill to do more than agree in principle to the formation of the Movement, very probably with serious doubts. I saw him at his home in Rosedale Road, Gordon, probably late in November... and when I was there on that occasion (the last time I saw the old boy) he was quite disoriented... But as it was then only four or five weeks...after the formation of the Movement I doubt that Billy really took any part in the business.

The establishment of the 'Movement' had not been without internal duress:

Incidentally...the very formation of the Australia First Movement was a hasty decision (probably a very wrong one!) taken because Mrs Pankhurst-Walsh had announced (not publicly I think) her intention of starting such a Movement or Party. The main people at the *Publicist* (PRS, Crowley, Hooper etc.) were afraid that Mrs P-W, with her unsettled ways, would ruin much of *The Publicist*'s work over the years and so opted to beat her to the gun. A pity!⁶

This was not an auspicious beginning and the 'First General Meeting' of 20 October would also be the last.

The sixty-fifth edition of the Publicist announced the new Movement's birth on 1 November 1941, although not until the December issue were readers able to scrutinise the 'Constitution and Rules of the Australia-First Movement' and to read Stephensen's notes on its 'Manifesto' of (another) ten paragraphed points. The constitution appeared hum-drum ('Annual Subscription, Ten Shillings') and in outlining 'Objects' it eschewed the more radical, quasi-Nazi elements of the Fifty Points in favour of those stressing 'National Unity and Independence' and the development of a 'distinctively Australian National Culture'. Now that the war was entering its third year, there was no mention of 'Aryanism' or 'National Socialism', but the first part of these stated aims implied that Australia could only achieve a distinct identity outside of the Empire and this outlook was not dissimilar from that being voiced in contemporary South Africa, where the more extreme Afrikaners of the Ossewabrandwag recognised that only a German victory would allow them to follow their own political and cultural path, one that also involved the abandonment of democracy. These South Africans were prepared to use the methods of violent revolution to serve their cause, but the AFM constitution emphasised that their organisation was to be 'lawful'. The Manifesto was more robust than the constitution, although still a watered-down version of its polemical predecessors, and Stephensen began his exposition of it (dated 9 November) by outlining at tactless length the 'dominant' territorial expansion and 'fierce' military success of the Axis which had set the stage for the 'coming post-war period'—he made no mention of the 7th Division in Syria. The

familiar catch-cries of the last six-and-a-half years were found in his call for the 'subordination of sectional and factional interests' including the divisive 'Party System' of which this 'Movement' was not part. It was also clear that he expected Australian participation in a 'Peace Conference' in the near future and he warned accordingly against ceding control of defence, finance, trade and immigration to an 'International Group' or an 'international financial clique'-shorthand for 'the Jews' condemned more candidly in other Australia-First publications. Nor was there anything new in the calls for diplomatic and military self-dependence. Stephensen closed his exposition with a reminder: 'A "New Order" is coming.' The Manifesto was later circulated as a ten-point flyer with appropriate principles (such as a denunciation of 'OVERSEAS MONOPOLIES') in block letters.⁷ If the 'New Order' was coming, so too was a series of public meetings, which were intended to galvanize listeners through the spoken word in a manner that could not be done any longer through the columns of the *Publicist*. The preface of Mein Kampf had long reminded the faithful that 'men are won over less by the written than the spoken word, that every great movement on this earth owes its growth to great orators and not to great writers'. Jesus had known that too; now Stephensen was to test the theory for himself.

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Soon, some of the long-suffering citizens of Sydney could only have joined their local Messiah in assuming that the Axis had effectively won the war, at least the war of pamphleteering that emanated from the new 'AFM' office at O'Connell Street. Already bothered by the Action Post and 'Gentiles Awake', they encountered red flyers in late October advertising the new Movement's 'Public Meetings... EVERY WEDNESDAY at 8pm. From 5th November to 17th December, 1941' the colour of the paper was intended to draw the eye to the otherwise bland page and had been the colour favoured by the Nazis for their advertising material during the early Munich 'period of struggle' or Kampfzeit. Related flyers detailed the program of the inaugural meeting at the appropriately named Australian Hall, just up Elizabeth Street from the Publicist shopfront, where the speakers were to be the two mainstays of the new organisation, chairman Stephensen and organiser Walsh, a double-act no less extraordinary than later gatherings where the gentle lady spoke alongside the crude Cahill. Just over 200 responded, including Miles Franklin, who also attended many of the subsequent series and often took a place on the speakers' platform. The crowd additionally included Military Intelligence's 'Agent 222', who took shorthand notes of the proceedings, for the security services often agreed with Hitler's preference for the spirit of the spoken over the written word and would later damn many a reputation for what was allegedly

said by the accused, as the hapless Enoch Atkinson had already discovered and Stephensen would find three years later when it was alleged that he had offered congratulations to Hitler on campaign at the time of his 52nd birthday in April 1941—an agent reported that he had then commented: 'What a man!' By the time of this 1944 allegation, there was a great deal more material of a similar nature that had been collected by those attending the weekly Wednesday meetings and others in 1941—42. Their comments during those meetings were subsequently treated as damning.

Those who attended the foundation meeting of the AFM on 5 November 1941 heard 'Stephenson' [sic] advocate the continued appearement of Japan and express his opposition to any conscription of Australians for service overseas. Both had been Publicist mainstays for many years before the war and had formed the pillars of the foreign and defence policies of the Lyons Government, 1932-39; although '222' implied that these policies now smelled of disloyalty, the new Curtin Labor government was in favour of them both.9 Pankhurst Walsh innocuously opposed the presence of any foreign troops in Australia. Cahill also sought to illuminate the audience (although not an advertised speaker) and was characteristically more provocative by suggesting that alien refugees were 'traitors' and would run from Australia in the way they had fled Germany. They ought, he said, to be treated as they deserved, although he provided no detail. The speakers' platform was decorated with a large Australian flag and 'six waratah flowers in bottles wrapped around with brown paper'. There was not a swastika to be seen. Cahill at least thought this inaugural meeting a 'roaring success' and was in full flight, having offered to fight an interjector there and then as if he were still on the Yarra bank. He told the more placid Mills in Melbourne as much, reporting that twenty-four new members had signed up and some generous individual had donated £100: 'This is an excellent start.'10 It was, but it would prove a false dawn, even if the second meeting on 12 November was attended by about three hundred people, the biggest crowd that the AFM would ever attract. This meeting also showed signs of incipient restlessness, when Stephensen was told by one interjector, possibly a member of the RAAF, to 'Sit down, Hitler!'11 He did not do so, nor did Mrs Pankhurst Walsh, whose speech on her long-standing obsession, Japan, was reported in the Sydney Daily Mirror on the following day: 'While a dance band in an adjoining hall strummed "Rock Me to Sleep with your Dreams", Mrs Adela Pankhurst Walsh told an audience...that the world in general, and Australia in particular, had the wrong angle on Japan.' This was a difficult argument to sustain in November 1941—it would be more difficult to do so in December.

Between these early meetings, Cahill proved the more vigorous of the organisers, and members were recruited by mail from across the continent

(including WA), with any organisation that featured 'Australia' or 'Australian' in its title likely to receive appropriate AFM material, including the 'Australian Football Association'-perhaps Cahill, a keen 'Australian-Rules' footballer, recalled the political role that the Gaelic football associations had played in the Irish independence struggle.12 In the course of November, the supplemented ranks included Mills, Hooper, Masey, the Crowley brothers and corralled family members such as John Miles (son of Billy), Eric and Winifred Stephensen, and Renee Mudie. They also included the former (and future) loners Edwin Arnold and Thomas Graham. Cahill was now recognised by MacKay's NSW police at least as the more dangerous of the executive members, being described after the 19 November meeting as a 'morally low type, shifty, untrustworthy', while an untrustworthy looking 'Stephenson' (still misspelt) fared little better as a 'shameless twister with plenty of cunning and effrontery': 'I consider that the reaction of any normal man or woman towards him would be one of instinctive distrust' wrote a disapproving constable.¹³ This police officer (Constable Lees) could see no evidence at this third meeting of the speaker having been a Rhodes Scholar in his outlook, although what exactly he had expected remained unclear. Perhaps he was referring to the speaker's references to Eureka as an example of the right of Australians to refuse ridiculous laws imposed by Downing Street, or to the denunciation of 'nineteenth-century democracy' as out of date. Stephensen preferred the Japanese model of 'unity' (unable to cite the German parallel), although the impending pax Germanica did not go entirely without mention, as he also expressed his belief that Jews should be kept out of Australia and attacked them throughout his speech. Stephensen's 'peculiarly offensive and blatant assertion of loyalty' had failed to convince this constable, but the imitation of an absent friend struck a chord as he noted 'a slight facial resemblance to Hitler', but more importantly a similarity of style:

When well in action with arms flying up, voice raised to a shrill and penetrating level and Chaplin moustached mouth open in some rhetorical outburst there was a kinship with the dictator, who, I am convinced, he admires. I should imagine that he has to some extent tried to emulate Hitler's mannerisms when speaking.

This was not Alec Chisholm's *Sportpalast* mixture of Jack Lang, Eric Campbell and Billy Hughes, 'all rolled into one, and improved upon', but it was near enough for Constable Lees, who recommended the speaker's internment. The size of the audience was not of the same magnitude as Hitler's early efforts and was already dropping (about 150–180 on this third Wednesday night), but its composition nevertheless attracted police attention. About 75% of them 'appeared to be light-minded, brainless and easily led, anxious for someone to

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form their opinions for them'; only some 5% seemed 'decent folk'. The rest were anti-AFM, 'socialistic types', neither light-minded nor decent and an ominous sign for future meetings.

Opposition to the new Movement was gathering at ground level; the leftist members of the NSW 'State Labor Party' (a Langite, ALP splinter group) had convened their own public meeting at the Sydney Town Hall on 18 November and called for suppression; Stephensen was soon to complain about this and about opposition in the Sydney press intended to 'kill the Australia-First Movement at its birth'. 14 Attempts to promote a still-birth were also gathering pace at the official level. On 25 November, after only three of the Wednesday meetings, Max Falstein, MHR, asked the new Attorney-General, Dr Evatt, whether it is was true that an 'anti-war, anti-democratic and pro-fascist organisation masquerading under the title "The Australia-First Party" recently held some meetings at the Australian Hall, Sydney?', calling for a report to the federal parliament on any subsequent gatherings. Evatt (who, along with his brother Clive, knew Stephensen personally) laconically replied without much enthusiasm: 'Yes.'15 NSW Premier McKell was less taciturn and requested some restriction of the Movement from Prime Minister Curtin on 26 November. The NSW head of Military Intelligence, Captain Tyrell, was also soon making requests to the Army for preventative raids and internment.16 Such opposition only fuelled anti-Semitic suspicions amongst AFM members and Eric Stephensen later wondered who had put the parliamentary opponents up to asking questions, mistakenly assuming that Falstein lacked enough personal motivation to do so.17 If the Mosman meeting held on the night of Falstein's parliamentary query was anything to go by, the honourable member had little to worry about—this first suburban gathering attracted only 55 members of the public and security, gathered at the King's Hall to hear the dual act of the ill-matched organisers. Mrs Pankhurst Walsh gave a rambling address on population, the falling birth-rate and social deprivation. More importantly, only '13 ½ pence' was collected, barely enough to cover a ferry fare back to Circular Quay. Accordingly, Cahill began to suffer the pangs of disillusionment, expressing the wish in his report for members to engage in discussion and to show some 'spirited enthusiasm'.18 Even though it was only their opponents who were showing much spirited enthusiasm, the AFM remained undaunted by falling attendances and plummeting finances that would soon force the Publicist to down-size; Mrs Pankhurst Walsh repeated her Mosman ramble in the city on 26 November and Cahill spoke on national unity, quoting his beloved Baylebridge on the 'longing for the community to which we are born'. 19 Neither mentioned Japan, a fortunate oversight, as the naval 'Strike Force' of Admiral Yamamoto had sailed that morning from northern Japan en route for Pearl Harbour.

The Publicist showed no sign of disillusionment on 1 December, despite the absence of a 'Benauster' editorial, celebrating five-and-a-half years and looking forward to another five-and-a-half 'as a propaganda-medium for the ideas of Australia First'. Given the editor's illness, changes were foreshadowed in the paper's 'ownership, control, management and editorship', but more of the same was promised in its outlook. Stephensen, as de facto editor, believed that the new Movement was 'steadily gaining strength, despite the attempts made by the press to crush this expression of public opinion' and remained confident that 'the Australian Community is in decline at present and is headed for communitydisaster', which remained the sine qua non for the institution of his New Order. Mudie did his best to prop up the climaxing cultural struggle with two poems under his own name and two as 'Wilka Yelper'. His 'Two New Poems' further evoked the spirit of the land in 'Sun-Up' and the need for the struggle in 'Shout', where 'the dreamers' were urged to awake and to sing of 'Australia First and Strong'. Wilka Yelper was more comical in a series of couplets, but of the same mind, denouncing the 'Tweedledum and Tweedledee' of the party system and reminding readers that the 'refugee is the refujew'. He concluded that it was time to be reminded of the 'memories of Eureka', which was becoming an Australia-First icon. Cahill had been unable to lead a delegation to Ballarat in December 1940, but he was now able to organise a ceremony in Sydney on 3 December 1941 in homage to the rebellion of 1854. Sixty-five members of the inner circle attended, including the mercurial Beatrice Miles (already the bane of Sydney's cabbies), giving her considerable voice to the recitation of two poems, one by A.B. 'Banjo' Paterson and the other by Mudie. Cahill thought that 'both were excellent, particularly the one by Mudie' and that Bea's recitation had given the occasion 'an Australian atmosphere'.20 That ebullient atmosphere could not be transplanted to the Australian Hall that night, for the nation was in mourning at the recent loss of the cruiser HMAS Sydney in the Indian Ocean and the meeting began with one minute of appropriate silence, but any attempt to placate the wary must have been discounted by Stephensen's candid comment later in the night: 'I am for National Socialism against International Communism.'21 The Sydney had been sunk by German seamen fighting for, amongst other things, 'National Socialism' against, amongst other things, 'International Communism' and Stephensen's credo was now out of place. Within a week, and before the faithful, the sceptical and the hostile could reassemble in the Australian Hall, it would be more so, for everything would change when the Wehrmacht suffered its first defeat in the winter snows near Moscow from 5 December, but more importantly for Australians when Yamamoto's naval strike force would assault Pearl Harbour in 'Operation Z' on 7 December. Mudie's new poem 'Sun-Up' had been seconded by the Rising Sun of Imperial Japan.

Pearl Harbour had expanded the war and thereby pushed the new Movement into a tight spot and there was no escaping the obvious when the Wednesday meetings resumed on 10 December, despite Stephensen's call for calm amidst panic as he provided a critical survey of Australian involvement in British wars since formation of local defence forces in 1870.22 Australia-First had long been an advocate of friendship with Japan, not in itself a reprehensible viewpoint in the thirties, and so too had Adela Pankhurst Walsh, but Pearl Harbour and the Japanese declaration of war on Britain made that earlier attitude difficult to defend, even if the Publicist and Australia-First had spent over two years successfully deflecting accusations of disloyalty based on their earlier views of Germany and national-socialism. The peacetime Publicist had frequently expressed admiration for Japan's internal unity, its 'self-dependence' and freedom from Jewish influence, most notably in Stephensen's extended work of Japanophilia, his 1939 Plea for Better Understanding, which he later defended by correctly reminding critics that the Australian government of the day had been of a similar mind. Many of those associated with Australia-First were noted admirers of militaristic Japan, including Edward Masey. The only impediment was race (and that was a major one), but racial differences did not preclude friendship. Adela and Tom Walsh were also similarly inclined towards the Rising Sun throughout the thirties, a close relationship that was in part the result of undercover financial connections and frequent travel to Japan funded by Tokyo.²³ The declaration of war in Europe had not changed the benign outlook of the Australia-Firsters to Japan and it was unsurprising that a man like Peter Russo had attended Yabber when passing through Sydney in 1940, at a time when Kirtley was admitting without regret in the Publicist that Japan would soon be the dominant power in the region.²⁴ Even the racially obsessed (but Sinophile) Hardy Wilson confessed to Stephensen his admiration for Japan's war against the 'material state of the world' in August 1941.25 A similar level of tolerance towards Japan existed within some of the poeticals. Dr Philpots, the Melbourne poetical dentist, had published his poem 'Latham-Kawai' in the April 1941 Publicist soon after the arrival of the first diplomatic Australian minister in Tokyo (the former pro-Japanese Minister of External Affairs, John Latham) urging sympathy between the two countries. Xavier Herbert was of the same persuasion, still a habitué of the Japanese Club in Darwin and not at all comfortable with the prospect of a war with Tokyo. Even though his connections with Australia-First had loosened considerably in the course of 1941, he was surprised that he was not questioned by the authorities after the beginning of the war with Japan, given his close association with the Territory's Japanese community.²⁶

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Once Japanese forces headed south, the new AFM was faced with long-term problems. In the short-term, the immediate difficulty was their association with Adela Pankhurst Walsh, that most strident champion of friendship and now of a separate peace with Japan. Any who suspected that the Movement was a Japanese front were not entirely deluded, for later it was revealed that she had informed Japanese officials in November 1941 that she intended to form 'a new Movement' to deal with the urgency of the current crisis in East Asia.²⁷ Even though a late convert to Nazi enthusiasm, Mrs Pankhurst Walsh had been brought towards the Australia-First circle largely through this affection for Japan, resulting in the shotgun wedding of 20 October—now, after Pearl Harbour, it was time for a divorce. Australia's Nazi enthusiasts were certainly pro-Japanese, but (like their German counterparts) they could never erase from their minds that the greatest threat to Australia came from the 'Near North'. As Edwin Arnold, perhaps the most authentic Nazi enthusiast of them all, had told his interrogators in September 1939, Australia must be more conscious of dangers emanating from 'the non-Aryan north than from the Aryan north-west'.28 The new AFM, post-Pearl Harbour, had to choose between the outlook of an Arnold or a Pankhurst Walsh-Stephensen chose the former, although some, especially those in WA, continued to think that the Movement could contain both. This was not the case within the Sydney circle and Mrs Walsh's tenure as an organiser was now limited. She was now as much of a liability to the Australia-First Movement as she had been earlier to the Women's Guild of Empire. It is difficult, however, to determine whether Pankhurst Walsh was subsequently pushed out of the new Movement (as she had been from the Guild) or whether she jumped. The executive had asked for her resignation on 11 December and had received it within a week; the locks of the O'Connell Street office were changed just in case in order to avoid the embarrassment of the confrontation that had occurred between the indomitable Adela and her tearful Guild colleagues in October 1939.²⁹

The victory of the 'non-Aryan north' would not be all bad, as Edward Masey pointed out to the Australian Hall audience of 17 December, for it was clear that he anticipated, and welcomed, the prospect of an Allied defeat in the Near North as it would be followed by the same line of 'crisis and resurgence' that had marked Germany's revival. This was not what many in the crowd with relatives serving abroad wanted to hear. One questioner thought those on the platform should be in Berlin, not Sydney, given that their program was still 'for Aryanism' and 'for national-socialism'. This reminder of the Fifty Points was disallowed as not being 'on topic', but it was probably the most topical observation of the entire evening. Another AIF questioner complained that the meeting constituted a stab-in-the-back to servicemen. Stephensen could offer little more comfort than to repeat his maxim of a fortnight earlier that 'I am

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for National Socialism against International Communism', a statement that caused considerably more disturbance now than it had such a short time earlier. His denial that this admission made him a 'Nazi' did not prove persuasive." It had not done so since 1936.

Stephensen's denial certainly did not persuade the gentlemen of the security services who had unwillingly attended the Wednesday meetings since early November. In their end-of-year survey of AFM 'activities' for the benefit of Military Intelligence, Constables Doyle and Walsh stated the obvious, that the Movement seemed to lack any sentiment for the British connection in contrast to a marked sympathy for Japan. They were also worthy of further scrutiny given their failure to condemn Germany or Italy. Stephensen was accurately assessed as holding 'pronounced pro-Japanese tendencies' and as possessing 'similar tendencies regarding Nazi Germany'. Brief surveys were then provided of the others now regarded as the most dangerous members of the organisation—Miles, Cahill, Rice, Mrs Walsh (and her husband, Tom), Mudie and Mills, as well as one on the outer, Alister Kershaw.³¹ Only a week after this survey, Canberra could have crossed four names from the list, when it was announced in a members' circular that the two organisers were departing; Mrs Pankhurst Walsh had resigned from the organisation on 18 December (taking Tom with her—although it is unlikely that he was ever formally a member) and Cahill had resigned from the executive in order to join the AIF, which rejected him on 6 January 1942 on the grounds of fitness (so he later told Stephensen)—he had to be satisfied with a garrison battalion of the mainstream Army.³² Mudie's resignation for the same reason was also signalled—he too joined the ranks in February 1942—and one of the vacancies was filled by Watts, a man who never had difficulty in fingering the Jews as the real enemy. The organisational experiment of 20 October 1941 had clearly failed and Pearl Harbour had something to do with it, for Stephensen had informed some members of the inner circle of these impending changes as early as 19 December—the Walsh connection was now a dangerous embarrassment and the new zeal to don the khaki on behalf of Cahill and Mudie was related to the perception of the 'non-Aryan' northern threat, although there was probably also a disillusionment with the lack of progress that the Movement had made in the last two months.³³ However, neither of these two recruits into the ranks of the AMF 'chocolate soldiers' had lost their enthusiasm for ultra-nationalism per se and for the Nazi model on which it was constructed.34 But the year did not close entirely in gloom, as the impending departure of Mudie was balanced by the impending recruitment of Rex Ingamells, who had been stimulated in distant, placid Adelaide by the 'bloody wonderful' articles that he had recently read in the Publicist. Stephensen himself remained optimistic, now being free of the Walsh-albatross. Within a fortnight, he would be free of another—W.J. Miles.

The Nazi model in Europe would be made or broken in 1942 and the same applied to its Australian reflection; both Hitler and Stephensen remained positive, despite setbacks. On New Year's Day, Miles (now with one foot in the grave) transferred control of the Publicist to the triumvirate of Stephensen, Hooper and V. Crowley. The first could now finally behave as editor and one of the remaining pair was satisfied with a monthly 'Manager's Page' (on the back cover). Stephensen had already argued vigorously with Hooper, accusing him of abusiveness hostility, but he nevertheless finally had his hands on the tiller of both the Publicist and of the party he had long wished for.³⁵ The first issue of the year addressed the obvious change that had occurred since the last, Pearl Harbor, and Stephensen admitted his regret over the new war, but it was otherwise business as usual with the poetlaureate, Mudie, at work. His 'New Year Poem' looked forward to 'the promise of resurgence, the promised future' and his 'Cry to Australians' referred to an impending 'mystic initiation to Nationhood', even though he was contemplating a retreat back home to Adelaide. Back at that city's exclusive Prince Alfred College, Rex Ingamells was contemplating a spiritual journey in the opposite direction and Stephensen had received his 10/- application for membership in the Movement by 3 January 1942. This formal acceptance of the cover of the Australia-First umbrella by the founder of the Jindyworobak club made the already heady Stephensen even headier and he wrote immediately to his new colleague expressing his delight. In the process, the leader of this politico-literary push provided a confidential insight into his state-of-mind at a time when the Second World War, as it was now known, was reaching closer to the 'Motherland'.

Stephensen began by outlining for his interstate follower the recent Australian Action that had occurred in Sydney, where the seven public meetings had been disrupted by the 'unholy Pom-Jew-Com trinity', those opponents of the Left and Right: 'Communists, Jews, and British-firsters'. But this had only strengthened his determination to uphold the right of public assembly against the 'Oligarchic Plutodemocrats who have by their mad supranationalism forced the world into this worst of all grand-scale bloodlets'. The most recent extension of this blood-letting appeared not to concern Stephensen, for he dismissed the Pacific war as not one for White Australia, but as one the Asians are fighting for their Brown Asia Policy: 'Australians are just helping the Pom-Jew-Coms and USAs to perpetuate Sahib and Tuan domination of Asia... All that is now doomed.' There was a degree of plausibility in this claim, as there was in his prediction that the Japanese domination of East and south-east Asia would throw the 'white Lords' out of Malaya, 'including Singapore, I think', and 'in due course India', western China, Burma, Borneo, Sumatra and perhaps even Java. He made no mention of the impact that such a

move would have on the Australian garrison in Malaya, or on the likelihood of a Japanese assault on the Australian territories of New Guinea or Papua. However, Stephensen's account of likely developments over the coming months was closer to the mark than most: 'Then under Japan's leadership or rule there will be a vast Asiatic economic bloc' and the Americans may use Australia as a base and thus force the Japanese to attack the continent, or they may 'leave them to us for our sins'. He anticipated 'air-bombing' of Darwin as a gesture, but no invading Japanese Expeditionary Force. Where this prediction faltered was in his conclusion that this new status quo would force the US to negotiate. Whatever the strengths and weaknesses of Stephensen's analysis (and most of it would be fulfilled within six weeks), it was clear that to him the real enemy was not at the gates, but already within, for the 'real invaders' and opponents were the members of the 'Brit-USA-Com-Jew combination' and they were the ones that Australia needed to remove, as he reminded Ingamells: 'The future now for Australian life depends wholly on the courage and clear-headedness of a few among us (among whom I count you), who will unremittingly work for the emancipation of Australia from Pom-Jew-Com-USA domination of our political and cultural life.' This could only be achieved through the acceptance of a new 'Weltanschaaung' [sic], a term which the author not only misspelt but also incorrectly ascribed to Goethe. A 'New Way of Life' was called for in order 'to emerge from the present impasse and construct Australia creatively' and it was 'Australian Nationalism, emancipation from the hindrances imposed upon us by the supra-nationalists: assertion of our full political and cultural autonomy'.36

If Ingamells was daunted by this candid vision of an Australian national-socialism, it was too late and, with his subscription now safely in hand, Stephensen was critical of him for being too 'literary', offering the observation. 'Printed words are not as potent as spoken words...Churchill [is] trying to win the war by words, but he's a failure, a mere literary rhetor. The sword is mightier than the pen.' Hitler could not have put it more succinctly (or offered a better bastardised-Nietzschean analysis): 'I'm against half-measures and the compromises of weakness. A strong man is strongest when most alone.' Soon, Stephensen would be, although the final part of the letter indicated that he thought this unlikely, as he informed 'Caro Rex' that 'we live in great times' that were getting greater:

The next ten years will be quite decisive for Australia, and you must do what you cannot help doing to safeguard yourself and your descendants. I don't believe any individual has a 'free' choice of thought or action. There are just community-tendencies, and it is the privilege of the fore-runners to perceive those tendencies a little while before they become manifestly obvious. The present constructive tendency is towards Australian national Independence, and we must interpret that tendency in many ways—political, 'literary', educational, industrial, military—according to opportunity.

Although this was more than enough for the new recruit to contemplate, Stephensen promised to despatch a copy of the *Protocols*, 'the most influential book in the modern world': 'Whether written by a Jew or a non-Jew, it correctly sets forth the mad Jewish dream of dominating the world by guile. In effect, it shows how the "Chosen People" could achieve their objective.' They would clearly not do so without the opposition of P.R. Stephensen and his Australian Nazi enthusiasts, amongst whom Ingamells, armed with the *Protocols*, was now formally included. The weekly meetings accordingly resumed shortly afterwards on Wednesday 7 January 1942.

The change of year brought a change of venue to the Adyar Hall in Bligh Street, but it was still business as usual of a kind. The 7 January meeting was relatively placid, with the speakers' appeals able to be heard, perhaps because it was of an uncontroversial nature. The announcement of administrative changes at the top was accompanied by material that indicated that Stephensen was bordering on the stale—he repeated an address of the previous September ('The Meaning of Australia-First') and issued a denial of the Falstein parliamentary allegations of the previous November. Sergeant Walsh thought the meeting 'orderly' and the modest attendance about 60.37 This meeting was also the last in the lifetime of W.J. Miles, who died a short time later, causing an interregnum that was to last for nearly a month as the Movement accommodated itself to another change of circumstances. It was only natural that the Bunyip would deliver the Kookaburra's valedictory eulogy before the faithful at the Rookwood Crematorium on the 11 January, in which he referred to his late patron as a 'Statesman who never became a politician' and as one whose 'ideas were never sufficiently paltry for the superficial expediency which has hitherto been the way of Australian government'. This was a charitable assessment; so too was the suggestion that Miles's establishment of the Publicist had constituted the initiation of 'a political movement of Australian independence which we must assume will develop until it dominates Australia's destiny'.38 This had not been the Kookaburra's intention; nor would it be the Bunyip's inheritance. A private, members conference on 24 January ('in celebration of Australia Day') discussed options for this march towards destiny, but with falling attendances and finances, the first post-Miles step seemed a retrograde one, as the Publicist downsized from its Elizabeth Street shopfront to more modest accommodation in Hunter Street on 31 January—Stephensen, Rice, Hooper and Crowley shifted the modest furniture and fittings themselves, observed by two members of Military Intelligence.³⁹ It would be the last commercial move that the peripatetic Stephensen would make and could only have brought back unwanted memories of the stringencies he had endured as a publisher before Miles had offered him some refuge in 1936.

The Publicist nevertheless appeared on time on the first day of February and the 'Death of John Benauster' was duly announced with Stephensen likening him to Socrates, as well as providing an element of self-congratulation: 'In his later years, he gathered around him a group of men in Sydney who regularly discussed philosophical and practical topics in much the same way as the ancient Athenians discussed such topics under the guidance of Socrates.' This was taking the principle of not speaking ill of the dead to an extraordinary degree. The survivors were now left to 'the sorrow and the struggle, and perhaps the victory' towards which a weekly Speakers Study Class was established for the 'extension of platform propaganda'. Ian Mudie would not be amongst the students, for he was in the process of moving back to South Australia to join the military. Neither Miles Franklin nor Xavier Herbert could track him down in Sydney at this time. Franklin had noticed his absence from the meeting of 7 January and was concerned; Herbert was puzzled by an empty Elizabeth Street shopfront until he met Crowley in the street and all was explained; he then stated his intention of heading north to determine the Japanese attitude to the aborigines and to offer his help should there be the prospect of an improvement on existing conditions.⁴⁰ Clearly, Herbert was unaware of the treatment of the Ainu indigenous peoples of Japan, also of Australoid stock. Although his friend Mudie had tossed in the towel of Australian Action, he continued to contribute in the way he knew best and had posted two new poems in the February edition. One, 'Traveller', was innocent enough and the other, 'Need', was ambiguous in its warlike call for a fortress Australia, 'a Nation marching in triumphant war / and more triumphant peace.' This vision of 'Tomorrow' did not make it clear where the poet thought the Nation would march, against whom and for what purpose, a possible reflection of the confusion with the Australia First Movement in the months after Pearl Harbour. Any such confusion did not endure.

Not until Thursday 5 February 1942 did the weekly meetings resume at the Adyar Hall with the Japanophile Masey as chairman. Mudie the poet-laureate was absent although there in spirit through Miles Franklin. It would be the last that the Movement would hold without major disruption as the war worsened, but Stephensen was still able to offer a critique of the military position without too much interruption, exercising a level of wisdom-after-the-event in regard to the Japanese assaults on Singapore and Rabaul in New Guinea; the newly elevated Watts in the latest *Publicist* had already offered his own analysis of the weakness of the 'Singapore strategy'. As for the European war, Stephensen was still in denial, this time about being labelled a 'quisling', interpreting this as the label for anyone who opposed the 'international financial set-up' of which the 'plutocratic set up' of democracy was part. Former prime minister Billy Hughes had recently spoken out against such 'quislings' and fifth columnists

and Stephensen turned the accusation against the 'Little Digger' if a 'quisling' was 'one who acts in one country on behalf of another'. In fact, Stephensen had more in common with Vidkun Quisling than he knew, given that at this meeting he also stated that 'the hour will produce a man or men who will come forward to give a lead to Australia and that is the reason why this movement has been convened'. The Norwegian Nazi leader had used similar rhetoric to justify the role of his Nasjonal Samling and he too had recognized the need for a 'new kind of political thought, a new kind of political life', the general theme of this largely undisturbed meeting in a distant hemisphere. 41 Stephensen and Quisling were now associated with one another in the minds of both officials and those lower down the pecking order and within days Military Intelligence received a denunciation from a loyal member of the public who claimed to have known 'the Mad Fascist' for five years as a weekender at Heathcote. A Mr Robbins relayed Stephensen's peacetime views on Germany and Nazism, claiming that he 'never lost an opportunity to praise the Germans'. Robbins was now convinced that in the event of an invasion by enemy paratroops 'he would be a quizzling'.42 Captain Tyrell took the suggestion seriously, an indication that Stephensen's reputation was at its nadir.

The 'Mad Fascist' was certainly seeking to accelerate matters following the death of Socrates, for he had a number of years to make up. The Movement issued a members circular on14 February ('Now or Never') calling for the speedy recruitment of 1,000 new members 'to form an effective and solid body of public opinion in favour of Australian National Independence and Self Defence'. At the same time further red circulars were distributed publicly expressing the intention to hold Thursday night meetings in the Adyar 'EVERY Thursday at 8pm from 19th February to 2th April, 1942'. Beneath ran the exhortations 'Defend AUSTRALIA First! Uphold Australia's Independence! Maintain PUBLIC Discussion!'43 The first of these meetings would be the last and Stephensen would be defending himself rather than the Nation; there would be a great deal of the sorrow and the struggle promised in the Benauster obituary, but none of the victory—in his post-war 'Jottings', Inky admitted that membership never exceeded 80 and that they were only 'the infinitesimal minority dissidents'. It was their own doing that their own propaganda had made them appear so dangerous.⁴⁴

V

As always, Stephensen's sense of timing deserted him. On the day of the scheduled 19 February meeting, the Japanese launched the air-raid on Darwin that he had foreseen, but it proved more than the 'gesture' he had imagined. Although many details of the impact of the Darwin raid were suppressed from the Australian public,

Singapore had fallen only four days earlier and this did nothing to enhance the AFM in the eyes of many, contributing to the determination of some to disrupt any further gatherings of a now suspect organisation. The Movement itself failed unwisely to take any extra security precautions. The 1941 Australian Hall meetings had been marked by interjections and verbal abuse of the speakers, but there had been no bloodshed. The first two 1942 Adyar gatherings had been similar, but the AFM was about to experience what the early Nazi Party had been prepared forviolent dissent. The brown-shirted Munich SA had dealt then with such dissent during the so-called Bierkeller riots, just as Mosley's black-shirted stewards had done so at Olympia in 1934 in their first mass-meeting. Campbell's New Guard had not needed to do so in Sydney, but given that many of its members were physically fit AIF veterans, the threat of counter-violence was never far from the surface. The AFM, however, in much more strained circumstances was reliant on the protection of the NSW police force still headed by Commissioner MacKay, who had been the bane of Eric Campbell a decade earlier. The prospect of a blue-shirted intervention on behalf of AFM speakers amidst the local version of a Bierkeller fracas was unlikely; nor was Stephensen the stormtrooper type, despite the violence of his rhetoric and his imitation of Nazi mores. He would have preserved some dignity and some of the hearing in one ear on 19 February 1942 had he been.

What proved to be the last public meeting of the 'Australia-First Movement' was the most memorable Over two hundred attended and joined in the inaugural singing of 'Advance Australia Fair' (not 'God Save the King'), a welcome rise in numbers, but a substantial proportion of them were not in search of enlightenment, only malice. They were also armed and ready for street violence. The doddering Valentine Crowley was in the chair, but his maturity drew little respect with frequent 'laughter and uproar' interrupting his address on 'indigenous nationalism' as well as that delivered by Stephensen on 'Australian National Independence'. This main act met with interjections suggesting that the speaker was a 'Fascist' and a paid agent of Hitler; Stephensen returned the abuse by questioning the sanity of his tormentors and their veracity. Rice soon offered the restless audience the excuse it needed for violence by suggesting that an interjector be silent and was beaten for his trouble—a general mêlée ensued in which furniture was smashed and walls were damaged by about fifty brawlers. Stephensen suffered a battering at the hands of six of them, leaving him with two black eyes, two missing teeth and damaged hearing. The dissenters and the timid then walked out, leaving only about sixty-five behind in the hall. Astonishingly, Stephensen then completed a ninety-minute oration that insisted on the return of the AIF in order to counter internal enemies and the sinister 'alien element'. The AFM's future role was also outlined: 'In the Australia First Movement, we want to foster and encourage the growth of the spirit of National

Patriotism, particularly in peace time.'45 He had singularly failed to do so on this Thursday evening. The Sydney Morning Herald reported a 'Brawl in City Hall' and the magisterial outcome a fortnight later, when William Dove, fifty-seven, labourer, was bound over having been found guilty of offensive behaviour at this meeting—he had been attacked by Mrs Davis (an ex-trade unionist) with an umbrella and after forcing her to sit down had broken it. Anita Davis seems to have been one of the few of those sympathetic to the AFM who had fought back in the absence of Cahill, enlisted in the Army since 6 January and no longer a member of the Movement. From Stephensen's point-of-view, the meeting had only one benefit—the air of martyrdom, as demonstrated by one sympathetic correspondent ('Hail Inky') who labelled him a 'hero' and looked forward to a future time when the Australian Nazi enthusiasts would have their own anthem like that of the German Horst Wessel song, dedicated to P.R. Stephensen. Ferhaps this eased his pain momentarily following the AFM's own Bierkeller moment; it only strengthened the police plea for the AFM to be declared illegal.

The violence of that evening not only horrified the management of the Adyar Hall, who forthwith declined any further AFM lease, but it also motivated another Jewish parliamentarian, the NSW MLA Abraham Landa, to call for the outlawing of the Movement. In response, Stephensen resorted to the response of the disenfranchised and circulated an appeal to this parliament on 26 February (and later to the federal equivalent) denying fascist or anti-Semitic sentiments, belied by its contents that claimed 'Jews are opposed to the political ideas of Australian National Independence, for which this movement stands'. A similar document, also signed by the AFM chairman, claimed that the parliamentarians Falstein and Landa were motivated in their opposition to his Movement by the lobbying of the 'Jewish minority', which he appeared to regard as a sinister motivation. 47 However, it was too late for appeals to the parliamentary institutions, which the AFM regarded as unworthy of respect. These appeals smacked of hypocrisy, as did the objections of the March Publicist when it reviewed the 'Adyar Hall Incident' and protested against an 'alien minority' infringing the rights of public assembly and public discussion; 'proper arrangements' were promised to protect those attending future meetings. These proved unnecessary; the time for what the February edition had called the 'instant and warm interplay of lively minds' was over as both the AFM and the Publicist were finished.

VI

The 'Adyar Hall Incident' instantly assumed mythical status within the AFM, even though it caused the termination of the planned weekly Thursday meetings

in the city. A defiant Stephensen nevertheless planned further public gatherings, scheduling the next for Thursday, 5 March 1942, at the suburban Arcadia Theatre in Manly, the stamping ground of Keith Bath the real estate agent. Before this impending catastrophe, foreseen by the policemen who had attended the Adyar fiasco, Stephensen presided over what was to be the sixty-ninth edition of the Publicist, the 'Strategy Number'. It was the last one and, despite wartime restrictions, it brought the Kookaburra and Bunyip style of journalism to its climax with Stephensen in full editorial flight and appropriate contributions from Watts, Kirtley, Crowley and Mudie. Stephensen had clearly not forgotten Belloc's dictum (highlighted in the Publicist of July 1937) that a 'publicist' must relay even unpopular and dangerous truths, as a central article in this final issue came from an anonymous Australian in London, whose contribution to the war effort slipped by a less than efficient censor. The editorial page contained a new preface explaining the outlook of the rejuvenated journal: 'An independent, non-sectional, organ of Australian public opinion, advocating Australian National Unity and Self-reliance, and the greatest possible measure of Australian Independence and Self-defence'. Beneath it, the now unchallenged editor made his own contribution by denouncing Army Minister Forde's suggestion that the downfall of England would be the downfall of Australia-Stephensen recommended a greater level of attention to Australia's regional defence at a time when tens of thousands of Australian troops were still, as he put it, 'defending Palestine'. Watts agreed with him in 'The Australo-Japanese War: Some Realities and Some Hocus-Pocus' by asserting that the government was needlessly panicking the populace. He thought it better to bring home the troops, especially the air force and to ensure Australian control of their disposition - so much for the strategy of the 'Strategy Number'.

Elsewhere in this issue, 'Rex Williams' (still Stephensen) denounced Communism and 'Russia-firsters' in an article that would not have been out of place in the mainstream press a decade later amidst the Cold War. 'Communism and Chaos' correctly analysed Soviet intentions in Eastern Europe as containing a 'Great Chance' to install their ideology in that region. Back home there was the danger of the 'Enemy Within' whilst popular attention was concentrated on external enemies. This scenario was not all bad though, for Williams reminded readers that counter-revolutionary resistance was inevitable (and desirable), citing those that had brought Mussolini, Hitler, Petain and Franco to power and had been behind the Japanese incursion into China since 1931. These were not examples that would be persuasive to most Australians in March 1942, even those of a markedly anti-Bolshevik disposition. However, they did seem to have stimulated Ian Mudie, distant but unbowed, whose final *Publicist* contribution ('Sydney Day') looked forward to the realisation of the hopes of the 'young men dreaming' of an awakened nation. The means of their awakening was still

mysterious, but Mudie used imagery that was inappropriate in March 1942 when the Rising Sun of Japan was so threatening: 'To bathe in risen splendour Australia's Rising Sun'. There was no evidence that the poet was suggesting an Australian resurgence would come under a local franchise of the Japanese flag, but events in Western Australia would soon offer that impression.

Pro-Japanese or not, the 'Strategy Number' certainly showed no enthusiasm for the continuation of the Anglo-German war in 'Blitz Over London', where an Australian teacher ('P.L.W.') offered her experience of recent air-raids. This expatriate young lady had already, in February, related the disorder of evacuations from London and now she offered first-hand experience of the 'Blitz', correctly observing that its recent renewal was a probable consequence of RAF attacks on German cities. The real enemy, however, was not the Luftwaffe overhead, but the Jews underground; they were widely resented for their alleged wealth and for seeking shelter at the expense of the poor: 'It was interesting to hear so many people in London talking about the Jews, but not so surprising, as the Jews seemed ubiquitous in the West End, particularly after the first bombing of the East End areas.' They were also ubiquitous in the world of culture according to Val Crowley in his final piece, 'The Place of Art in the Community', a longwinded denunciation of modernism, of younger artists and of 'long-haired journalist art-critics' in a contemporary 'woman-dominated community'. Insidious 'long-haired cranks' had been responsible for the 1936 removal of Hardy Wilson from his Melbourne gallery appointment and Crowley could see little point in fighting Japan if the reward of victory would be the consolidation of such artistic degeneracy. Although he did not say so, his conclusion implied that the path to artistic renewal was through defeat at the hands of Japan; the Kulturkampf was still alive and well.

This final number of the *Publicist* had not forgotten the editor of the first, and the article 'John Benauster' reprinted two of the dear departed's earlier warnings against 'supra-national' federations in the expectation of similar proposals from the 'United Nations' in the present war or its sequel. This was an indication that some in the *Publicist* office were beginning to contemplate the possibility, however remote, of an Allied victory (as 'Rex Williams' seemed to have done). The public beating that Stephensen had recently received might have focused his mind on the possibility of defeat. John Kirtley showed no sign of defeatism, at least not yet, as he celebrated the founder's memory and 'strength adamantine' in a dedicatory 'Sonnet in Memory of William John Miles'. That memory was not inviolate, however, as the final 'Manager's Page' (written by either Hooper or Crowley) offered the late proprietor's personal library for sale 'at half-price and less'—this seemed like a fire-sale. The manager also warned of consequences for the national cause if the *Publicist* was discontinued, 'which it won't be'. But the

last paragraphs of the last page of the last edition carried what proved to be the epitaph of the *Publicist*: 'Some of us will join the shades of our fathers without witnessing the consummation of our desires, but we have the consolation of knowing that effort in a great cause is never wasted.' This was dangerously close to an admission of defeat. Times were hard and getting harder, but as Norman Lindsay observed, fanatics remain damnably sincere to the end.

'Big Bill' MacKay, still the Commissioner of the NSW Police until April 1942 (after which he briefly headed the federal Security Service), was a persuasive man when it suited him to be so. Following the Adyar fiasco, he had had enough of Stephensen and the Australia-First Movement's March madness, particularly the intended Manly meeting on the fifth. The Movement was already circulating a provocative pamphlet, 'No Need for Panic!' which called for the recall of the AIF and an 'active, not passive, defence' and for a 'National All-Party Government', as well as for the dismissal of ministers responsible for the inadequate defence of Rabaul, 'Australia's Front Door, and it was left unlocked!'48 On the day of the intended meeting, MacKay summoned Stephensen to his office, as he had once summoned Eric Campbell a decade earlier, and relayed an end to his patience, never long-standing. The commissioner persuaded the chairman to cancel the meeting; MacKay was armed with an order from Attorney-General Evatt banning it under a security 'Direction' as 'likely to cause a disturbance of public order', but he may not have been compelled to produce that document. 49 With his tail between his legs, Stephensen personally posted a cancellation notice on the door of the Arcadia Theatre. It was the beginning of the end and within days the chairman had informed his treasurer that he now intended to disband the Movement. Before he could formally do so, it was dissolved for him by others. Stephensen's only response to his muzzling had been to prepare a plaintive circular posted to the state and federal parliaments protesting about having been 'ordered' to cancel the Manly meeting as a result of the 'false charges' of Falstein and Landa.⁵⁰ The petitioner was behind bars before the envelopes were opened. As the now interned C.E. Carroll in London had observed of Hermann Göring in his Anglo-German Review in 1938: 'It's great stuff this Leadership business-If you're the right kind of man.' P.R. Stephensen was a man of many talents, but he had not demonstrated after October 1941 that he was the right kind to follow in the steps of the Reichsmarschall, or of Jesus.

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The drama of the final act of Australia-First took place on the western stage, where the unbalanced Laurence Bullock was not so averse to the threat from the 'non-Aryan north' or so reluctant to use force to achieve his aims. Towards the

end of 1941, he had suggested the use of a semi-secret organisation of members in the services in order to establish the 'independence' about which Stephensen so frequently spoke, 'if necessary by the force of arms'.51 Bullock's disposition to violence became more marked following the Japanese entry into the war and he had elevated this disposition into a crude world-view, as he revealed to a WA follower, Edward Quicke (b.1911), an orchardist, former follower of Social Credit and Publicist subscriber. Quicke was exposed to this outlook on 5 February 1942: There is no such thing as Right, only Might. Force is the absolute dominating factor in life.' It equalled 'the only law' and 'only the use of Force—even military force—by the masses will alter the present social order'. This alone ought to have caused the timid Quicke to terminate his brief flirtation with the western version of Australia-First, but there was more: 'Force & only force from the cradle to the grave. We are forced into this world with scant ceremony & forced out with less for Self, and Self alone.' Possibly in anticipation of disaster, Bullock wanted his son to know that 'There is no Law, only Force—There is no Justice, only Force.'52 This was indeed a hard, crude and cruel doctrine which could out-Baylebridge even William Baylebridge (who never attempted to implement it), although Bullock showed no indication of any knowledge of the works of the 'Australian Nietzsche', let alone of Thucydides or Plato, where Thrasymachus argues the 'might is right' case altogether more convincingly, even if demolished in debate by Socrates. Nevertheless, this autodidact was ready by March to put perverted Platonic theory into practice.

Contrary to the constitution of the Sydney AFM, Bullock (who now described himself as 'an out-and-out national socialist') had independently formed a WA branch of the Movement in February and behaved as de facto state leader.53 Intoxicated by his own sense of self-importance and by the prospect of a Japanese invasion of the north-west, Bullock and a small circle of associates (including his lover Nancy Krakouer, but not Quicke) had by 7 March drafted a 'proclamation' intended for issue once the putative invasion had begun. It was a preposterous piece of self-delusion which welcomed the invaders as liberators, outlined targets for sabotage, victims for execution and announced the formation of an 'Australia-First National Socialist Government'. It also called for easier divorce and the 'absolute equality of the sexes'—Miles would have turned in his grave, had he not been cremated.54 Betrayed by a police informant, the leading four of the WA circle were rounded up from 9 March and amongst those swept into detention by the security response to Bullock and his inane proclamation were innocents such as Quicke and, further east, the leading members of the Australia-First circle in Sydney, including Stephensen, who had known nothing of the WA excesses, but had been detained on 10 March, as soon as news of the proclamation arrived in the eastern states. It had been a bad week for the Bunyip and worse was to

come. Bullock was only one of many fanatics whose acquaintance he would first make behind barbed wire. The WA conspirators were subsequently offered an open trial, a right denied to Stephensen, who spent much of the remainder of his life denying the accusations of treason that were directed at those associated in any way with Bullock's notorious proclamation.

Bullock was not alone in being an 'out-and-out national socialist' operating outside of the O'Connell Street organisation. The irrepressible Thomas Graham also did so in Sydney, as did Edwin Arnold, both in defiance of their nominal memberships of the Australia-First Movement, which had failed to subdue their desires for individual action. Graham had circulated his 'Gentiles Awake!' pamphlet in July 1941 and had disturbed the authorities. They were more disturbed after Pearl Harbour when it was followed in the first month of the new year by a companion piece 'Australians Awake! Get Ready, Beware the Greatest Betrayal of All Time', the vitriol of which had been directed at the new prospect of an alliance between Australia and the US. This 'USA-Jewish Alliance' had been concocted, Graham alleged, to offer the Americans an excuse to send troops to the southern continent, all part of a grander program engineered by 'Jewish International Finance'. Any Australian troops earmarked to fight against the Japanese were only serving 'American-Jewish interests, in the same way that the war against Hitlerism was merely waged for the benefit of the Jews, the 'real enemies' whose war aim was to inaugurate 'Jewish World Domination' once Germany and Japan were defeated. The pamphlet closed with a call to arms for real men and with an exhortation that seemed to point towards the Australia-First Movement: 'Be prepared to get behind the new leaders, who will rise to liberate you from your shackles and bonds of despair!'55 This piece was enough for the authorities in February, from Army Minister Forde down, to appeal publicly for assistance in tracking the source of letter-boxed material regarded as 'subversive and dangerous and of markedly Fascist origin'.56

The day before this public appeal, 9 February 1942, the police had already visited the suburban rented room of Graham, having tracked the origin of the pamphlets through Miss French, a professional typist in Martin Place. Two constables acting on behalf of Military Intelligence found there 500 copies of 'Australians Awake!' in a suitcase and Graham freely admitted both ownership and motive: 'The German fight is our fight. They are the only country fighting for the suppression of the Communists and the Jews.' He thought that his visitors were barking up the wrong tree and told them so: 'You are persecuting the wrong people. It is the Jews who should be getting it.' He also admitted ownership of an unfashionable black shirt found in his meagrely stocked wardrobe, stating that it represented a movement started in Melbourne, the 'National Council of Action', of which nothing had previously been heard—it was a product of his

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imagination. Although Graham professed admiration for Mosley, he denied any interest in Italy. He also denied membership of the Australia-First Movement, but his membership card from late November was found. When the offender appeared in the Central Police Court a short time later, he did not help his case by calling for an honourable peace with Germany 'on the understanding of the white races getting together to stop the yellow invasion' and he was sentenced to six-months hard labour for distributing his 'Awake' circulars. What most disturbed the Commonwealth Investigation Branch about his case was not the contents of the pamphlets, nor the black shirt, but the association with Australia-First and they concluded that this movement 'is attracting to its ranks those who are Fascist-inclined and admirers of the Hitler Regime, and who are, in their admiration for the totalitarian outlook, anti-American, and anti-British, although professing to be Australia First'. ⁵⁷ This was a difficult conclusion to fault and one perilous to the well-being of the local Nazi enthusiasts and fellow-travellers.

Edwin Arnold had been another of the fascist-inclined, Hitler admirers also attracted to the Movement in November 1941, but by February of the following year he too had decided that it was not Hitler-admiring enough. The Sydney Morning Herald carried a notice on 18 February 1942 informing the public that on the following evening a meeting would be held in Sydney to gather those interested in forming a 'Aryan World League'; it is unclear whether this was intended to be an adjunct to the nearby Adyar Hall meeting of the AFM, or whether it was intended as an alternative for the anti-Semitic faithful. Whilst Stephensen was engaged in a brawl observed by over two hundred people, Arnold's meeting attracted an audience of nine, including the convenor and two policemen—Hitler had started with fewer according to (inaccurate) Nazi legend, but this was even more challenging. Despite these small numbers, the program was a full one intended to inaugurate both a new spiritual movement and to hint of the need for a new political one. As an 'Ariosophist' or a believer in 'Aryan Wisdom', Arnold believed in the divinity of the Aryan race now threatened by Graham's 'yellow invasion' and he intended to bolster that spiritualism and counter that threat through both his Aryan World League (or the 'White International') and later through a 'National Socialist Party of Australia and Oceania'. He was the sole member of both organisations on 19 February and would remain so thereafter, but there was an enormous amount to absorb in the program of the AWL, more than could be given due attention in one evening in a meeting that lasted only one hour and offered a platform for only one speaker, the originator and organiser himself. Those who attended may even have been able to hear the last half of Stephensen's lengthy Adyar address if they had hurried afterwards to Bligh Street.

The AWL's program was, as the studious Military Intelligence perceived, 'remarkably similar' to the 'Twenty-Five Points' program of the Nazi Party and to the 'Fifty Points' of the Australia-First Movement (although it was far more ambitious), containing the inevitable belief in Aryan superiority and of a civilising 'Divine Mission'. There was also a tinge of Hinduism (the faith of Aryan India) providing a foretaste of the post-war phenomenon of 'esoteric Nazism' much of which professed Hindu roots; the appeal of eastern spiritualism had clearly filled the void left by Arnold's unsuccessful attempts in 1939 to find an Aryan soul-mate. The only point that would have struck a chord in mainstream Australia was that which acknowledged the threat to Aryan Australia from the 'Yellow Peril' and Arnold diluted the appeal of that by also stressing his concern for the extension of the same threat to Aryan India, where he insisted that the caste system must be strengthened in readiness. The remaining points were even purer fantasy. The Aryan World League was to be an international organisation of 'Race-Consciousness' and its program of 'Pan-Aryanism' was to be promoted through regular World Congresses, presumably held at 'Aryanopolis', the capital and world centre of the pilgrimage which was to be an obligation for all Aryans once in a lifetime. It was also to be the meeting place for triennial gatherings of Aryan leaders, who would all speak an unspecified Aryan language (German, perhaps, or possibly Latin, but surely not Sanskrit). Arnold did not imagine that this dangerously supra-national vision would impinge on the autonomy of each Aryan nation, but this was difficult to sustain given that the entire world was to be reorganised according to his model—following the 'Aryanisation' of Europe, the Americas, Africa, Australia and parts of Asia which were Aryan in race and culture (such as India), a 'Solarian World Empire of Aryanism' was to be established. India itself was to be racially enhanced by the migration of at least one million European Aryans.

The Aryan inhabitants of Arnold's utopia were to enjoy a period of eternal peace, an Aquarian Age, including twelve Aryan Festival Days annually according to a new calendar. The race was to be improved by a program of eugenics and those worthy of further study (the offspring of the vaunted 'Ruling Caste') would study at universities that housed chairs of 'Aryan disciplines'. Their acceptance of the 'Spiritual as opposed to Material' standpoint of life ('Aquarian socialism') in such a society ensured that that their common enemy would be the Jewish exploiter and the AWL was to serve accordingly as a 'focus of struggle against Jewish Rule and Domination'. The Jews themselves were to be deported to Madagascar at their 'own expense'. Only a month before this Sydney meeting, the Wannsee conference in Berlin had finally set aside that option, but Arnold was unaware of this and dreamed of his own version of global national-socialism uninterrupted by such details. As an Aryan nation, Australia also was to adopt

a pan-Aryan flag and symbols such as an upright golden swastika on a coloured background with a white 'A'. If the six members of the public who attended the inauguration of the Aryan World League were not startled by such megalomania, then the representatives of the law were and before they left, Arnold was compelled to give an assurance that no further public meetings would be held; security agents subsequently recommended the banning of the League under the National Security Regulations, if Arnold broke that pledge.⁵⁸ It must have been clear to them at least that none of this program could be utilised without a German victory, the sine qua non of Aryanism, with the possible exception of strengthening Australia against the 'Yellow Peril', which the military strength of the USA was currently preparing to do. There could be no Pan-Aryan capital or language or congresses, no shifting of millions of Aryans around the continents, no destruction of 'Jewish Rule' without a decisive victory over the Soviets in the coming northern summer, in the hope of which the German people were holding their breath; so too was Edwin Arnold. In the meantime, he was permitted the freedom to propagate his views privately, but this leniency might not have been extended on 19 February had the police officers been aware of the designs that Arnold held for a political arm of Ariosophy, his NSPAO. This organisation could serve no other purpose than to prepare Australia for the New Order that a German victory would bring, or so Arnold must have hoped. Those who suspected fifth columnist activity could only have viewed it as evidence of their prescience. If Australia ever housed a 'Quisling', it was Edwin Arnold.

The program of the National Socialist Party of Australia and Oceania was not discovered until March 1942 when Arnold's Potts Point flat was raided (he had now left the parental home). It was even more akin to the points of principle outlined by the NSDAP and the AFM than were the rambles of his League, being also intended to form the guiding principles of a political movement. The 'Aquarian socialism' of the NSPAO was recognisably the national-socialism of the German model and of its recently launched Australian imitator. The 'Credo' of the program was headed 'Australians Awake!' (suggesting a connection with Graham) and 'Advance Australia First' (which demonstrated a connection with Stephensen). The NSPAO's Australia was to be 'One, White and Free', which meant centralised and populated by 'Nordic-Aryan stock'. All non-Aryans and aliens who had entered since December 1932 were to be expelled (just as the Nazi program had called for the same procedure with those who had entered the Reich since August 1914). 'December 1932' was of no outstanding significance in Australian history, but it was the last month of the Weimar Republic and its selection by Arnold indicated his obsession with developments in Germany and his desire to apply them to Australian conditions. Another example of this was the program's assertion of 'implacable opposition to all forms of

Communism and Marxist Socialism'. The sole remaining parliament, the federal one in Canberra, was to be an instrument of the corporate state with unpaid representatives appointed according to their occupations. They were to be part of the government of a 'Greater Australian Commonwealth' that was to incorporate the islands of the South Pacific, including the former German New Guinea and Portuguese Timor (already under Japanese occupation). Once this Commonwealth freed itself from the British shadow and withdrew from the moribund League of Nations, there was to be a policy of peaceful co-existence and 'international good-will' (instead of British and Russian inspired ill-will) directed at the Pacific, which meant at Japan. Domestically, there was to be an end to the capitalist system, or of (as Arnold termed it) 'loan-capitalism (which is non-creative)' and of 'UNEARNED income'. This, of course, meant the income of those Jews not en route for Madagascar. Some of the remaining points of the program seemed innocuous enough—the abolition of appeals to the Privy Council; the restriction of high offices to those holding Australian citizenship; the establishment of an Australian Diplomatic Service (already initiated by the Lyons government), but the Nazi character of the NSPAO was there for those who cared to look. 'He who will not work, neither shall he eat' was straight from Mein Kampf and the party's salute—'Australia First' with upraised right arm, fingers extended—may as well have been.⁵⁹ Of all the various Australian organisations that expressed enthusiasm for Hitler's Germany, Arnold's AWL and NSPAO were the most strident. When the authorities finally considered the time right for the detention of such persons, on 10 March 1942, it was almost without question that their architect, founder, organiser and sole member would be amongst them. Arnold would have been slighted not to have been so included.

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The final point of the NSPAO Credo read: 'I believe in the triumph of Our Cause.' That cause was national-socialism with Australian characteristics. It was the same cause that united such diverse, often eccentric, individuals as P.R. Stephensen, Ian Mudie, Rex Ingamells, Adela Pankhusrt Walsh, Leslie Cahill, Laurence Bullock, Thomas Graham and Edwin Arnold. Adherents of such movements regarded this diversity as a symptom of the strength of their ideology and in some respects they were right. Without their common commitment to a form of Australian ultra-nationalism, it is unlikely that many of them could have borne to sit in the same room—even as it was, this was often too much to ask for some. They all shared a perverted patriotism that promised what Arnold poorly versified as 'the services of my love, the love that asks no question, the love that stands the test...the love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice', but

like all forms of amorous commitment, there was a cost and that cost was a love divided. The ultra-nationalist patriotism that these followers of 'Australian Action' espoused was engineered by the examples and experiences of others in distant lands and persuaded some of them that Australia shared the travails of Europe when, for example, there was no 'Jewish problem' in the southern continent. For some the German model was worthy of as much affection as any Australian imitation; others reluctantly conceded it due respect, although emphasising their 'Australianism'. The Japanese model, although hardly national-socialist, also exercised its charm particularly on those, like the Walshes, who received a financial retainer from Tokyo in order to bolster their affection.

The Publicist crew had steered around the shoals of their Nazi associations for over two years of war before they finally took the plunge into 'Australian Action' in October 1941. A poor domestic sense of timing was made worse by the foreign, Japanese decision to strike southwards in December. None of the public meetings that the AFM held from November 1941-February 1942 could steer the conversation away from what today would be called 'the elephants in the room'—their Nazi associations and affections, and then their benign attitude to Japan. The fatal attraction of the German form of national-socialism especially doomed the distant Australian imitations to failure, whilst the war lasted. Unlike Vidkun Quisling, to whom they were frequently likened, the Australian enthusiasts for Hitler's Germany could not have greatness thrust upon them by the armed might of the Wehrmacht. Laurence Bullock thought that perhaps the Japanese Imperial Army might fulfil that obligation, but he was the most deluded of them all and his pro-Japanese 'proclamation' would complete what Adela Pankhurst Walsh had kick-started through her association with Australia-First. The Australian people in general and the Australian security services in particular were astonishingly tolerant of the local enthusiasts for Nazism well into 1942, but the threat of collaboration with Japanese invaders brought that tolerance to a speedy end, just as the threat of another foreign invasion had earlier terminated the patience of their British counterparts in 1940. The Australian Nazi Dreamtime was entering its endgame after 10 March 1942 and the dreamers were about to be rudely awakened in a manner that they had not envisaged when they had adapted their 'Australians Awake!' motto from German sources.

CHAPTER 12 'BEYOND THE LIMITS FIXED'— ENDGAME: MARCH 1942-MAY 1945

We shall stand no Quislings, whether they come from the highest or the lowest.

Frank Forde, Minister for the Army, 26 March 1942.

As you can see, he prides himself on being first a publicist and <u>second</u> a poet.

Kenneth Gifford on Ian Mudie, 28 January 1944.

Quite a few of them used to talk very Nazi.

Corporal Albert Stokes, AIF, on his former comrades in the British Free Corps, August 1945.

Internments—the poeticals soldier on—West or East?— 'Germany Calling'—stragglers.

Edwin Arnold's patriotic pledge of 'love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice' was tested sooner than he expected. When the internment of Australia's Nazi enthusiasts began in earnest on 10 March 1942, some were ready to live up to the spirit of such a pledge, some were unsure and others ran for cover. One, Enoch Atkinson, had already done his time and disappeared; a few, like William McKeand and Thomas Graham, were already enduring incarceration for their criminality (or for their beliefs as they saw it)—Graham's six months hard labour

for distributing pro-Nazi pamphlets would be altered into indefinite internment in July 1942. By then, the security net had drawn in both sharks and little fishes, those with high public profiles whose reputations were irreparably damaged in the public eye by their Nazi associations (most notably Stephensen), as well as those less prominent figures known only to security operatives. Army Minister Frank Forde had boasted in the federal parliament on 26 March 1942 (significantly, in the presence of the distinguished guest US General MacArthur) of the arrest of Australia's own high and low 'quislings', arrests made in the heat of the moment and owing to fear of an impending invasion. Australia's Nazi enthusiasts had hitherto avoided the penalty imposed on their British counterparts during the invasion scare of 1940, but it was now their turn.

However, a surprising number of the Australian enthusiasts for some form of national-socialism had evaded arrest and internment—these fellow-travellers had managed to slip through the net. In some quarters, these sweeping arrests were considered excessive; even in the House of Representatives itself, there were still those like the ALP member for Bourke, Maurice Blackburn, who acknowledged that 'I can understand that some people may believe that the German idea of government has something commendable in it.'2 This assessment was unsurprisingly shared by those Australian ultra-nationalists who were lucky enough to remain outside the barbed wire for the duration. Most of them were scribblers—the 'poeticals' like Herbert, Mudie, Ingamells and Kershaw—and security clearly thought these literary fellow-travellers less dangerous than the outright 'politicals'. Amongst the aesthetes, Hardy Wilson too escaped internment, but Mills did not, for reasons that were not clear until 1944 when his case was raised publicly. All of these enthusiasts had gone beyond the boundaries of conventional political convention in some way or another during the years up to March 1942, 'beyond the limits fixed' as the military quaintly described transgressions, and they were joined in crossing boundaries by some other Australians interned elsewhere by the other side as prisoners-of-war in Germany. These unfortunates accepted the prospect of an improvement in their conditions by swapping khaki for field-grey, abandoning the AIF for the 'British Free Corps' of the SS. Although they later denied it, the sway of the prevailing ideology in Germany played some part in their decision to stray across fixed limits in 1944. The timing of these SS recruits was poor, as many Germans were themselves now wishing that they had not been so enthusiastic about the earlier appeal of Nazism. These Australian rats were scuttling aboard a sinking ship, but at home a trio of academic stragglers were taking advantage of the endgame of Nazism to scuttle in the other direction, distancing themselves from earlier associations. Soon, all of Australia's Nazi enthusiasts and their fellow-travellers, interned or otherwise, would face the

same alternative of either remaining aboard or abandoning the vessel that had come to resemble one of the funereal fire-boats suggested by A.R. Mills for the burial services of his new Anglecyn Church of Odin.

Lionel Lindsay wrote to his friend P.R. Stephensen on 11 March 1942 to express his regret about the cancellation of the Manly meeting in the previous week and to congratulate the Bunyip on his continuing efforts to awaken the public to the national outlook of the Publicist. He also recommended a chapter ('The Jews in Art') of his most recent work in the service of the cause, believing that Stephensen would have lots of material to quote.3 This chapter would form part of Addled Art (first published by Angus and Robertson later in 1942 and sold out in a week), where Lindsay denounced the 'cult of ugliness' and the 'racket' of modern art, whose HQ had been transferred from Paris to New York thanks to the Nazis. This work could have emanated from a member of the 'Reich Chamber of Culture', particularly the second chapter on 'The Jew in Modern Painting', and its anti-Semitism was relieved only by a slightly apologetic footnote that bore all the characteristics of an afterthought.4 The earlier appeal of these sentiments to Dora Watts and her ilk was perfectly understandable, but Stephensen was unable to take advantage of the drafts offered by the friendly author, for he had been detained the day before Lindsay's letter had been posted. The core of the Australia-First Movement (or so the security services thought) had gone in with him on 10 March or soon after, joining the autonomous, renegade four arrested on the ninth in WA. Rice, Hooper, the Crowleys, Tinker-Giles, Eric Stephensen, Bath, Masey, Edwin Arnold, Salier and others associated with Australia-First (but either no longer or never members) were also drawn into the net. Kirtley and Harley Matthews were soon joined by the tiro Cahill, arrested at his army camp on 11 March and placed under 'Civil Detention'—once the Army categorised him as 'Discharged Services No Longer Required' in September, he too was interned for an indefinite period.5 These arrests were followed by those of Adela Pankhurst Walsh (the only woman amongst the easterners) later in the month and of A.R. Mills in May, who was brought under suspicion for all of his past activism, as well as for his retirement plans—he intended to buy a property at Ulverstone, Tasmania (near his birthplace), overlooking Bass Strait, which Military Intelligence thought suspicious.6 Even Hardy Wilson's house was raided, which he, at least, thought shocking and inappropriate, but he escaped arrest.7 Once Thomas Graham was also transferred to internment from mainstream incarceration, a total of sixteen Australia-First members or associates from the eastern states (out of a registered membership below seventy) were subject to interned for lengthy periods, as were Bullock and Quicke from WA. Most were released before the end of 1942 once the invasion scare had eased, but some lingered into 1944 because they stubbornly would not accept conditional release (Stephensen, Cahill and Kirtley) or because they were considered especially dangerous (Bullock, rightly, and Quicke, wrongly). Stephensen himself was not released until 17 August 1945, once an atomically pulverized Japan announced her preparedness to surrender and more than three months after the capitulation of the conventionally pulverized Nazi Germany. The unpleasant experience of internment of the 'Australia-First sixteen' and other 'politicals', chiefly at Loveday camp in South Australia and at Tatura (near Shepparton) in northern Victoria, is another story. Unfortunately, little first-hand account of the experience is available; A.R. Mills penned an account of his internment (May–December 1942), but could not find a publisher after the war and, for once, he resisted the temptation to self-publish, much to Stephensen's uncertain relief.

The Australia-First rump behind the wire was joined in their constrained attempts to commemorate their first Eureka anniversary by other unlikely quislings such as Thomas Gilhooley, the young accountant who had so irritated his security interrogators in 1941. By early 1942 he was in the Militia, where he agitated against the idea of compulsory overseas service for this arm of the military, telling an uncle in May that 'I'm certainly not going overseas to fight for England, or Holland or USA.'10 Discharged and interned for his trouble (like Cahill) in June 1942, Gilhooley was not released from Loveday until November 1943, although he had attempted escape in May with a rucksack stuffed with books and hand-drawn maps. The camp commander, Captain Whitehill, had recommended against his restoration to liberty, assessing the internee as 'arrogant and brazen': 'He is dirty, lazy habits, dirty mind, deceitful, and as he does not know the meaning of the word 'truth', a most skilful, dirty liar." Despite this brickbat, the unrepentant Gilhooley was freed, thereafter lobbying for a new ultra-nationalist, cultural publication and even continuing cheekily to sign his letters to the Security Service 'Yours for Australia First', but the political activity of Australia's Nazi enthusiasts was over until Australia's 'deliverers' (Hitler and Mussolini), could release them, or so the interned Stephensen was alleged to have stated in December 1942.12 These two gentlemen were too busy saving themselves by that time and even Edwin Arnold had lost his faith in the victory of Aryanism and his 'White International' by then. When released in September 1942 and unceremoniously dumped in the Blue Mountains at Katoomba by his police escort, he immediately returned to the Liverpool camp on Sydney's fringe and requested reinterment. The authorities reluctantly obliged. Only the irrepressible Cyril Glassop continued the party games of the early war years. His Australian National Guard had been outlawed in 1941, but nobody told its founder and

Brass Band', even after the March security swoops had incarcerated many of like mind. Never one to be daunted by solitude, Glassop was foolish enough to write to Sydney's newspaper editors in August 1942 withdrawing any earlier understanding that the ANG had ceased operation. This was startling enough, but more so was his insistence that he now be 'recognised in the temporal sense as the Supreme Law Giver in the Australian Commonwealth' in order to introduce a corporate state. The self-nominated 'Dictator if you like' was hauled in by security and following further defiance was served with another restriction order in September. This was altered to internment in December 1942 once ANG pamphlets reappeared in Sydney, but Glassop was the last of his kind, the last of the 'politicals'. The Nazi Dreamtime could now only be pursued at home by the 'poeticals' who soldiered on from 1942. Some of these un-interned fellow-travellers had not lost the faith or the ability to continue their utopian dreaming, albeit in an almost clandestine manner.

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The two leading fellow-travellers and Jindyworobak-Australia-First dreamers, Rex Ingamells and Ian Mudie, had escaped internment. Mudie had donned the khaki before the March storm, like his mate Cahill, but unlike the former AFM organiser, he had not been rudely torn from the ranks and arrested. He was fortunate, as any connection with Stephensen was now considered suspect. Even the young poet Alister Kershaw in Melbourne, always inclined to solitude, anticipated internment during this period of 'paranoid claptrap' owing to this link.14 The distraught Catholic poet Paul Grano in Brisbane was raided for the same reason, raising the ire of Jim Devaney, one of those who had inspired the nationalist literary movement, for he continued to think that any link with the 'P.R. Inky folk' was evidence only of being 'a good Australian'. ¹⁵ Grano was not the only Queenslander to have concerns about his freedom; so too did a panicky Clem Christesen in Brisbane because of his Publicist subscription, also fearing for the future of his Meanjin, as he apologetically explained to Ingamells: 'I too embrace the major portion of Stephensen's Australianism; I would have liked to have been wholeheartedly behinds such a movement, but...well, you know something of what I think about him.' However, he still looked forward to the destruction of defeat at the hands of the Axis bringing about a national renewal.¹⁶ The Ingamells residence in Adelaide had already been searched soon after 10 March by several 'severely officious' policeman described by 'Rex' as 'jokers'. They left bearing material they thought suspicious, although fortunately for the householder they overlooked Stephensen's 'weight-swinging correspondence'. Rex correctly

assumed that their motivation had been his link to Australia-First's leader, but he remained unrepentant and told Victor Kennedy as much: 'Still I see nothing unreasonable in that association. I continue to admire the man, and shall until it is proved to me that his frenzies are anything but the unfortunate extremes of sincerity.'17 Kennedy, as a nationalist poet who had remained outside the political tent, was unconvinced that this attitude to 'Inky Stephensen and his merry men' was still wise; he approved of the arrest of Pankhurst Walsh-'a screaming rat bag if ever there was one'—and thought even 'Inky' had only received what was coming to him, condemning him and the 'pseudo Australia First Movement' for getting 'ALL' their ideas and inspiration from overseas, 'particularly from Mein Kampf and Neitsche [sic] and the Jesuit philosophers'. What concerned Kennedy, and probably Ingamells too, was the ramification of all this turbulence for a Jindyworobak movement now associated with such a disreputable cause, as well as the probable fate of 'young Ian': 'Ian and young fellows like that are merely drawn into the radiance of the light from the great. I was a bit sorry when I saw that you were inclined to associate yourself openly with Inky.'18

Miles Franklin was similarly disturbed, even outraged, having been warned about the internments by her distraught friend Winifred Stephensen; she then remained quiet at Mrs Stephensen's request. 19 Aside from her own reputation, Franklin also remained concerned about her 'dear heart', her 'darling' Mudie, advising him in April to reflect on what were his political aims and warning him against harbouring repressive, Quisling, Vichy-like tendencies: 'In your passionate love of country be sure that no stirring slogan is used to further any repressive kind of party or policy, that is all I ask.'20 It was an ambitious request and one that came several years too late. Gunner Mudie's immediate response to the March internments was the draft poem 'If This Be Treason' (not published until 1943), which stressed the patriotism of the internees who had pursued the 'Australian dream' and almost dared the authorities to arrest those of like mind still outside the barbed wire and still with 'a love of land'—the more reflective Franklin thought it the product of 'white-heat' and warned the poet to take care.21 He did so, but spent much of the year preparing more penetrating verse of a similar character while on tiresome garrison duty in the Northern Territory and elsewhere. In the meantime, Xavier Herbert, who had earlier searched for his friend in Sydney in vain, had reconsidered the Japanese attitude to his beloved aboriginals and consequently joined the AIF in May after frustrating attempts to enlist in the preceding months—he had even sought Dr Evatt's intervention on his behalf. For once, the Army utilised talents appropriately and the prickly author was posted to the Territory as part of the North Australia Observer Unit.²² While Herbert was still pestering the staff of Victoria Barracks in Melbourne, one of the intellectual mentors of Australian ultra-nationalism, William

Baylebridge, died of a heart attack at his Blue Mountains retreat on 7 May 1942, but not before nominating Stephensen as editor of his collected works, an offer that the detained Inky was not able to take up immediately. The Australian Nietzsche was praised in his Sydney Morning Herald obituary on 16 May by Inglis Moore as a 'National Poet' without any embarrassing references to his recent associations. This oversight was remedied in a more considered assessment by the same author at around the same time in his Six Australian Poets, where he conceded that 'Baylebridge's political creed is only the old barbarism, the refurbished doctrine of force, which is now, under the National Socialist banner and the new German imperialism of Hitler's Reich, attempting to destroy the independence of nations, the freedom of the human spirit, and the values of Western civilization.'23 An anonymous review article published in the Sydney Morning Herald in May 1943 around the anniversary of the poet's death also overlooked Baylebridge's politics, although the facing page appropriately carried a review of a supposedly unrelated work on 'The Megalomania of Hitler and his Nazi Fanatics'.24 It was left to Mudie to give the sage of National Notes a politically sympathetic eulogy as part of an extended Meanjin review of Baylebridge's place in Australian literature and recent politics in 1942 and 1943; Mudie's poem 'William Baylebridge' from winter 1943 referred to the dead poet as an inspiration who was able to offer 'a newer strength' to those seeking national resurgence.25 The young poet had lost none of his enthusiasm for the old despite donning the khaki, as any reader of his poetry in this period could determine.

The period following the internments proved to be a creative one for Mudie, who had not taken Franklin's advice to lay low poetically, at least not for long. Through the remainder of 1942 and into 1943-44 he acted as a poet laureate in exile amidst the drudgery and tedium of outback garrison life—the Army gave him the time for creative work that he had often found hard to find in civilian life. The content of his poems demonstrated that he had not changed his mind about Australia-First following the internments and that he was continuing to pursue the ultra-nationalist agenda or, as A.D. Hope uncharitably observed, rewriting a single poem over.26 The 'Song-Man' contributed two poems to the 1942 Jindyworobak Anthology (edited by a not-entirely-friendly Victor Kennedy), 'Glory of the Sun' and 'The Young Warriors', both belligerently nationalistic. The first pessimistically wallowed in regret at unattained nationhood, the 'unfound Alcheringa'; the second optimistically looked forward to a period of conflict, 'the time of National flowering', as if the world was not already disturbed enough; perhaps they expressed Mudie's volatile state of mind after a turbulent and disappointing year. However, the dream went on into 1943 as Mudie kept in contact with Stephensen and Cahill via the censored postal system of the camps; his poem 'Dreamers' defended those who had sought and groped for what was

difficult to attain.²⁷ The 1943 collection, *Their Seven Stars Unseen*, which now included the defiant 'If This Be Treason', still called on Australians to 'Wake' to the 'mystic dawn' of nationhood and wondered if the opportunity had been lost in 'To What Destiny?' It certainly appeared so, but 'Such Times As These' still called for anger and 'patriot love'; 'Sydney Day' still featured 'young men dreaming' of a land arisen.²⁸ A.D. Hope was quite correct to later observe that this collection saw war as the solution, as did the 'unfortunate German nation under Hitler'.²⁹

Like many of his poetic characters, Mudie remained an angry young man and still on the same Australia-First path, as his late 1943 epic poem The Australian Dream perfectly illustrated. Valentine Crowley had been restored to freedom in November 1942, but he had not utilised his involuntary change of environment in order to change his mind and, with surplus funds to splash, soon offered in association with the Jindies a princely £50 prize in memory of the late, lamented W.J. Miles. Once a Jindyworobak club circular announced 'The W.J. Miles Memorial Competition For a Patriotic Poem or Song' in July 1943 some objected to the renewal of this link, recalling Stephensen's former imitation of Hitler's cultivation of 'literary folk'; others urged Ingamells to bite the bullet and divorce his club from these Australia-First remnants.30 The founder chose not to do so, but he did console his critics with the assurance that he had insisted to 'Crowley & Co.' that while Jindy 'exists for Australianism in the culture of this country, it must maintain its cultural independence and integrity, and therefore cannot be allowed to be a political instrument.' This was a distinction that he had set aside in late 1941, but which could now be reinstated in Stephensen's absence. Ingamells also insisted that he had also refused Crowley's request for a competition 'To Commemorate the Internment of the 16', although that is what the Miles Competition appeared to be in its commemoration of 'a crusty old chap who was very unselfish and a great Australian'.31 The prospect of a new lucrative source of funding in straitened wartime was too much for Ingamells, who was convinced that former Publicist benefactors were searching for new clients. The founder later reminded the critical Victor Kennedy that Professor Walter Murdoch (the Jindy 'Barracker') had once similarly justified taking funds from grubby sources when he had said: 'If Hitler himself offered me money for such a purpose I should accept it gladly and be pleased to know that at least one small bit of his ill-gotten fortune was going to be spent on a worthy object.'32 This mercenary attitude bore some similarity to that employed by Miles himself in the disastrous Daily News interview of May 1940, where he had admitted a willingness to take German funding, if offered. Once the competition in his memory was endorsed by the Jindies using similar logic, Mudie was a sure bet for the proffered prize money, as he had long-standing form in this area from his earlier poem 'Australia Day: 1942.

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In Memoriam W.J. Miles'. This work had exhorted Australians to 'call up your ghosts—Kelly, Lalor, Stuart, Wentworth, Bennelong', which certainly put the late Sydney Kookaburra in unusual company (let alone Bennelong), and to 'set your rivers flowing with Eureka's flood anew'. The poem was recirculated in the 1944 collection Unabated Spring, dedicated 'To Miles Franklin, Prophetess of the "deep infatuation", but it was unappreciated by any other than the faithful. When also submitted for an anthology administered by the Department of War Organisation of Industry, the editors returned it as unsuitable given that Miles and the Australia-First people had not been 'in full sympathy with the objectives for which the present war is being fought'. This was a marked bureaucratic understatement, but similar sentiments had not prevented the Miles Competition from proceeding and Mudie's entry The Australian Dream from emerging victorious at the expense of the other 151 hopefuls.

The Australian Dream could well have been written at the height of the politico-literary fusion of 1941-42, such was the character of this extraordinary poem, largely written according to its author by the blue lavatory light of a blacked-out Sydney-Adelaide train. It was a worthy of its dedication to 'Bill'. The content was familiar-there was an Australian 'dream' of greatness that could only be realised through struggle and 'we' are our own deadliest enemies. The Darwin air raid of February 1942 marked a national blooding (as others had portrayed Gallipoli), a moment of national rebirth that snapped the old colonial mode of thinking—'that day began the new Australian dream'—and now there would be 'one bond of blood and earth' of a different character from that which had earlier blooded the veldt, Gallipoli and Flanders. This Australian dream is born afresh in the hearts of those present few, the 'lonely few' patriots, who love the continent as their own, but the epic concludes with the expectation that a new breed of 'sons' will arise and become heroes 'who will plot our speed to nationalism'. This élite would be classless, selfless and dedicated only to the nation and under the guidance and protection of these almost Platonic guardians 'Our tide shall swell triumphant down the years.'34 The Miles Competition judge noted the poem's 'burning love of country', which was beyond dispute, but it was love of a particular kind—blood and soil, folk-community, élitist that was already redundant by late 1943 when few remained confident that the New Order in Europe could be maintained against the staggering odds faced by what remained of the Axis in Europe. The swagman of the lino-cut cover and his 'welcoming hail' were passing into history. The Australian Dream was an impressive and vivid piece of poetry, but it merely showed that the poet had not travelled far since March 1942, when the patriotic 'lonely lovers' referred to had been interned by their misled brethren. Another poet, John Kirtley had similarly been set in time when he was taken off to the Loveday 'concentration

camp'. He dedicated one of his camp efforts to his award-winning comrade, the Sonnet Addressed to Ian Mudie 1943, from Liebestag (i.e. 'Loveday'), which also spoke of the 'Spirit of the Land' and of heroic races, concepts quickly becoming out-of-date while the author was caught in the time-warp of detention.³⁵ Kirtley would not be the first inmate to emerge from imprisonment into a world that had changed much in the meantime and left him behind.

The 1943 Jindyworobak Anthology was edited by Flexmore Hudson who had not taken Stephensen's advice of September 1941 to abandon his 'out-of-date Leftism', but it nevertheless contained a Mudie gem, the 'Song of Australia's Purpose', which celebrated the 'wild clamour' of nationalist joy despite the failings of the country's men and women.³⁶ This joy was referred to by Mudie in private as his 'Australian Idea' in January 1944 and it was based on the old xenophobia, focused on Britain and the US, whom most other Australians now regarded as their friends not their enemies.³⁷ Mudie was concerned that given the prospect of an Allied victory (now seemingly likely, even inevitable), postwar Australia would be forced by her supposed allies to close many of her new wartime industries: 'Therefore—to the question: Whose barrow shall we push, Britain's or the United States? I answer Australia's'; this was still Australia-First. After one such revelation, Kenneth Gifford concluded that Mudie had not changed much over the last two years: 'As you can see [he told Hudson], he prides himself on being first a publicist and second a poet.'38 Stephensen would have been proud to have read this judgement, and it could also have been applied to Ingamells to a lesser extent.

Rex Ingamells remained the more cautious of the Jindy pair who had cast in their lot with Stephensen. He had not jumped onto the Australia-First wagon until well after Mudie was comfortably seated, jumping off earlier and then with a leap that landed him well clear. Nevertheless, he too was marked by the fall. His contribution to the 1942 Jindyworobak Anthology ('Australia') remained full of racial pride and an unpublished article sent to Gifford in February 1943 ('The Original Good Australians') continued to argue that white Australians needed to imitate aboriginal dreaming and sense of place.³⁹ Although Ingamells was adamant in 1943 to critics such as Hart-Smith (a Jindy now inclined to communism and one who opposed the Miles Competition) that Stephensen was not responsible for the inspiration that had founded the Jindyworobak club in 1938, he remained personally loyal: 'Stephensen, however, is a truly great Australian, unappreciated in this generation, and one from whom Jindyworobak has gained inspiration, but not one to whom it has any cause to bow the knee.'40 His contribution to the 1943 Anthology further indicated that loyalty and allegiance to the general line pursued by the Bunyip, when his 'Unknown land' referred to Australia being subject to 'men whose souls were bank-vaults'

and denouncing the failure of his compatriots to come to know their own land: 'Australia waits a race whose heart will be / one with her own in pride of destiny.' This was an ambitious plea in late 1943, but Ingamells still hoped that one day, utopia might be delivered, perhaps by 'Aryan' European refugees: 'Australia, be our race's pilgrimage!' It would not be soon and it would not be while men like Hart-Smith edited the annual *Anthology*, as he did in 1944.

This 1944 Anthology was more in line with the times—distinctly less ultranationalist in tone and including verse by Mudie's nemesis, A.D. Hope. Hudson in his contribution even condemned the atrocities being committed against Polish Jews, some of whom were presumably related to the 'refujews' whom Mudie had once derided—times were changing and with them the thrust of Jindyworobak thinking. 41 Divorce is always a painful experience and neither Mudie nor Ingamells could easily distance their literary aspirations from Stephensen's political arm even after its dissolution; others, like Hudson, Gifford and Hart-Smith did it for them. Gifford's 1944 revisionist essay on the movement, Jindyworobak Towards an Australian Culture, could even deny that the Jindies were ever chauvinists and discussed the 1935 Cowling affair without making reference to Stephensen's role in debunking the professor's accusations or to his subsequent Foundations—in ancient Rome this deliberate amnesia was known as damnatio memoriae, the removal of any reference to or likeness of the condemned from the public record.⁴² There would be a great deal of that in the coming post-war world, including from Ingamells himself, although Mudie remained defiant. However, even he had recognised towards the war's end that it was prudent for him to step aside from Jindyworobak in the interests of the club's reputation, suggesting to Rex in April 1944 that his name be left out of Jindy publicity material, given his disreputable association with Australia-First. But even this self-inflicted damnation was qualified, for Mudie still thought Jindy of intense political significance, only 'the time is not ripe to force that fact down people's throats'. 43 He also bitterly resented the growing public pressure to censor the ultra-nationalist voice that he represented, believing that it originated from 'the family Cohen'.44 In the meantime, he maintained his correspondence with Cahill and Stephensen in his 'concentration camp'. The unrepentant poet laureate brashly defended Jindyworobak as late as March 1945, with the end in sight, as a necessary dose of 'Australianism' and national spirit that could effectively counter the 'pseudo-English, pseudo-Americans, and pro-Russians' in the Australian population. Although the 'Song-Man' admitted that the early Jindies might have written too much about aborigines, he failed to acknowledge that some of them had behaved like 'pseudo-Germans'. 45 Like the still incarcerated Stephensen, the loyal Mudie never would.

An unknown number of Australians were caught in the Reich after 3 September 1939. They were either British subjects or naturalised German citizens, generally Australian women married to German husbands, like Vera Bockmann and Kay de Haas-these women were forced by the outbreak of war to choose between family and homeland; they could barely be chastised for preferring the former. There were also a small number of pseudo-Germans who became enthusiasts for Hitler's wartime Reich, some under considerable duress. These were the Australian prisoners-of-war who agreed to join the Waffen SS unit the 'British Free Corps' in 1944; three of them swapped the khaki of the AIF for field-grey; another discarded the navy-blue of the merchant marine. Service by Australians in foreign armies was not unknown, as the ill-fated undertaker Nugent Bull had demonstrated in the Spanish Civil War, but service in the forces of a declared enemy was another, more serious matter. After the war, these transgressors were generally subject to damnatio memoriae by a forgiving Australian military that preferred to overlook their acts of treason and grudgingly to accept their contrition as genuine—with one exception, the men were dutifully paid the remuneration owing to them as prisoners and they received the appropriate service medals. Australia's own imitator of 'Lord Haw-Haw' (William Joyce) was similarly treated with relative forgiveness following her aborted career as a broadcaster for the enemy. These enthusiasts in the Reich had all gone 'beyond fixed limits', but unlike the executed Joyce, they had not paid the ultimate penalty normally associated with those who collaborate with an enemy in wartime.

The pre-war Publicist had made its opposition clear to the concept of the further service of Australians on European battlefields, suggesting that they would only be used as 'soil fertilizers' in the manner of 1914-18 and consequently urged young Australian men 'DON'T GO!'46 Once war broke out, these sentiments were seen as damaging to morale and anyone in the ranks with a history of association with Australia-First was automatically suspect, hence Cahill's ignominious discharge (although Mudie and Herbert surprisingly escaped the same fate). C.K. Downe, a corporal in the AIF, was interned in March 1942 as one of the 'Australia-First sixteen' and although released in September, he was permitted to rejoin the ranks and was later posted to Signals. This appointment later led to serious questions from Army Minister Forde about such conduct and for calls from another MP for the court-martial of the officer who had appointed Downe to an intelligence posting.⁴⁷ However, such scrutiny of men in uniform was not possible once they had fallen into the hands of the enemy, as some 8,174 Australians did in the European and Mediterranean theatres. That only four of them chose to escape the rigours of wartime incarceration through crossing over

the lines speaks for itself. The German certainly made considerable efforts to encourage them to do so, chiefly through the use of a Ferienlager system ('holiday camps') where superior conditions gave the prisoners a taste of what they might expect should they be willing to serve a new master. 48 Barney Roberts, a country boy from Flowerdale in north-western Tasmania (the site of Hardy Wilson's 'Alandale' farm) described the seductive treatment offered to those thought susceptible. Roberts was captured at Megara in Greece in April 1941 and spent the next two years in Italian detention before being moved to a camp in southeast Austria, allowing him to work congenially on a local farm. In January 1944 he was selected for shipment to the Genshagen 'holiday camp' (near Berlin) for other ranks; a camp at Steinburg near Regensburg in Bavaria catered for officers. There may have been an element of compulsion in the move, as Roberts was reportedly urged by a blunt guard: 'You go for bloody holiday or I shoot you.'49 The proximity to the Reich capital and to Potsdam nevertheless made Genshagen an attractive base for day-trips, although Steinburg was clearly safer given the frequency of raids on Berlin, but Roberts was one of the many who enjoyed fancy-dress parties at the appropriately named Sans Souci palace and who wondered at the beauty of his first performance at the already restored Staatsoper on Unter den Linden in April 1944—the same venue had entertained Australian Olympians nearly eight years earlier in a more placid time. Just as the more sophisticated Manning Clark had been rapturous about the Munich Tannhäuser, so too was this twenty-three-year-old country lad from Tasmania absorbed by Lohengrin. After the show and a related reception, the prisoners had been escorted to the nearby Neue Wache, the national war-memorial (one of Berlin's Schinkel masterpieces). Here, the officer in charge had given a rousing Heil Hitler salute, joined by all of the prisoners, according to Roberts's recall, possibly including himself—Wagner could have this effect.⁵⁰ All of this was certainly better than rotting in a POW camp, but there was a fly-in-the-ointment, as prior to their transfer the prisoners had all been issued with a pamphlet explaining the formation of a 'British Free Corps' and assured that hundreds like them had already enlisted to fight communism. BFC members, they also were told, would receive all the rights of a German soldier (not an attractive proposition in April 1944), but still retain their status as British subjects (an equally unattractive proposition should the Allies triumph). The pamphlet was one of a series that made no attempt to disguise the Nazi character of the unit, denouncing 'this war of Jewish revenge' as one of 'racial SUICIDE'. Another asked the men 'Are you for the culture of the West or the barbaric asiatic [sic] East? Make your decision now!' and invited to fight 'Bolshevik-Communism' in order to protect their own country.⁵¹ Roberts sensibly desisted and was escorted back to Eichberg and the farm in Austria, but not without a side visit to Mozart's undamaged Geburtshaus in Salzburg, where he signed the visitor's book, probably Flowerdale's first such pilgrim. War was not always Hell and some other Australians were not so resistant to temptation; they preferred to continue the fancy-dress parties in new SS uniforms of field-grey with Union Jack cuff insignia as members of the 'British Free Corps'.

This new corps was intended to form part of the anti-Bolshevik foreign legion that constituted a substantial portion of the Waffen SS-men from Britain and the dominions were to join Frenchmen, Spaniards, Dutchmen, Flemings, Walloons, Danes, Norwegians, Italians and others, even Bosnian Muslims, in Himmler's armies that were not formally part of the German Wehrmacht. Recruitment posters showed the Union Jack being carried forward by legionaries lined up with ranks of other flags: 'Our Flag Is Going Forward Too.' Formally established on 1 January 1944, the 'British Free Corps' grew from earlier proposals for a 'Legion of St George' by the celebrity-traitor John Amery, but he soon lost interest and the ever-ambitious Himmler quickly stepped in with the original intention of recruiting only those British soldiers of German descent, a concept soon expanded. 52 The unit was commanded by a German officer, SS-Hauptsturmführer Hans Röpke, a fluent English speaker who was confident enough of the unit's prospects to procure 800 uniforms⁵³—this estimate proved wildly optimistic, but by Hitler's fifty-fifth (and penultimate) birthday, 20 April 1944, the BFC was considered fully formed at its base in Hildesheim near Hannover and had already initiated the wider seductive recruitment to which Australian prisoners like Barney Roberts was subject. Each Ferienlager was to be scoured by selected trustees delegated with the task of identifying the susceptible.

Chief amongst those entrusted with this task of propaganda, persuasion and recruitment was a shadowy New Zealander, Roy Courlander (b.1915), who had already circulated amongst the Austrian POW camps that contained many of his fellow antipodeans. Lance-Corporal Courlander had more in common with Adolf Hitler than the same modest military rank. A member of the Intelligence Section of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, he was another of the ANZACs taken prisoner in April 1941 during the fiasco of the Greek campaign. A Londoner by birth, the illegitimate young man had lived on a copra plantation in the New Hebrides with his part-Jewish stepfather of Lithuanian origin (hence his false claim to have been born in Riga) until joining the forces in Auckland in October 1939. After Barbarossa, the inventive prisoner began to stress his supposed Lithuanian origins, but this stance did not reap any reward until June 1943, when he was selected for transfer to Genshagen. He commuted from the camp into Berlin from October 1943 to make regular broadcasts under the program description 'Anzac Tattoo' on behalf of the cause with which he now identified. By January 1944 Courlander was interviewing, or interrogating,

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potential recruits while wearing a Tyrolese hat and Nazi badges.⁵⁴ Occasionally, he appeared in German uniform and was said to be modelling himself on the Belgian Nazi, Leon Degrelle, the soldier's soldier of the foreign Waffen SS. A habitual liar, Courlander was also claiming to have served in the Allied army of occupation after the last war, where he developed sympathy for down-trodden Germany—he was four years old in 1919.55 All of the Australian recruits from the AIF were interviewed in their Austrian Stalag XVIIIA by this mysterious man, almost one of their own. The three subsequently recruited from Genshagen were Lance Corporal Lionel Wood (aka Williams, b.1913 in Victoria), Private Robert Chipchase (aka Jones, b. 1916 in England but a resident of WA) and Corporal Albert Stokes (aka Gordon, b. 1917 in WA), all of the AIF 9th Division. Later they were joined by Ronald Barker (aka Voysey, it is unclear which was his alias), an Australian merchant seaman moved to Hildesheim from a camp near Bremen, where he had been since captivity in the Indian Ocean in February 1941. These four and just over fifty others-Englishman, Irishmen, Scots, Canadians, South Africans and the one New Zealander—formed the meagre 'British Free Corps'.56 The Australian quartet made for unlikely Nazi enthusiasts, but their post-war attempts at exonerating themselves ought to be treated with caution.

Wood and Chipchase arrived at Genshagen in January 1944. Lance Corporal Wood had landed in the UK in June 1940 and was taken prisoner at El Alamein in July 1942; prior to that his only trauma in uniform had been a fractured nose.⁵⁷ Arriving in Genshagen via Italy and Austria, he was interviewed by Courlander in January 1944 and immediately agreed to join the BFC. After five weeks of relative freedom there, he was transferred to Hildesheim, where he again wandered and idled, this time in German uniform. By March 1944, he was having second thoughts and allegedly recognised the impossibility of escape, so he asked to be transferred back to a mainstream camp. The Germans agreed—Wood had been in the BFC for about five weeks.⁵⁸ The service of Robert Chipchase under the swastika was similarly lacklustre. Also captured at El Alamein a week before Wood, Chipchase had been more reluctant to travel to Hildesheim and once there he wore the field-grey for only two days before also requesting a return to other camps; unlike Wood, he was sent to a punishment camp for his trouble, later claiming that it had become apparent to him quickly that escape was impossible even when wearing the BFC uniform. Escape was certainly impossible from his new place of detention, which he later claimed in mitigation was 'the worst I have ever experienced'.59 Chipchase had baulked at the last minute at the three statements that Röpke asked recruits to sign. Each recruit needed to attest that they were not of Jewish blood, had never belonged to a Masonic Lodge and, ominously, that they were willing to fight the Russians for the duration.⁶⁰ It is unclear which of these provisions Chipchase found the most objectionable—he later claimed at a court-martial that he could not recall the most serious, third one.⁶¹ Perhaps he simply did not expect the hostile reception that the locals offered the 'Britischers' in their midst at a time when the air raids on Hannover (and every other major German city) were becoming relentless, as Röpke later told his post-war interrogators.⁶² When the seventy-eight-year-old veteran was tracked down in Perth by the Weekend Australian in 1994, Chipchase was still unapologetic about his brief service in the SS, but his explanation revealed that it was not the ideology that had alienated him, but merely the methods he had encountered:

It didn't take long, asking questions and not getting concrete answers, and we were not fulfilling anything that had been said about working behind the lines. It wasn't good enough for me because I call a spade a spade and I don't like to be treated as a fool. That was where they made the mistake. So I decided to quit, and take the responsibilities.⁶³

That his state of mind was desperate was obvious, as he further explained: 'I have regrets now, of course, about what happened, but I don't regret what I did at the time—I thought I was doing the right thing... I never really thought I was going to get out of it alive.' Chipchase's marriage had dissolved whilst he was serving overseas—this shiftless labourer had nothing to lose by betraying King and country, or so he thought. The appeal that Nazism always made to the desperate, disinherited and bitter had made another convert, briefly, but the ideology was often abandoned by the same people as readily as it was acquired. Already, Hitler was puzzling over the way that Italian Fascism had melted away like snow; soon, his National Socialism would do the same.

The two other Australian recruits proved more ideologically resilient than Wood or Chipchase. Both Stokes and Barker signed the three required pledges and continued to serve with the BFC until the end, long after the others had fallen by the wayside. Stokes was the only one of the four to be court-martialled after the war at the POW reception centre of Eastbourne, England in August 1945, and he there provided extensive detail of the entire lamentable process of corps recruitment and service when answering the charge: 'In Germany between 1 March 1944 and 30 April 1945 having been made a prisoner of war voluntarily aided the enemy by joining an organization controlled by the enemy and known as the British Free Corps and by joining the armed forces of the enemy.' Albert Stokes was a single labourer who enlisted at Subiaco, WA, in March 1940. Within three months he was in the UK with other members of the 9th Division and eventually disembarked in the Middle East in March 1941, when he was soon struck down by measles. This sickness had not stopped him

from drifting out of the camp and he was charged with 'being a soldier when in camp being found beyond the limits fixed' before the end of the month; soon he would be wandering well beyond any fixed limits that he could conceivably have imagined in 1940. This more significant breach only followed captivity and the acting Corporal became a POW on 17 July 1942 at El Alamein when his dugout was over-run by Germans. Two Italian camps followed and the opportunity to escape had presented itself once the Italian guards abandoned their posts in September 1943, but the men in Stokes's area were persuaded to remain by a New Zealand padre—the Germans arrived the next day and supervised an immediate transfer to Stalag XVIIIA across the Alps. He described conditions there as 'fair', if spartan, but the work regime was onerous—ten hours per day, six days a week labouring on the railway system.⁶⁴ Stokes was then sent to Zehlendorf, near Berlin, around February 1944, where the conditions were close enough to a 'holiday camp' for Courlander's work to prove fruitful by March. Like the others, the new recruit was soon supplied with a German uniform on his transfer to Hildesheim, where 'a lot of the fellows were pro-German' according to a comment he later made to Chipchase, who queried Stokes's persistence. Having signed all of the appropriate pledges in March, Stokes greeted German officers and Courlander in the barrack's dining hall with the Nazi salute, although he declined to participate in a subsequent 'Big Recruiting Drive', preferring to follow the lax regimen that the members of the corps generally enjoyed.65 He played no part in the minor mutiny of June 1944 when some of the disgruntled petitioned for improvement and were returned to the camps in September for their trouble. By the middle of the following month, the BFC rump, including Barker, had moved to Dresden in Saxony ('Florence on the Elbe'), closer to the approaching Russians and began more serious weapons training as a part of an SS pioneer battalion. Stokes had been judged a 'a good average unit instructor' in grenade, mortar and anti-tank weapons whilst at the Middle East Training School in February-March 1942; now was his chance to adapt that aptitude to German weaponry.

When not engaged in weapons training around the Dresden area, which was most of the time, Stokes was able to wander at will around the baroque magnificence of the city accompanied by his German girlfriend. Jaundice brought him low in November and he was hospitalized on and off until February 1945. He recalled being approached around this time by an unknown English captain with a double-barrelled surname. The renegade officer was wearing an SS uniform, but claimed former service in the Coldstreams; he was less than he claimed and the assurances he subsequently offered were also worthless. This stranger urged the BFC recruits to fight the Russians under his command, as according to his analysis England also hated the Russians—in Stokes's memory,

they all agreed to participate in his anti-Bolshevik struggle.66 This mysterious figure was Douglas Berneville-Claye (b.1917), a charismatic fantasist (and bigamist) of dubious background and character, who had convictions for fraud back home and had engaged on a new career of deception following his capture in North Africa in December 1942.67 He had already been discharged from the RAF and sidelined as dangerous in the SAS, where he styled himself 'Lord Charlesworth'. A German informer in the prison camps, Berneville-Claye had graduated to the field-grey of the BFC by January 1945 and was convinced of his destiny as one of its leaders (which he was not). This trickster provided the perfect model of the farce, which the Corps had become by the beginning of the war's final year in his combination of Baron Munchhausen and the good soldier Svejk. However, farce was turned to tragedy when Stokes and the others witnessed the apocalyptic obliteration from the air of the Saxon capital, along with a large number of its inhabitants and some Allied prisoners, on the night of 13-14 February 1945. The Australian legionary survived by sheltering in his girlfriend's cellar and assisted in the clean-up of the rubble, as did many other foreigners, both soldiers and prisoners. Had Stokes been a literate man, Australia might have produced its own Kurt Vonnegut following this horrific experience, but he spent the fortnight of leave granted to him soon after in more pedestrian pursuits.

However, the day of reckoning contained in the third of the Hildesheim recruitment pledges promising to fight the Russians had arrived, when the new commander SS-Obersturm Führer Dr Kühlich suggested that the BFC had been given 'a damn good run. Now they must prove they are sincere.'68 Both Stokes and Barker, along with about thirty of their comrades were transferred to the front in February, passing through what remained of the Reich capital en route for the Nordland Division of the 3rd SS 'Germanisches' Panzer Corps near Stettin on the mouth of the Oder (the last natural barrier before Berlin) in mid-March. This Waffen SS Corps had been expanded with the intention of containing foreign volunteers and men of many 'Pan-Germanic' nationalities were now in its ranks, including 'Captain' Berneville-Claye, who served on the commander's staff. The BFC contingent was placed within an armoured reconnaissance unit under the command of a Swedish Obersturmführer, equipped with two vehicles and told to dig in. Stokes and Barker had believed that their new posting was to last a month and was intended merely 'to show themselves for propaganda purposes' and they had accepted it on Courlander's advice on that premise, but before the end of that period the BFC 'volunteers' were required to remove their Union Jack insignia for those of the Nordland Division in readiness for battle against the Russians; Barker took to smoking aspirins in order to be granted sick leave. However, they were saved from coming any closer to the Red Army than

an artillery barrage by the good sense of the SS III Corps commander, General Steiner, who withdrew them from the front on 12 April 1945 after visiting the BFC rump; Steiner had assessed the men as 'depressed' and unworthy of combat. He was right on both counts.

Then, with defeat staring them all in the face, it was every man for himself. Britain's MI5 had already identified BFC suspects, including 'Aussie no.1' through to 'no.3' and Barker/Voysey separately, so the hunt was on.70 Stokes made his way along the Baltic coast and gave himself up to the British as an escaped prisoner in civilian clothes—this was the only attempt to escape that he had made in the course of 1944-45—Barker did the same after having been detained by the Hamburg SS, who correctly suspected him of desertion.71 After being repatriated to the UK on 9 May 1945, Stokes was confirmed in his rank as Corporal on the same day; his backdated paybook contained the princely sum of £500-600 and he later stated that he could easily have fled justice, but by 17 August he stood before a court-martial at Eastbourne. Both Wood and Chipchase gave evidence against him and his defence centred around an intention to escape to Holland through joining the BFC and thereby maximizing his opportunities to do so. He did not call any witnesses in his defence; a Herr and Frau Westphal, whom he claimed could confirm his claim, were still at Hildesheim. This was later thought by the Army's legal corps to have been an oversight, but by then the accused had been sentenced.⁷² The prosecution rightly pointed out at Eastbourne that there had been no such attempt to make a break despite the presentation of many opportunities and that the only way in which Stokes had inhibited the enemy was to decline to clean his (German) rifle. The military Judge Advocate-General later summarised the telling case against him: 'The fact that he was wandering about Germany more or less free for 14 months and did no sabotage and made no attempt to escape is very deadly against his evidence.'73 Stokes could only reply that he had not taken the political character of the BFC seriously, observing of his erstwhile comrades: 'Quite a few of them used to talk very Nazi but I thought that was still a cloak to cover up the real activities of what they intended to do.'74 If so, it was a very effective cloak that had deceived the SS to the end, but Stokes was found guilty, reduced to ranks and sentenced to hard labour for one year. He also lost 365 days pay—in the BFC he had received the standard one Reichsmark a day for fourteen months, but the Australian Army determined that he was not entitled to be paid double for that period of service. The Judge Advocate-General thought the sentence too lenient, but on his return home in November 1945 the prisoner was handed over to the Provost and discharged. Mr Stokes then served his time at Fremantle gaol. It is unknown whether he returned to the pre-war occupation he had shared with Himmler, poultry farming, but on his release he sought anonymity in distant Queensland. Barker's case was more convoluted. Not having been in

the military, he was brought before a civilian court in London in December 1945 and his case was curiously tied to that of several of the British BFC renegades in the course of which it was alleged that he possessed marked 'fascist leanings' having been convinced that Germany was certain of victory. He was found guilty of conspiring to assist the enemy and sentenced to two years with hard labour.⁷⁵

Wood and Chipchase were more fortunate, having bailed out before the final act of the farce and having given evidence against their comrade at the Eastbourne court-martial in August 1945. Wood was disembarked in the UK in May 1945, granted 'proficiency pay' and was back home in Melbourne by November and de-mobbed in February 1946. He became a driver, storeman and plasterer. Decorated in 1946 with the appropriate service medals, he then began an audacious campaign for disability payments ('chronic gastritis') and back-pay on the basis of having been promoted to Corporal in the field prior to his 1942 capture. A lengthy bureaucratic battle with the Army followed with the applicant fronting at Victoria Barracks to press his case, ending with the compromise of June 1947 that his pay would be accordingly adjusted, but not his 'Record of Service'.76 This was an unduly charitable assessment for a man who could have been charged with having breached his oath to 'resist His Majesty's enemies and cause His Majesty's peace to be kept'. It is unclear whether he had made similar claims of unrecognised rank from the SS, who appeared to have paid him only as a Lance Corporal. Chipchase had also arrived home on the same ship in November 1945. He made no claim for back-pay and did not receive the appropriate service medals until 1961. This was the only penalty he paid for his brief flirtation with the 'King's enemies'.77 He became a share-farmer and nurse. Wood and Chipchase had agreed to never speak about their experience even to their families and this was one instance of personal damnatio memoriae they both maintained. Chipchase's second wife, to whom he had been married for forty years when reporters came knocking on their suburban Perth door in 1994, knew nothing. Whatever the painful circumstances these men had endured in captivity, they were no worse than those endured by the over 8,000 other Australian prisoners of the Reich, 265 of whom died in captivity. Those men did not break the oath of loyalty they had sworn on recruitment—Wood, Chipchase, Stokes and Barker did and the latter two also broke the 'holy oath' they swore to Adolf Hitler as commander-in-chief when committing themselves in full measure to the SS. An admission of 'fascist leanings' would at least have gone some of the way to explaining their motives for donning field-grey, but only a fool would have admitted to such after May 1945. No-one had bothered to ask them what their intentions were in the event of a German victory—did they intend to settle in the East amongst subjugated Slavs or to return home to a respected place in the local New Order?

SS-Hauptsturmführer Röpke was better placed than anyone to assess their leanings and intentions. Although removed from command of the BFC in November 1944, he had still been given sufficient opportunity to calculate the level of sincerity and commitment of the various individuals who constituted his unit. He outlined the history of the BFC to his British interrogators after the war, including the startling revelation that around September 1944 the SS had considered 'non-voluntary' recruitment. He concluded that only two or three of the recruits were pro-Nazi, but that the majority were 'friendly to Germany', regarding the Anglo-German conflict as an 'historical error'; 'all' were united in their hatred of communism. The idea of voluntary service against the Russians had, he claimed, come from a group in Genshagen without German coercion.⁷⁸ This is not a difficult assessment to accept, but any suggestion of service under the swastika by this group of POWs had not taken place without a considerable amount of persuasion by the likes of Roy Courlander, the chief recruiter for the Corps and perhaps the most ardent enthusiast of Hitler's Germany of them all. He had evaded service at the front against the enemy he so despised by defecting across the Allied lines as early as August 1944 whilst serving in a roving propaganda unit but was court-martialled by the New Zealand military in October 1945. He had served under half of a fifteen-year sentence back home when released in October 1951, in part owing to the lobbying of his former comrades in the NZEF.79 Courlander then became a noted Auckland pubbore. Berneville-Claye was not charged and eventually emigrated to Australia, where he became an English teacher at St Gregory's College, Campbelltown, on Sydney's fringes, despite the absence of any higher education qualifications (other than Sandhurst, which he had entered under false circumstances). Long after his retirement, the school's English department boasted a 'Douglas Berneville-Claye Memorial Trophy' for debating and public-speaking, but their History department had failed to exploit his colourful background.80 Like those Australians who had gone 'beyond the limits fixed' and exchanged khaki or navy-blue for field-grey with mixed levels of enthusiasm, and like many of those associated with Australia-First, Berneville-Claye had simply melted back into the mainstream of post-war life, avoiding the severe censure feared by them all in 1945 and already endured by some.

IV

The US-born broadcaster William Joyce may have expected the same leniency at the war's end, given that he had acquired German citizenship in 1940 and that he considered himself Irish, not British. His broadcasts over the overseas network of the *RRG* during the war years made him famous as 'Lord Haw-Haw', when

he accumulated at least six million regular listeners, but there were many other English-speaking broadcasters in this propaganda stable, providing entertainment and pro-Nazi information from the transmitter at Zeesen for listeners across the globe including Mr and Mrs Clark in England and Mrs O'Loughlin in Perth. 'Germany Calling' employed a number of disgruntled pro-Nazi Britons and amongst them, once the war started, were representatives of the dominions, as the broadcasts aimed at encouraging dissent within the Empire.81 Erik Holm, the Afrikaner former Natal headmaster, set the standard in his broadcasts aimed at South Africans, but Roy Courlander's 1943 'Anzac Tattoo' series was of the same character until he concentrated more on direct recruitment. Australia was not overlooked, but German propagandists seemed after Pearl Harbour to let the Japanese take the lead in the southern continent, at least in the field of agitation. Radio Zeesen announced on 11 March 1942 that an 'Australian independence movement' had been established in Japanese-occupied Shanghai 'under the leadership of Alan Raymond'. It quoted him as stating that Australia would demand complete independence in order to determine her own destiny at the conclusion of the present conflict, promising to appeal to his fellow countrymen in Australia over the radio. Raymond's 'Independent Australia League' was also known as the 'Break Away Australia' (or 'Break Away from Britain') group and it aimed at securing an honourable, negotiated peace with Germany, Italy and Japan (which was impossible to achieve from war-ravaged China).82 Raymond was a journalist born in Melbourne in 1909 and he had moved in the Shanghai demi-monde since February 1931. Like Stephensen, he had engaged in a series of unsuccessful business ventures and had turned to the Shanghai Racing Club in an attempt to ameliorate mounting debt; this attempt failed and he was warned off the premises for 'questionable practices'. Similar warnings followed in Macao and Hong Kong. Returning to Melbourne in December 1939, the ambitious journalist applied for the new position of Trade Commissioner in Shanghai (possibly also in Singapore), but on failing to gain any posting he drifted to Sydney and stayed from January to July 1940, writing a column for the Bulletin. The security services could find no connection between him and Australia-First either then or later, although he had lived in close proximity to Mr and Mrs Stephensen in suburban Potts Point and there were clear similarities of sentiment between him and the Publicist crew. 83 Raymond returned to Shanghai a short time later and soon found the gainful employment denied him back home under the aegis of the Japanese occupiers in a regular column for the Shanghai Evening Post & Mercury: 'An Aussie's Point of View'. These columns were unsurprising in their favourable assessment of the 'Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere' and foresaw Australian membership of it following a Japanese victory in the region, but the guardians of the new order in Europe were allotted their portion of praise as well. On 6 July

1942, the paper featured a coloured cover showing a stern Japanese soldier astride a map of China, behind whom sheltered the huddled masses of Asia, accompanied by Raymond's assessment that change was in the air: 'Evolution decrees that the obsolete order of things must give way to the new, or adapt itself as conditions change.' This process had already taken place in Europe:

That the Germans should dominate Europe is nothing new, and on the bare facts of it, little more than a repetition of history, but the means by which they have been able to achieve this, represents the consummation of a new era in thought and scientific practice which has been dawning on the world for the last few centuries or more.⁸⁴

Raymond had already demonstrated how out of touch with his homeland he was in an article on 27 May 1942 that had sympathetically addressed the plight of Australia's political internees, some of whom he is likely to have met in 1940. To him they were martyrs of a 'popular movement' who had been arrested in an attempt to stifle an inevitable national uprising: 'The arrests are creating widespread consternation in Australia and the authorities fear that the movement has gained a firm footing throughout the country, particularly in Melbourne.' It is doubtful that the Australia-First following in Melbourne stretched to more than a handful at this time, but Raymond and his circle of other Shanghai broadcasters could not have known this.85 When interviewed by the post-war Security Service in December 1946, Raymond admitted his opposition to the Anglo-German war, but said he had returned to the Orient in 1940 for a 'quiet detached life' and in the meantime prayed for an Allied victory. He may have prayed for one side, but he had clearly abetted the other; the Security Service decided not to interfere with his calm or to interrupt his prayers and, like Chipchase and Wood, Raymond went unmolested.86

The *Reich* Ministry of Propaganda under Dr Goebbels was no better informed of Australian developments than their ideological collaborators in China, but there was a place in their system of overseas broadcasting for an Australian, alongside the renegade Englishmen, Irishmen, South Africans and others. 'Germany Calling' did have an Australian accent, albeit it briefly. It was that of Kay (Kathleen) de Haas, *née* Hewlett, born at Dorrigo, NSW in 1914. Miss Hewlett had followed her heart to Nazi Germany and left it there. She worked in a Sydney office from 1930–36 until she met a German car salesman, Heinrich de Haas while holidaying India. She returned home only to procure documentation proving her 'Aryan' descent (in what the Australian birth, death and marriage registrars must have thought eccentric), returning to India and marrying her sweetheart in February 1938. By February of the following year they had returned to the *Reich*. The marriage was not a success and deteriorated from December

1939 when Herr and Frau de Haas were in Persia, where the wife worked as a nurse and governess. By 1941 the couple had agreed to separate and Kay was back in Germany, not Australia; they divorced in December 1942. Forced to earn a living in what was still a foreign country, despite her German nationality, Mrs de Haas mixed in expatriate circles in Berlin and became the mistress of the Irish broadcaster Liam Mullally, later giving birth to their daughter in December 1943. She had been working for the Irish section of the RRG overseas service typing news bulletins since the early part of 1943. It was later alleged and admitted that on at least two occasions, Kay de Haas had herself broadcast over the German air-waves.87 Before the end of the war she had sought refuge in Vienna before fleeing westwards in April 1945 away from the Soviets, like millions of others. Unlike them, Mrs de Haas had an escape route, or so she thought, and once in the hands of the Americans, she expressed her intention to return home via the UK and to 'resume' her nationality and status as a British subject. This might not have been a problem had her British interrogators not detected that she was unrepentant and still decidedly pro-Nazi and she was detained by the Home Office in Britain. The BFC recruits had all paraded contrition, not so this more formidable woman, who continually attempted 'to excuse the Nazis for their actions and to put forward the Nazi point of view'.88 This did not evoke much sympathy for the refugee, nor did the confiscated diary in which she had recorded her response to the recent downfall of Nazism. Here on 1 May 1945 she had revealed her private sorrow over the death of the Führer: 'Hitler died "Es tut mir leid""—a stock German expression of regret and sorrow. This unrepentant enthusiast was lucky to have escaped the fate of William Joyce, who would shortly be hanged in London for treason on the assumption that he owed loyalty to the Crown because he had formerly held a British passport (to which he was not entitled), despite his possession of German nationality at the time of his broadcasts. This argument of owed loyalty was stronger in the case of Mrs de Haas than in the more celebrated one of Lord Haw-Haw.

However, the Australian government was not interested in judicial vengeance, but it had no desire to assist the return home of a Nazi enthusiast, as 'she will do everything possible to excuse and justify the Nazi activities'. Brigadier Simpson, the Director-General of the Security Service, did not want her back—he had enough Nazi enthusiasts at home already to persecute, including the hapless Thomas Gilhooley, who remained under strict surveillance until the war's end and beyond. Simpson recommended against her repatriation at the on 26 July and the strongest of his objections to her was based on the Joyce parallel—he believed that the Home Office ought to consider 'dealing with her' in the way that they were currently dealing with Lord Haw-Haw, given the similarity of their offences. The British did not want her either and intended to 'repatriate'

Mrs de Haas back to occupied Germany (a solution that Joyce could only have envied), but her brother, a RAAF Flying Officer at Nowra, managed to secure the suspension of this order around September 1945. By the end of December, she and her small daughter were on their way home, narrowly ahead of a series of prosecutions of Englishwomen whose offences had been similar, or less serious, than those of the born-again Australian.90 Once in Australia, the cost of her fare (£108/10/6) having been reclaimed in full from her brother, the issue again became that of nationality and Mrs de Haas struggled over the matter with the Immigration Department and with Minister Calwell for over two years. A complication soon became evident—her former husband, Heinrich de Haas, had been born in Sydney in 1896, where his father had been an attaché at the German consulate. Although this did not negate his German citizenship or cultural identity, it did mean that in a technical sense Miss Hewlett had married a man who could have himself claimed the status of a British subject (although he never did so). This could have placed her in an even more difficult legal position had she been charged over her wartime activities—Joyce had been executed in January 1946 in the light of similar legal quibbles about nationality, potential nationality and falsified passport applications. Kay de Haas was again more fortunate and the Immigration Department was still uncertain in 1948 whether she was a knave or a fool. She was arguably both, but the love of Germany and a German had certainly made her a Nazi enthusiast and the only Australian behind the microphones of the RRG at the time of 'Germany Calling'.

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The endgame of Australian enthusiasm for Hitler's Germany, 1942–45 was not restricted to internees, poets, recruits and broadcasters. When some of these individuals expressed contrition before and immediately after the war's end, they joined themselves with the three academic stragglers, Lodewyckx, Clark and Chisholm, who had already done so to different degrees. This trio had distanced themselves from Germany's cause with great care during the war and could be confident by May 1945 that little mud would stick to them in the shining post-war world. Associate Professor Lodewyckx had kept his head down, although not to the satisfaction of the security services; Clark had completed the transition from Axis-inclined onlooker to Allied barracker with ease on his return home in 1940, although there was one hiccup; Chisholm had been the first apostate and became the most strident critic of the New Order in response to the Nazi-Soviet rapprochement of August 1939. Their post-war careers continued unabated by any earlier positions they had taken in regard to Germany and its Nazi system.

Of the three, Augustin Lodewyckx had been the most compromised through associations with Nazi Germany and the security services had long memories. In April 1944, an operative by the name of Christiansen (aka Müller) secured an invitation to Huize Eikenbosch and recorded a conversation that had followed with Lodewyckx, where the professor had expressed sympathy for Finland, still in the Axis though not for much longer, suggesting that the present German domination of this Nordic country was preferable to the prospective domination of the USSR.91 This was hardly treason, it was not necessarily a pro-Nazi sentiment, but it did represent how scanty the Lodewyckx file had become towards the end of the anti-Nazi crusade. The professor was not drifting to the Left (he never steered in that direction), but he had halted his drift towards the rapids of the radical Right and was now maintaining a more centrist course. Manning Clark, however, was now paddling further and further away from his father-in-law as his confidence in himself and his abilities grew. Still teaching at Geelong Grammar in 1942 with his Oxford thesis on de Tocqueville still unfinished, the aspiring academic had determined to give up pedagogy: 'I must abandon this vile life.'92 He had by now discovered the beauty and challenge of Australian history and his major intellectual contribution of 1943 was his 'Mateship' in the spring edition of Meanjin.93 This open 'Letter to Tom Collins' would not have been out of place in the (now defunct) Publicist or amongst the collected essays of the Jindyworobak anthologies, asking as it did the big Australian question 'Do we belong here?' and condemning 'salon' emotions that were not 'conducive to action'. But it was too late for that—the Publicist had entered history and although Meanjin was no longer as close to the suppressed Australia-First circle as it had been, it was still close enough in 1943 to indicate that Clark was splashing in the waters of 'Australianism'. All that changed on May Day 1944, when he finally gained an enduring appointment at the University of Melbourne, a position that he confided to his diary that he 'must win'.4 Unfortunately, Clark did not deliver the article he promised himself to compose for the Australian Quarterly on private schools—that would have been something to remember. He was now set on a path from which he was never diverted, that of the progressive Left, and he left his youthful flirtation with more focused, chauvinistic nationalism behind him; the sparse 1944 diary recorded in 'Events' his achievement of a 'Closer association with the Left.' There would, however, be a belated, post-war friendship with Stephensen, but only once such a connection could not harm Clark's other associations.

Professor A.R. Chisholm dealt with the challenges of war in a different manner. He had divorced himself from national-socialism on the eve of the conflict and distanced himself from some aspects of *Maurrassisme* and its 'well-meaning dreamers' from June 1940, becoming a strong advocate of the Allied

cause in its 'Free-French' manifestation with the intensity of the convert and with the fury of the jilted lover. As always, Randolph Hughes received insights hidden from others by the secretive professor when in April 1943 Chisholm reviewed his wartime stance. He had still not forgiven Maurras for his Vichy associations having now transferred his hopes for resurgence onto the lofty shoulders of de Gaulle, although he retained doubts over those surrounding the great man. Chisholm was conscious that he had placed himself in a difficult position: 'I burned my own boats from the beginning and accepted the presidency of the Free-French Movement.' The task now both for the Allies and for his own reputation was to 'smash the Huns, doubly perjured by throwing in their lot with the Japanese against Western civilization'.95 This was still an uncertain prospect in April 1943 before the armoured stalemate at Kursk and the collapse of Italy, or at least one that could not be realised without considerable exertion, but once it happened, no-one was more exultant that A.R. Chisholm, now conscious that he had backed a winner, perhaps contrary to his lingering inclination not to do so. His diary entry for 8 May 1945 following 'VE Day' and the German capitulation at Rheims was triumphalism on a personal level: 'And so Germany has received at last what she has been looking for for centuries.'96 Chisholm could now turn to the task of rehabilitating the literary reputation of Charles Maurras, a burden also shouldered by his Melbourne colleague, Ivan Barko. He showed no interest in a political rehabilitation of Maurrassisme, which he had progressively sloughed from June 1940. Perhaps, having himself stepped back from the abyss of Nazi enthusiasm only days before the outbreak of war, he understood that this would be a lengthier and more daunting prospect.

Ω

Australia's Nazi enthusiasts and their fellow-travellers had suffered largely in silence once the *Publicist* was strangled in March 1942; only poetry offered them some means of self-expression. Either behind barbed wire or in fear of joining those who were, they had lost their strident voice (aside from the fleeting moments of unanticipated glory enjoyed by Kay de Haas). By March 1944, only Stephensen of the eastern 'Australia-First sixteen' was still behind the wire. Even the obstreperous Cahill, who refused to guarantee that he would not further contact old comrades, and Kirtley were liberated in February, but Stephensen continued to excite anxiety. He was beyond public defence, but a few could still be found prepared to defend the former internees from official wrath. When they did so, they suffered abuse for their trouble, as did Mr Harrison, MHR, the UAP member for Wentworth; when he suggested in the parliament in March 1944 that the internments were the 'greatest travesty of justice in the history of

this country', Eddie Ward smelt another quisling.98 His parliamentary colleague, the self-described 'irresponsible fellow', Robert Menzies, now opposition leader again, joined in the debate on the internments on 30-31 March, but chose his target carefully in offering a defence of his old law school classmate, A.R. Mills (although the gentleman was not named). Mills had been interned only from May-December 1942, suffering a bashing in the process, but what remained of his often lacklustre professional practice had suffered also. Menzies drew Attorney-General Evatt's attention to the spurious connection between the eastern and western branches of the Australia-First movement (something that the Attorney-General had already acknowledged in September 1942) and drew specific focus to the case of the man whose reputation and livelihood had been ruined merely because he had subscribed to the Publicist.99 A public statement was subsequently issued to the press by Menzies on April Fools' Day highlighting this supposed infringement of justice, which rightly excited the ire of the Security Service. It thought that the opposition leader should be informed of the real reasons why Mills had been detained; it was not because of his connection to Australia-First, but 'mainly on account of his pro-Nazi sympathies and correspondence with Nazi organizations in Germany and pro-Nazi organizations in Britain. His admiration for Hitler was so profound that amongst the evidence was found a poem of rhapsodic praise for the Fuehrer, composed by himself and written in his own handwriting.'100

Mills (and the others) had therefore been detained, according to this analysis, not for what they had done, but for what they had thought. The revelation of this memo would only have confirmed the suspicions of an already paranoid Stephensen. The whole exercise was by now an academic one only, for there was no longer any prospect of a quisling-assisted invasion or any likelihood that the war effort could be hampered by rhapsodic poetry like that found amongst the entries for the Miles Competition. The Nazi cause was already as good as lost in 1944 and with it the peculiar imitation of the Australian dreamers. Once Hitler had taken his own life, on 30 April 1945, the Australian enthusiasts and their fellow travellers could only echo William Joyce, whose final broadcast from the Hamburg sender on the same day had ended with 'Heil Hitler and farewell!'

EPILOGUE: 'THE WRONG DREAM'

Our dream was the wrong dream, our strength was the wrong strength. Weary as we are, we must make a new choice, a choice more difficult than resignation, more urgent than our desire of rest at the ends of the day.

Judith Wright, 'Dust', Jindyworobak Anthology, 1946.

What a pity he hasn't made a better go of things. He was a man of infinite possibilities.

Walter Stone, 'Australian bookman extraordinaire', on P.R. Stephensen, 1951.

So I have a complete alibi for whatever ruinous consequences have ensued from Britain's futile war against Germany of 1939–45. I took no part in it!

P.R. Stephensen to Professor Gordon Childe, 15 April 1957.

Two days before Hitler's death, Dr Joseph Goebbels warned his step-son not to be disconcerted by the 'worldwide clamour' against national-socialism that would now begin. This proved an accurate prediction and that clamour permeated the southern continent as much as any other; Stephensen and the other local enthusiasts for Hitler's Germany would never escape its din. They were at least free to hear it, once the last of the internees had been released in August 1945. The world they re-entered was a very different one, but like many former prisoners, it took some time for them to realise that. None proved so reluctant to adapt to the new world than internee 'N1634', P.R. Stephensen. The parliamentary debate of

March 1944 had eventually resulted in the calling of a judicial inquiry into the internments under Justice Clyne, who held hearings in Sydney and Melbourne in the period June 1944-May 1945. Stephensen was naturally enough the chief focus when he appeared for six days in October and one in the following March; he regretted nothing and was the most obstreperous of the twelve internees who either appeared or were represented by counsel. There were still some points of interest in his testimony—the Publicist had never exceeded a circulation of 3,000 per month (later he down-sized this estimate by two-thirds); the use of 'National Socialism' had never been more than a 'catch cry'; that after a 'post-war Depression would come a New Order', although he admitted: 'I do not know what form it will take." It certainly was not going to be of the Nazi character that he had long imagined. When asked whether he had admired Hitler's pre-war speeches, Stephensen replied: 'I thought they were very interesting political documents' and that they were 'salutary in that they did achieve some peace at a time when war looked like breaking out.' The arch-appeaser, the late J.A. Lyons, had said much the same prior to his death in April 1939, but the ground had shifted somewhat in the meantime. When Justice Clyne released his report in September 1945, he exonerated only Hooper, Masey and Harley Matthews. The others had been, in his estimation, legitimately detained. Stephensen was left with a ruined reputation and a legal bill for over £2,000—he had little prospect of recovering one or of paying the other.

His initial response to freedom was one of defiance, as he told Val Crowley: 'I am unwavering in my adherence to the ideas of 'Australia First', but I acknowledge the temporary defeat.' Was he disappointed or downhearted? 'No never! I am looking forward to the future with confidence.' Perhaps he recalled Nietzsche's (or Zarathustra's) consolation to the defeated: 'You should seek your enemy, you should wage your war—a war for your opinions. And if your opinion is defeated, your honesty should still cry triumph over that!'

The Bunyip even anticipated another twenty years of political activity. 'It may take a few years to get into a position to renew my public activities, but I'll do it all right, and by my own efforts, looking to nobody for help.' However, his immediate step was to seek self-exile and since he had told Mudie from Tatura in December 1943 that he would rather be a prisoner in Australia than a free man elsewhere, the possibility of seeking refuge outside the country was not an option. The place of rest chosen in September 1945 proved to be a ramshackle East Warburton dairy farm in the Yarra Valley (not too far from Wilson's retreat at Wandin), where his chief company, aside from the loyal Winifred, consisted of a menagerie of miscellaneous farm and domestic animals. But the Bunyip, who now styled himself an 'Old Man of the Mountains', could not find rural peace on the renamed 'Mountainside Farm' any more than Wilson (or Hitler) had before

him. There were too many old scores to settle and in the first full year of peace, the final three issues of the *Publicist* were reissued at Hooper's instigation in order to demonstrate that the detentions were unjustified and for the 'durable historical record'. This was a declaration of war by men who considered themselves undefeated, for some of the circle of Australian ultra-nationalists remained unrepentant (and still under security surveillance). Few of them were prepared to concede that their dream had been the 'wrong dream', as the novice Jindy poet Judith Wright concluded in her 1946 poem 'Dust' submitted to the *Jindyworobak Anthology* of that year under the editorship of Ian Mudie: 'Our dream was the wrong dream, our strength was the wrong strength. Weary as we are, we must make a new choice, a choice more difficult than resignation, more urgent than our desire of rest at the ends of the day.' This concession applied equally to the nationalism of the more moderate Jindies, as well as to the Australian form of national-socialism that had been pursued by the club's more radical members.

The East Warburton hermitage could never have endured and it was surprising that a man who had just endured three-and-a-half years of confinement should attempt to construct his own prison walls following his release. Despite all the blood-and-soil sentimentality, Inky, now forty-five, was an urban dweller; so too were Ingamells and Mudie, despite their pastoral idylls. Stephensen remained as restless as ever and his resentment over the internment was nourished by isolation. He wanted first of all to set the record straight amidst the background of the local version of the worldwide clamour, although not with his own pen and sought to contact Kirtley in order to encourage someone 'of good standing' to write a 'detached' history of the whole discreditable episode of the internments.5 Kirtley, a born-again printer, wanted to keep the lowest of low political profiles and was not interested, but A.R. Mills was, as he had already penned an account of his detention, which Stephensen then referred to Mudie for assessment. The 'Song-Man' returned the manuscript without comment and it remained undisturbed once Stephensen dissuaded 'Rud' from seeking a publisher, at least for the moment.6 If not writing his memoirs, some (like the Security Service) wondered what Stephensen intended to do in his otium; Miles Franklin was privileged enough to receive an explanation in December 1945. Stephensen, who elsewhere described himself as a 'farmer' (which he was not), now called himself a 'recluse' who had 'gone bush' and abandoned the 'culture-struggle', but he was looking towards posterity and provided Franklin with a self-assessment of the recent past. She was told that his 'outstandingly unselfish and far-sighted work, from 1932 to 1942, will be seen as true pioneering, and credit will then be given to me for it,

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Perhaps after I am safely dead.' She was not informed of any thoughts of future action, at least not yet.

Meanwhile, Alister Kershaw, his still youthful disciple, provided a detailed account of the Bunyip in his self-imposed exile. It was not a pretty picture. Kershaw had attempted to maintain contact with his mentor during the internment period but none of his letters reached Stephensen; accordingly he had expressed his disgust to Ingamells in August 1942 about the 'persecution' that the man they both greatly admired was enduring.8 At the first opportunity, Kershaw had taken the bus to Warburton and then a taxi he could ill-afford to the Stephensen retreat for a weekend of ideological confirmation. On his arrival, Kershaw was offered an omelette made from the farm's duck eggs—the ducks were 'incestuous' according to his host's explanation and another example of the 'Decline of the West': 'Even our ducks have been debauched by the Jews!' Although this was black humour, Kershaw soon noted that the Jews remained a staple of Stephensen's kitchen-table conversation wherever it drifted; on the origins of the war; on the esoteric celebration of the death wish in poetry; on our self-hatred; on the inevitable economic disaster; on Marx; on Freud and on his internment, which Winifred was especially convinced had been a result of her husband's defiance of communists and Jews. Inky also thought that the fear of the political canaille and his failure to conform had played a part. However, he had not lost his taste for anti-conformity or his related faith in the theory of the Jewish world-conspiracy, describing the post-war status quo of 1947 thus: 'Russia and the USA are the left and the right hands of the Jewish world-wide grip.'9 This condemnation included the new international financial order established under the 1944 Bretton Woods agreement, which particularly attracted Stephensen's anti-Semitic ire. He also remained bitter that the 'real traitors' had spent the war years not 'in a camp, [but] on a campus', denouncing 'those eternal simpletons' as he had done since the Cowling affair a decade earlier—Stephensen had not yet been introduced to Professor Lodewyckx.10

Kershaw was only one of the intimates invited to make the trudge to East Warburton. The Mudie family were invited from South Australia in March 1946 and in doing so Stephensen dampened lan's earlier expectations of a political revival by advising the head of the family to look 'to younger men now, for new thoughts', as he was 'knocked up'. Stephensen was reluctant to don the mantle that Mudie had offered him, that of 'the most brilliant man in Australia', but as always he hedged his bets, reassuring the man who was still one of his most passionate followers: 'I still have many things to say for Australia, and shall say them eventually. Patience is my present watchword.'11 This was essentially what he had told Crowley at the time of his release and Hooper earlier in 1946, when although he had again admitted his personal, political and literary exhaustion,

he had also held out the promise of a return to the public arena 'in 1951', for Britain, Stephensen declared, had won the war but was losing the peace to a rampant Bolshevism. This January 1946 letter was signed 'Yours for Australia First', but clearly Stephensen had not yet made up his mind about his own future prospects or those of a revived movement. He was repeating his pre-1941 practice of indecision, when it was never clear whether he had intended to form a political party now, in the near future or at some remote time after the war. He remained a man perpetually waiting for the right moment to act, further reminding Mudie in June 1946, that: 'At present my attitude is just quiescent, perhaps comatose, and I am letting my talents sleep, perhaps waste.' He had no inclination to play in a 'mad orchestra performing a silly symphony... Cheeky little Yids are on top at present, but they'll over-reach themselves, as they always do." It was the old script recycled, unaltered by exposure to mountain air and the 'farm' work of spending hours pulling weeds, a task Stephensen likened to political work, only not as dangerous.

The Warburton guests were not always invited ones-in February 1947 he was visited by two recruiters from the Communist Party of Australia, seeking the reversion of the prodigal son. They left the farm empty-handed, for Inky could not see Karl Marx 'as anything other than a Jew, who, like Saint Paul, exalted the lowly to pull down the mighty from their seats', as he had recently told Hardy Wilson.14 He was more interested in reviving his political activity of the thirties, rather than that of the twenties, telling Hooper in August 1948 that he still hoped to revive the Publicist 'when I am ready and able to do so'. 15 Although he promised that the resuscitated paper would be better than ever, in the post-Miles world there was no prospect of finance for such a project. Soon Stephensen and Winifred accepted this and the harsh reality of life in the bush, selling up in early 1949 and heading to the township of Bethanga, in northern Victoria (surprisingly close to Tatura), an eccentric choice but one that at least allowed for the abandonment of any pseudo-agricultural lifestyle, given that Stephensen was now scratching a living by ghost writing and literary collaboration with his old friend Frank Clune (a former New Guardsman). Pulling weeds and herding ducks were not suitable past-times for a man who had once fancied himself as Australia's potential leader; Inky at Warburton had proved to be no more of a gentleman-farmer than Hardy Wilson had done in Tasmania a decade earlier. Rural serenity had done nothing to ameliorate his bitterness and he had told his (unpaid but supportive) Melbourne lawyer towards the end of this period that he continued to resent having been 'kidnapped for 3 ½ years', as well as having been 'assassinated at the end of that period' and 'victimised'. 16 There were still many scores to settle.

Bethanga was a dull little town and Stephensen was a big frog in a very little pond. His Nazi past and present convictions did not seem to damage an improved social life in the broader community as he gradually abandoned the life of a recluse, but he remained more interested in selected outsiders, whom he had hoped to attract through his proximity to the Melbourne-Sydney highway. He did not take the opportunity of a changed environment to alter any aspect of his world-view, as the former-Nazi pamphleteer Thomas Graham discovered when Stephensen advised him in January 1950 that he was intending to lie low for about a year and wait for the right opportunity to resume his political activities, confident that the Jews would over-reach themselves in their striving for 'World Domination'. Stephensen insisted that he would wait for some sign amongst the younger generation in favour of an Anglo-German rapprochement and although he sensed some shift of mood, it was not yet 'enough to encourage me to emerge from my hermitage'.17 He was still waiting in 1952, when the Stephensen household received two notable visitors, Manning Clark and Miles Franklin, one a new acquaintance and the other a reconciled older acquaintance from the days of literary and political glory. Dymphna and Manning Clark were the newcomers and they stayed overnight at Bethanga in March 1952. The topic of animated conversation that night was the 'Australians History of Australia' first mooted by Stephensen in the Publicist of January 1938 where he had outlined the topics appropriate for a study of 'Fifteen Decades' of the Australian story. The Bunyip at that time had thought the task would only be viable if accepted by a 'University Professor' with a lifetime to devote to it. On that autumn evening, Manning Clark, now of University College, Canberra, appeared to be his man. Clark wrote to 'Dear Percy' soon after requesting that he send him the 1938 outline (also available in the National Library according to Stephensen) and other Australia-First political pamphlets which they had clearly discussed during this visit: 'I found it a very stimulating experience.'18 Dymphna was similarly grateful for the 'warm and most stimulating hospitality' of this memorable 'free night' (as Manning elsewhere called it), celebrating the personal inspiration that Foundations had stimulated in her in the thirties, an inspiration that had now spread to her husband.19

In the glory days of the *Publicist*, Stephensen's 'Fifteen Decades' had set the task—'a great work it is, indeed, waiting to be done'—and in the meantime Clark had himself reached much the same conclusion having contemplated a textbook on Australian democracy as early as 1944.²⁰ By 1946 he had prepared notes for the writing of an Australian history and was already gathering material for what would become the first volume of his *Select Documents in Australian History*. His version of an Australian's history of Australia was still *in embryo* (the first volume would not appear until 1962), but Stephensen's eccentric outline perhaps played some minor role in the formulation of this great piece of

Australian historiography-Stephensen would have liked to think so. The Clarks returned any favour by putting him in contact with Professor Lodewyckx at Mont Albert in order to assist Inky in the work he was preparing on the Danish adventurer and rebel Jorgen Jorgenson. When he wrote in August to thank his guests for their recent company and for the Lodewyckx connection, Stephensen was certainly candid about his world-view in a manner that would normally only be employed amongst friends, suggesting that it was again time for him to evoke his 'oracle'. The letter contained a lengthy account of his vision of improved Anglo-German relations through a 'Teutonic Federation' of northern European peoples against the 'encroachments' of Jews, Negroes, Slavs and Asians; he also included a liberal dose of anti-Semitism, railing against the Jewish influence that had spoiled Anglo-German relations fifty years earlier, jocularly suggesting a 'School of Anti-Semitic studies' at the University of Melbourne. As the term 'White Australia' was already drawing flak, Stephensen suggested the alternative of 'Aryan Australia' and closed his letter by warning the Clarks that a 'mongrelized' Australia would be unable to preserve its unity and distinctive culture.21 Very little of his thinking had changed since 1942, but the most interesting aspect of the letter is that Stephensen clearly expected a favourable reception to such sentiments from the Clarks. He was normally only so candid with intimates like Ian Mudie, who was bombarded with similar sentiments a short time later, including the insistence that 'unless Nationalism in Australia is linked with Racialism of some kind' the 'White Race' would be submerged—this was not resuscitated fascism; it was revived Nazism.²²

Similar ramblings must also have been heard by the other notable Bethanga guest of early 1952, Miles Franklin. There had been a falling out between these two old literary collaborators after March 1942, when Stephensen accused Franklin of not having been forthright enough in her critique of the internments, which she continued to deny.²³ This did not stop the Bethanga couple inviting her to stay with them in March 1952 as the tenth anniversary of the internments approached, as Eric Stephensen recalled that she was 'one of their most respected friends'.24 Franklin had drawn closer to the Left in the meantime, but they could still agree that the period of Inky's internment and exile had constituted what she called 'a loss' to Australian literature; she wanted him to set politics aside and return exclusively to the arts.²⁵ Although her stay shortly afterwards renewed their personal friendship, Stephensen had been unable to persuade her to abandon intellectualism, feminism and 'to burn her blue stockings' as he later described his pleas. However, Franklin cannot have left Bethanga without a complete understanding of how prudent she had been in distancing herself from Stephensen politically since 1942 if the written tirade that followed her stay in any way resembled their recent conversation. She may have acknowledged what

he saw as his role in the years from his return to Australia up to the time of his detention: 'My distinctive contribution was that I saw the necessity of linking Australian literature with political nationalism, the movement for political independence from Britain.' Yet the egoism of his other reflections may not have struck a chord: 'For eleven years, 1931–1942, I was a Don Quixote, then I was unhorsed. Why should I tilt again? Let the mediocrities have things their own way. It's no use trying to prop them up. Genius, like murder, will out.' Franklin was left in no doubt that her friend's contempt for his compatriots had only deepened since the time of his unhorsing: 'Hitler was right about the necessity for trained leadership and authority from the top. The mob need to be told what to do, not asked.' Don Quixote had been considerably more altruistic than this—this was more reminiscent of Norman Lindsay than Cervantes.

The hospitality offered to such guests indicated that, towards the end of his period in Bethanga, Stephensen was emerging from his post-war shell. So too did an article ('Right is Not Wrong') that he submitted in April 1952 to the Albury Border Morning Mail. He was concerned about what he called communist propaganda in the newspapers and in the light of the Korean conflict argued that the USSR was a greater threat to peace than Germany or Japan had ever been. He even went so far as to suggest that leftist Fifth Columnists and 'Quislings' were worthy of internment should they become too pro-Russian. Needless to say such an argument would be of discounted value should Stephensen's name appear under it, so he asked the editor for anonymity, suggesting the nom-deplume of the 'Answerer'. This was from the pen of a man who had condemned anonymity in January 1942 as 'the negation of personal responsibility and the means of destroying individual character', the same man whose condemnation of his political internment had been relentless since 1945.²⁷

Just how little Stephensen had changed since moving to Bethanga was evident in his contact with Ian Mudie immediately prior to moving back to the urban bustle (to Melbourne in July 1952) that he had avoided since 1942, involuntarily and by choice. If anything, he was becoming more of an Australian National Socialist than he had ever been, even in his heyday. It was now nearly seven years since his release, but he still could not commit himself to re-establishing the *Publicist* or his movement—the very patient Mudie was again told in June 1952 maybe next year. The closest he had come to activism in the docile Bethanga years was to attend the conference of the Catholic Rural Movement at nearby at Albury, where he met the formidable B.A. Santamaria. He was still biding his time 'until the General Public realize by themselves that they were misled about World War II. Then I'll weigh in, and say why the hell didn't you listen to me?' He would still be waiting in 1965, when he died suddenly in Sydney. Nor had the Third World War that he had envisaged in 1952 eventuated; Mudie had been told

in that year that such a war would only 'be Russian Jews versus AMERICAN Jews, phoney all the time, just to get the mug non-Jews under war regimentation, to kill one another off in millions. The Peace Treaty at the end will make Jerusalem the capital of the World.' The Bethanga hermit stood unrepentant before his most ardent supporter: 'Hitler was right, and Communism is Jewish.' As so often, Mudie was promised much when Stephensen told him in July of his impending move to Sandringham in Melbourne's bayside suburbs: 'I now intend to emerge from my hermit's silence of ten years, and to resume volcanic activity, in Melbourne.' Many publications were said to be on the drawing board—an autobiography; an account of the internments; an up-dated Foundations; a revived Publicist, including a collection of selected writings from that journal with an 'I TOLD YOU SO' foreword.²⁹

The only element of this promised volcanic activity that eventuated was a splutter, when Stephensen published his selected memoirs *Kookaburras and Satyrs*, written in the course of 1952. Much of it was literary rather than political and focused on the 'mission' of the 1920s London years, discussing Norman Lindsay's 'Dionysian [or Lindsay] aesthetic' and its practical application of Nietzschean ideas. Jack Lindsay, still in England, was portrayed as a 'satyr' who preferred European influence, including Marxism, over that advocated by the 'kookaburras'. There was an element of self-pity in the small section of this memoir that dealt with the Australia-First fiasco: 'Our silly aim was to astonish the burghers. Thirty years later, I must say that the burghers have more frequently astonished me than I have astonished them. They astonished me particularly in 1942, when they made me a scapegoat for their Japanic panic.' The only lesson that the chief kookaburra had learned was a perverse one as he warned of 'the hazards which any writer in Australia must be prepared to face, if he dares to put forth ideas that are not mass-produced.'30

According to the account offered to Mudie in 1952, Stephensen intended to take up this challenge again from suburban Sandringham, but he did not do so. The Sandringham period (July 1952–May 1956) was marked by further literary collaboration with Frank Clune, but not much else, as the Bunyip's health began to deteriorate from overwork and anxiety.³¹ He could still dream, producing a hand-drawn mock-up of a proposed monthly, 'Sunup' with a rising-sun motif and the motto 'Australia Becoming a Nation', planned for July 1955—'An independent nationalist commentary on art, literature and politics.' The journal's header ('Australia First') and its proposed contents (including 'Place and Race') indicated that Stephensen had not travelled any distance since 1942, despite a new cover.³² Not much now remained of the dynamic old Inky other than the undamaged egoism and the bitterness over the internment—he flatteringly likened himself as a 'Major Prophet' to Gandhi (whom he had met in England),

Calwell now enjoyed the Bunyip's favour because he had spoken against the exercise of arbitrary internment in May and September 1942 and as a consequence, the politically impotent Stephensen sought to thrust greatness upon his unlikely shoulders. The two men were on good terms by early 1955, after Stephensen submitted an article to Calwell in March expressing his opposition to any mooted reform of the 'White Australia Policy'—the member for Melbourne expressed his approval and negotiated with the Herald for publication.34 The vision of a 'Great Australia' of forty million whites contained therein was more P.R. Stephensen than A.A. Calwell, but it brought the two men together in defence of an immigration policy whose days were numbered; they subsequently enjoyed one another's company for the brief time before the ever restless Stephensen returned to Sydney in May 1956, this time for good. Before he left, Calwell was exposed to Stephensen's critique of Evatt's 'internationalism', as opposed to his 'national sentiment', music to the ears of a disgruntled deputy. The intimacy of their association was evident from Stephensen's flattering observations about Calwell's 'natural qualities of statesmanship'—he signed his correspondence 'Yours for Australia First'.35 This cordiality could have assisted the process of rehabilitation, but the call of the harbour city in the following year was too strong. They continued to correspond, however, and by 1959 Stephensen was confident enough to advocate 'Australian National Socialism' to the man now on the cusp of Labor leadership. This 'National Socialism' was described as a means 'to increase the White Race population of Australia to 30 million before the year 2,000 AD', conceived on the assumption that the White Australia Policy was supported by '95%' of the population, a policy for 'the development of our continent as a permanent Homeland for a selfdependent, self-defending White Race Nation'. Stephensen promised, or warned, Calwell that he might soon be impelled to re-enter the political fray and form a (non-party) 'White Australia League' to counter the insidious propaganda of capitalists, communists and clergy.36 He wanted Calwell in the meantime to challenge Evatt the internationalist and to return Labor to its national roots. The deputy was prepared to joust for the leadership and he continued to champion White Australia, but 'Australian National Socialism' was not quite what he had in mind—Stephensen was caught in a time warp and his proposals were

looking increasingly ridiculous as time marched on. *En route* to Sydney in 1956, Stephensen had similarly promised Cyril Brown (a former Jindy and *Publicist* sympathiser): 'I may sooner or later revive nationalistic propaganda there.'³⁷ It was all wind. The political chapter of his life was closed.

All that remained for Stephensen the political animal in his remaining years was the task of self-justification and adjusting the record for posterity. This he did very well, while scratching a living from ghost-writing, freelance journalism, Commonwealth Literary Fund lecturing (with Mudie in Adelaide in October 1959) and his own literary agency. There was no contrition and he was tireless in describing his victimisation—sometimes he likened himself to Socrates; sometimes to Aristotle; once, without irony, to Dreyfus. By the time of his 1959 'Jottings' (a preliminary to a planned memoir that never eventuated) he had convinced himself that, like Mussolini, he was always right: 'My ideas in 1939 were twenty years ahead of the times, and my ideas today are still too advanced to be put into print in this still-colonial community.'38 The editor of the Nation was reminded in the same year that his anti-Semitism had arisen from the 'hate-propaganda' of the period 1936-39, through which the Jews had conditioned Australia for 'a Jewish war of revenge against Germany'.39 When finally offered space in the Sydney Observer in August 1959 to offer his account of the internment, the self-confessed 'martyr' allowed himself to be diverted into a general denunciation of the outcome of the Second World War, which had 'destroyed the British Empire, spread Communist dictatorship over half Europe and half Asia, and weakened the prestige of the white race'. 40 He died in Sydney in May 1965 largely unlamented, but had already written his own epitaph when sketching an autobiography in the early fifties, 'Experience Comes Too Late', where he enigmatically noted: 'Experience always comes too late to be of any use! Discovery of this profoundest of truths did not come to me until I was in the forty-second year of my life.'41 This referred to the period between November 1942 and November 1943, during his internment. Did this also refer to a realisation that he had been in error to espouse an Australian version of nationalsocialism, now that the ideology was suffering blows from which it would never recover? Did it refer to a realisation that he should never have allowed politics to dilute his love of literature? Did it refer to a realisation that national chauvinism was not the right path for Australia? We shall never know, for Stephensen failed to complete this autobiographical sketch and once released, his mid-life crisis over, he returned to the trails that he had blazed since 1936 with renewed inner ferocity. But 'Experience Comes Too Late', with its admission of the 'profoundest of truths', leaves open the question of whether Stephensen, in his heart of hearts, regretted the path taken in the mid thirties. If so, the period behind barbed wire was not entirely wasted. Perhaps the perceptive William Baylebridge was right when he assessed his friend in the mid thirties as having 'all the defects of the very finest qualities', but the prediction of the *Bulletin* in its obituary of June 1965 that 'his literary achievements and his passion for Australian literature will be remembered when the Australia First affair is forgotten' has not yet come to pass—Inky had died on the night of 28 May, falling dead in his chair following a rousing and well-received address on literature (not politics) to the Sydney Savage Club. ⁴² P.R. Stephensen remains an historical curiosity, alongside his 'Australian National Socialism', somewhere in between the unhorsed 'Don Quixote' that he imagined himself to be and the tainted 'Quisling' of the later years. He will forever be the enigmatic 'Bunyip Critic'.

Many of Australia's other Nazi enthusiasts and their fellow-travellers did not need to indulge in autobiographical reflections and were not oppressed by any private, inner doubts that Stephensen may have harboured. The 'politicals' were scattered after 1942 and most disappeared into oblivion. Stephensen was especially critical of the retreat from the stage of Cahill and Kirtley, the one to football administration and the other back to the fine printing at which he excelled, although he continued to compose lame, nationalist verse. When his new 'Mountainside Press' was profiled in 1950 by the Australian Printer, Kirtley waxed lyrical about his Fanfrolico period, when 'everything seemed propitious for a new phase in living', but made no mention of what had followed.⁴³ His former partner thought that both Kirtley and Cahill lacked their portion of 'National Stamina' following the ordeal of internment, which was a fair assessment of their response to unpleasant wartime experiences.44 Yet the Nazi enthusiasm which had once astonished at least some of the burghers in Australia no longer did so-the serious drama of pre-war native national-socialism was now turning to post-war farce and not even rearguard actions in support of the White Australia Policy could resurrect it in the 1960s. Within days of the surrender of Nazi Germany, behaviour that had once attracted detention was now adequately dealt with through £4 fines for disorderly conduct, when Gregory Board (b.1921), an ex-RAAF officer, was punished in Melbourne for having baited and assaulted a Jew in South Yarra on 11 May 1945. The inebriated Board had abused dental technician Jack Wise (an Austrian refugee) by stating: 'I am a Nazi. I lived in Germany; you Jewish swine.' He had not, but he was a Nazi enthusiast, now well out of place. He was a known associate of 'Carl von Muller' (Enoch Atkinson) the former rubber planter frightened off by security and was last heard of in June 1947 embarking in a plane under fire from the Dutch in the East Indies (after being detained for 4 days) en route for Singapore. Ten years earlier, Board would have been an active fascisttype, subject to the 'hero-worship he had apparently received as a test pilot in the

Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation; now he was at best a maladjusted adventurer, like the rest of the survivors of Australia-First.⁴⁵

Like Board, others were too insensitive to be daunted by post-war persecution, amongst them C. Crooks of Redfern, who had been a pre-war correspondent with Herr Hoffmann in Munich, where he expressed admiration for the 'German Nazi system of Government' and its alleged maintenance of a better standard of living. The destruction of Germany had not caused him to change his mind and by October-November 1947 he had come to the attention of the new ASIO for distributing the pamphlet 'Communism is a Trap. Mugs Wake Up!', an anti-Semitic tract that emanated from his from his Sydney company, Demco Machinery, a firm that had previously traded with German partners.46 He was not the only pamphleteer who drew ASIO's interest away from its scrutiny of the Left. Thomas Graham, the pamphleteer who had disturbed Sydneysiders in 1941-42 was another. Now a roving seaman, Graham continued to write pamphlets, which he distributed in many parts of the world, including the Apple Isle, Tasmania (Wilson's centre of racial purity and the birthplace of Mills and Carroll), where one circulated in 1952. 'A CALL TO ACTION', denounced the United Nations as an organisation of 'Jewish gangsters' set on another war. It was especially critical of the recent 'Aryan dispossession' in Palestine (in obvious ignorance of the racial origins of the expelled Palestinians) and suggested an alternative destination for Jewish resettlement—Madagascar, again. His pamphlets offered further reading, including The International Jew by Henry Ford and other publications from the publishing house of the irrepressible Arnold Leese, the British 'Racial Fascist' with whom Graham had been in personal contact. 'Fellow Countrymen, Awake!' was the recycled slogan of a recycled ideology that attracted the attention of some of the recycled security operatives now under the new brand of ASIO.⁴⁷ It had nothing new to offer.

The only other former Australia-First political to raise a head above the postwar parapets was Dora Watts (aka Anna Brabant). At a time when the White Australia Policy was coming under international scrutiny, she published her self-explanatory *The Dangerous Myth of Racial Equality* in 1962, an exposition of what would become the *idée fixe* of the post-war Nazi enthusiasts that racial equality entailed genocide for the 'white race'. ⁴⁸ She did so as a member of the 'League of Rights', a rival organisation from which Stephensen kept his distance, but with whose leader (Eric Butler) he maintained cordial relations. Although now back in Sydney, Stephensen also kept his distance from Norman Lindsay, whose 1966 *The Scribblings of an Idle Mind* had expressed similar obsessions to those of Watts. The sage of Springwood thought that the modern concept of racial equality was the greatest of the 'mass imbecilities' of the age and that race-mixing only lowered the standard of the white without raising the 'Negro' to the same. ⁴⁹

This was now a redundant view in all parts of the globe, with the exception of apartheid South Africa (lauded by Stephensen for its attempt to save the 'White Race'), but not even the continued common espousal of racial inequality could reconcile Lindsay and Stephensen. The political were now on the run, like the Intercontinental Airways pilot Gregory Board had been in 1947, and also under fire as the worldwide clamour had shown no sign of abating by the time of Stephensen's death in 1965.

In his post-war reflections, Stephensen had come to consider that Hitler had been too exclusively 'political' and insufficiently attentive to the *Kulturkampf*. The political path to an Australian form of national-socialism was certainly blocked after the war, but the *völkisch* sentiment lingered amongst those of the 'poeticals' still not prepared to accept that they had followed the 'wrong dream'. There was still some scope for a local *Kulturkampf*, or at least some scope for standing up against the winds of change. It is interesting to speculate what the topics of conversation were when a few of them (including Ingamells, Harley Matthews and even Cahill) gathered at Miles Franklin's modest suburban Sydney home for a literary party in March 1947.⁵⁰ Absent friends, most notably Stephensen and Mudie were doubtless mentioned, perhaps even absent apostates like Xavier Herbert, who was already putting considerable distance between himself and his old associates. Some of the poeticals, like Ingamells and Mudie, were reluctant to abandon the old cause; others, like Kershaw, obviously remembered it fondly. Herbert had moved on.

Ian Mudie had corresponded with Stephensen throughout his detention, but not all of the letters had reached his mentor. Shortly before the release and after the collapse of the European national-socialist model, Mudie was still referring to Stephensen as a saint-like man of 'Providence' who had been unjustly treated in his 'concentration camp' in a criminally 'un-Australian' fashion. Once he was out of the Army in September 1945 and back home in Adelaide he had a chance to digest the Clyne report and admitted his own 'guilt' as having been equal to that of Stephensen. The readers of the 1945 Jindyworobak Anthology could have no doubt about that point, for the volume contained Mudie verse that still looked towards the shop-worn 'promise of resurgence' even though it admitted that the 'patriot flame' seemed dead and its cause classed as 'lunatic'. Yet, Mudie could only celebrate the survival of the 'Old Man of the Mountains' in 'East Warburton Farmer: Early Spring', which did not identify its controversial subject—Inky later thought it would have a suitable place in the future memoirs which never eventuated. When strangely offered the chance to edit the 1946

Jindyworobak Anthology, the 'Song-Man' ensured that it returned to its roots and contained Matthews's internment poems and Frank O'Connell's 'Ballade of Contemporary Justice', which questioned the internments, so that 'a couple more A.F. protests will go on permanent record'. Mudie would publish his own 'Ex-Internee' poem in Australian Poetry later in the year reinforcing these Jindyworobak protests, a stance that did not prevent Keith Murdoch from offering the perennially struggling poet part-time employment on his papers in 1947; the newspaper magnate had told Ingamells that 'some of his work stirs me very deeply'. Where there was life, there was hope and Mudie the true believer still thought it possible in January 1948 that those without faith in the present political parties were 'almost ready to be offered faith in Australia'. There would have been a greater prospect of that (unlikely) eventuality had Stephensen waited until the end of the war to launch his movement rather than jumped the gun in 1942, but it was too late for that.

Once Stephensen had moved to Sandringham in 1952 and thereby ended his exile, he became emotionally closer to his 'earth mystic', urging him to write poetry that expressed 'the rhythm of the blood...the racial rhythm pulsing in the individual' and inviting the Mudie family to spend Christmas with him.56 He continued to encourage Mudie's art during the poet's low moments, when the 'Song-Man' destroyed all of his post-war poetry in despair around 1951, advising him to ignore reviews 'by denationalized jeerers, sneerers, and smearers in the brassiere-ad press', also assuring the often insecure artist that his continuing publication indicated that 'our battle of the thirties was not lost'.57 It was, but Mudie persisted with the ultra-nationalist themes anyway and they did so together in 1959 in a series of Commonwealth Literary Fund lectures at the University of Adelaide, later published as Nationalism in Australian Literature. He continued in the same year at the same university to advocate the unity of 'Poetry and Politics', of 'Nationalism and Radicalism', by citing Lawson and Baylebridge, as well as Stephensen's Foundations.58 Well into his sixties, in 1974, the mature Mudie had (like the late Inky) concluded that he had been ahead of his time and was happy to say over the air-waves: 'I've been a nationalist since the thirties, when people thought I was cracked.'59 He was puzzled that the Whitlam government was attempting to define national identity through polls and competitions, thinking that national sentiment must grow naturally: 'We must wait for someone to write an anthem we deserve, for a symbol to choose us.' This was a sound point of view, but provided another opportunity for Whitlam to use the line he often used on critics 'tu quoque' ('you as well'), for the Nazi enthusiasts of the thirties had not been prepared to wait for evolutionary nationalism; they had preferred the revolutionary variety that attempted, unsuccessfully, to adapt foreign symbolism and sentiment to Australian conditions.

The 'Song-Man' had finally attained a position worthy of his talent and poetic disposition in the 1960s when he joined the distinguished Adelaide firm Rigby as editor-in-chief of their publishing department, following decades of scratching a living at many different jobs, including travelling in the bush to lecture on Australian literature to incredulous locals, one of whom asked 'Do you travel in that line regular, mate?' Now enjoying his reputation as a 'controversial literary figure', the mature Mudie continued to defend nationalism from its modern detractors up to the end:

For them, the word <u>nationalism</u> brings up the idea of, say, French and Germans of the past, standing each side of a frontier with guns in their hands, or else of pocket-handkerchief Balkans-type nationalism. They refuse to recognise that the word has a very different meaning in a country that has a whole continent for its home-paddock.⁶¹

This premise was mistaken; ultra-nationalism did not alter its nature because of geographical quantity. The Australian national-socialism advocated by Australia's Nazi enthusiasts and their literary fellow-travellers, both in its political and literary forms, had been too close for comfort to its German model. One of Ian Mudie's last poems 'Hymn for the Nineteen-Seventies' (published in the year of his death, 1976), demonstrated that his thinking remained idealistically völkisch to the end-the poem denounced 'applied science, automation, sophistication, containerisation, rationalisation, plasticisation, takeoverisation, orbitisation, robotisation, computerisation, standardisation, conformitisation' and advocated instead 'simplicity, humility, tranquility, spirituality and even less of our-selves'.62 These were all qualities that had appealed to the anti-modernist Nazi enthusiasts of the thirties who wondered at what they thought was the spirituality, simplicity and Volksgemeinschaft of 'Hitler's Wonderland'. The 'Song-Man' had remained one of Chisholm's 'well-meaning dreamers'; one of those whom the professor believed in February 1941 had been deceived by the Nazi 'Monsters of Ideology'.

Mudie had admitted to the History and Politics club of the University of Adelaide in May 1959 that he lacked the 'gentleness' of Rex Ingamells, a graduate of that institution. He had also lacked his friend's caution. Ingamells had always been the more wary of this poetic pair who had combined Australia-First with *Jindyworobak* sentiment. Ingamells, now living in Melbourne as a publisher's representative, found himself in a difficult position at war's end. He felt continuing loyalty to

Stephensen the man, but now also felt that his 1941 liaison with Australia-First had been a mistake. The European war had not been over a week before he was seeking absolution from Keith Murdoch and drawing a distinction between himself and Mudie, whom he described as 'a political propagandist for Australia First in verse'. He also clarified his own stance: 'My position with regard to A.F. is that I applaud a great deal of it, but am in strong opposition to some of it. 63 The Jindyworobak founder now had a lot of explaining to do and he started in the 1945 Anthology: 'The time is ripe for a somewhat more consecutive statement upon the influences that have made Jindyworobak and on its early highlights, than any hitherto given.'64 In the explanation that followed, he made little attempt to disguise the link with the AFM (that would have been futile), but he made it clear that the thread that started with *Foundations* was only one part of the Jindy tapestry. The blunt Mudie was not displeased with this, thinking that his friend had displayed courage in even raising the matter, but it was a sore point and the Jindies were still scratching it in their 1948 Review. This volume was published in commemoration of their first decade and there was a concerted campaign therein to smother the still strong recollection of a link between the 'politicals' and the 'poeticals'. Ingamells, Ewers, Franklin and Kennedy, even Mudie, eating humble-pie; all had been pressed into service to argue the case for Jindy purity and against ultra-nationalism.⁶⁵ Ingamells took the lead by denying that his literary movement had adopted any 'complete social programme', dismissing the 'woolly implication' that there had been a whiff of Nietzscheanism about them.66 He also suggested that Jindyworobak had 'reconciled' in its ranks many diverse literary adherents including Australia-Firsters and communists. This was an exaggeration, as any examination of the wartime critics of the movement would show. In the same 1948 Review, John Ewers was forced to defend nationalism from accusations of obscenity by asserting that the internationalism currently in vogue was meaningless without it. In any case, he concluded, the 'motive behind nationalism is what is really important'. 67 The busy prosecutors at Nuremberg disagreed with that one, just as Stephensen had always disagreed with any advocacy of internationalism, the tool of an 'active minority of Jewish intellectuals and their sympathisers within Australia'.68 It was this extreme view to which the wartime Jindies had hitched their wagon and it was simply untrue to state, as Brian Elliott did in the same pages, that the club had no political platform or was unaware of any political implications in its plans, at least not when talking of the leadership after the middle of 1941.69 Elliott's almost apologetic account was entitled 'Jindydammerung' and all of his readers were familiar with the recently over-worked analogy of Götterdammerung and what it had meant for the Nazi cause in Europe, whether or not they had ever heard a note of Wagner. The most spurious Review attempt to exonerate the Jindies was that of Kennedy,

who stated that the Jindy acknowledgement of kinship with the 'lowly aborigine' was a 'cardinal sin' in the eyes of the Nazis.⁷⁰ This might have been the case for the German variety, but the Australian imitators had been soothed by the 'Black Caucasian' theory that allowed them to bring the aborigines into the Aryan tent, a point that Kennedy must have known.

Denial was pointless and nothing could prevent the Jindyworobak club suffering some post-war collateral damage. Sometimes the critics were of questionable vintage themselves, like Professor Chisholm, who had sneered in the Argus at the 1947 Anthology perhaps out of a sense of guilt.71 Often the best approach to criticism is to ignore it and Ingamells seemed to have followed that path by 1951, when his Because Men Went Hungry. An Essay on the Uncertainty of Australian Prestige re-circulated many of the 'blood-and-soil' theories of Stephensen's Foundations and of the Australia-First Kulturkampf. The Bunyip, for all his faults, remained something of a hero to 'Rex', as he told him in a handwritten postscript of December 1952: 'There have been points where I haven't seen eye to eye with you, I never will. However, these have never eclipsed my sense that you are a giant among pygmies in certain ways of fundamental importance to our national self-respect.' Ingamells had not altered that qualified praise before his untimely death in 1955. Unlike Mudie, whom he too continued to encourage during black-dog moments, Ingamells had woken early from the national-socialist variety of the Australian dream.72 It was too late, however, to deny earlier links and this was a component in the gradual, post-war decline of Jindyworobak—the last Anthology appeared in 1953. However, the shadow of Australia-First ought not to be allowed to darken the reputation of Jindyworobak forever and Manning Clark's 1947 assessment of the broad movement remains a sensible one: 'The Jindyworobaks with their emphasis on the need for the oneness of Australia culture with its environment have also a message to convey.²⁷³

Ingamells was never quite able to sever the association and affection between himself and Stephensen, nor was the less confident Alister Kershaw, even though he soon put half-a-world between himself and his mentor. One of the first visitors to 'Mountainside Farm', Kershaw was still only in his mid twenties at war's end and as restless as ever. He was keen to stretch his horizons and to settle in post-war Europe; Stephensen advised him to take a Wanderjahr, but then to return to the sun and was distraught at his client's departure in early 1947. 'Come back soon', he pleaded, bemoaning the prospect of spiritual loneliness, but Kershaw did not and the two never again met. The older man never found a substitute, but the younger one soon did when working for the BBC in London, where he became a drinking partner with the notoriously anti-Semitic, South African poet, Roy Campbell, who had been connected with that country's 'New Guard' prior to leaving for England. An advocate of the corporate state along

Iberian lines, Campbell habitually referred to Jews as 'rhinos', thereby extending Kershaw's exposure to the political fringe.75 Once he had left England for the continent in the fifties, Kershaw sought out the company of the hero of his teenage years, Oswald Mosley, the controversial figure whom he had passionately defended at Wesley College. Mosley was enduring a comfortable exile at Orsay outside Paris when Kershaw paid a visit. Both sides were captivated; Kershaw found Mosley witty, intelligent and charismatic and he confirmed Hitler's assessment of Lady Diana as 'a perfect type of Aryan beauty'. For their part, they found their expatriate Australian visitor to be ideologically pure. Lady Diana was especially impressed, correctly noting: 'Oh, Mr Kershaw, you're so sound.'76 Kershaw thought that Stephensen would also have also been impressed, although the Jewish question had been treated with Mosley's characteristic levity—he was more concerned about the Marx brothers than their German Jewish namesake. But all three men (Mosley, Kershaw and Stephensen) agreed that post-war multiracialism was not a development to be welcomed—Mosley worried about the impact that mass migration was already having on Britain; Stephensen feared the end of the immigration policy that had prevented such developments in Australia. Kershaw became an ABC correspondent in France for many years—he had been too young to participate in the Australia First fiasco, but he had been a literary fellow-traveller nonetheless. His memoir was entitled The Pleasure of Their Company and this proved to be an elegant summary of Kershaw's attitude towards some in the radical Right, both at home and abroad from 1941 onwards.

Mudie, Ingamells and Kershaw were 'poeticals' who maintained at least social connections with Stephensen following his release. However, the one who would go the furthest artistically, Xavier Herbert, did not want to know the Bunyip or any of his other earlier associates. When Walter Stone the cultured bibliophile mentioned Stephensen's name to 'XH' in 1958, it was greeted with a contemptuous 'dragon-like' snort.⁷⁷ The invariably measured Stone rightly thought that a curious over-reaction—it was also an attempt by the author to rewrite his early history. Before the war had ended, Herbert had rejected ultra-nationalism as a false path, choosing in so doing to overlook the role that Miles and Stephensen had played in the appearance of *Capricornia*. This could not disturb the long-dead Miles, but it discounted what was possibly Stephensen's greatest contribution to Australian literature and the ugly public spat that erupted between the former friends in the columns of the *Bulletin* and the Sydney *Observer* in 1961 about the extent of Inky's editing of the manuscript only demeaned them both. Only a year before, Herbert had confessed in a recording draft that his *magnum opus* would never

have appeared but for 'Inky Stephensen, with the financial backing of William John Miles, who also believed in its destiny'. This admission was not for public airing and Herbert's denial of Stephensen's role was a component of his broader post-war denunciation of nationalist politics, a genuine conversion but also an attempt to atone for his own complicity in the late thirties. Yes Xavier Herbert never did anything by halves.

This lamentable exercise of revision stretched up to and beyond Stephensen's death in 1965. Herbert's unreliable memoirs of 1963, Disturbing Element, stressed his sympathy with Jews, particularly with 'Huldah' his 'first love' and while the mature Herbert was generally loyal to his part-Jewish wife, Sadie, this had not prevented him associating with the robustly anti-Semitic Miles when it had suited him to do so.80 It is unlikely that Herbert ever mentioned his alleged philo-Semitism to the Sydney Kookaburra. While it may also be true that, as Herbert recalled his youth in WA, 'we knew little or nothing about Jews' that cannot have been the case after mixing with Miles and his Publicist circle in Sydney in the years just before the war. Once Stephensen was dead, Herbert had no reason to consider any adjustment of his selective memory and the second extended volume of his literary genius, Poor Fellow My Country of 1975, mercilessly portrayed Stephensen as the 'Bloke', an official of the 'Free Australia Movement'. It also contained a questionable account of the favourable reception offered to the Jewish refugee, Dr Kurt Hoff, by aborigines. Admittedly, this was fiction, but it was also a sterling example of Herbert's later view of himself as a revolutionary artist 'using an art to plead my case'.81 That of 1975 was not the case that he had pleaded forty years earlier when he had befriended the real 'Bloke', but times had changed. His search for a Messiah and his related desire for a 'True Commonwealth' were still there, but Herbert now looked to Labor leaders Whitlam and Hawke in the seventies to pursue the visions that had once been cradled by the Australia-First circle in the thirties. His March 1976 letter to a politically moribund Whitlam urging the establishment of a 'Commonwealth of Australia Party' needed only to have the name of the recipient and the date altered to be reminiscent of the dreamy, rambling correspondence that he had once exchanged with the 'Perfect Australian Publisher', whom Herbert warned Whitlam had 'pranged through his anti-Jew attitude'.82 Although Herbert was always keen to stress the virtues of 'mateship', he had failed in this instance and elsewhere to live up to the standard that he espoused in 1962, when explaining himself to a Canberra librarian: 'I have always "loved" my mates.'83 Stephensen could well have responded to that claim with his own 'dragon-like' snort.

Some of the Australian Nazi enthusiasts were discouraged after the watershed of 1945 and became inwardly reflective. A few remained defiant, but none more so than Alexander Rud Mills. Hitler had fallen, but Mills retained his faith in father Odin. 'Rud' had studiously avoided any commitment to the 'politicals' until Australian Action was upon him, consequently spending May—December 1942 behind barbed wire. Justice Clyne thought this detention justified given the 'alien and unbalanced opinions' that he held, but the grip of his Nazi, pagan world-view only tightened after 1945. Mills was never again tempted to flirt with political national-socialism, happy to return to his study and his obscurantist writing. In this arena at least he achieved something and became a leading post-war 'esoteric Nazi' and an Odinist, Ariosophist sage of international standing. All of this was a long way from his obscure origins in the Tasmanian bush; it was also a long way from the Australian national-socialism of P.R. Stephensen.

Mills seemed to keep a low profile in the immediate post-war years and finally devoted some attention to his private life by marrying his companion of thirty years, Evelyn, in 1951. Both were in their sixties and the newlyweds eventually took up residence in their beloved Dandenongs. He returned to the alma mater that he had so constantly reviled and completed a B.A. and also self-published a law manual in 1948 as 'Justinian', Law for the Ordinary Man.85 The work was as pretentious as the nom-de-plume of its author and as useful to contemporaries as the manuals of byzantine law on which it was based. By March 1953, 'Justinian' was back in the northern hemisphere seeking the Odinist inspiration still lacking in the southern continent. He avoided a return visit to the shuffled ruins of Berlin and Munich, but sought the company of Leese in Guidford, England. Cosmopolitan London failed to impress him—he detected the whiff of Bolshevism and he told Stephensen back in Melbourne so: 'Hitler was right in this and right about the inspiration of it all.'86 The two things that most disturbed Mills about the post-war British capital were the liaisons that he noticed between white girls and the 'many negroes'—'Love', he taciturnly noted—as well as the amount of dog faeces on the streets (the particular distaste for London life shared by Menzies in 1935 and Mudie four decades later). It is difficult to say whether Mills found the human practices more objectionable than the canine ones. What disturbed Stephensen more was the announcement that Rud had supposedly found an English publisher for his 1946 manuscript on the internments, asking Inky to contribute 7-8,000 words and to send them over. Stephensen wisely declined to do so and persuaded Mills to desist until an Australian publisher could be found.87 One never was, but the Bunyip looked forward to Mills's return home from a Britain conquered by Jews. That return was interrupted only by the removal of his appendix in Switzerland and by January 1954, Rud was back in Australia. He never again left the country. Whilst recuperating aboard the SS Himalaya he had scrutinised his recently composed pamphlet 'Coming—the New Religion', despatching a copy to Stephensen on his return, along with another, 'The Odinist Movement', which condemned Jewish terrorism against the British in Palestine (not something that would have disturbed the Bunyip). 'The New Religion' demonstrated that Mills, or again 'Tasman Forth', had altered neither his opinions nor his obscure style, as it covered the familiar ground of denouncing 'Plato-Socratianism' [sic] alongside the ritual condemnation of early Christianity as a Jewish attempt to place themselves at the top as a 'Chosen people'. Yet again, the author offered the spiritual alternative of the 'Odinist' or 'Gothic' (as used by Leese) outlook with its closer connection to Nature.⁸⁸

The future of 'Jewish Christianity' and the ongoing 'Bible-banger's work' became something of an obsession for Mills once he settled back into his Melbourne legal practice. He elegantly summarised his *quasi*-Nazi world-view in a single, albeit extended, sentence in June 1954:

Human mongrelism, materialism, the killing of the best of the human stock for the sake of the worst, mad Equality, denial of the evidence of the senses in social life, the Jewish predominance are here in filthy luxuriousness among us, the political magsman and the mob voters, the least worthy ruling the most worthy—all this is the fruit of the Jesus Christianity and it is leading and pushing us to Death.⁸⁹

He thought now that the task before him was to strengthen society 'by a Form of Religion to withstand the onslaught of the Jewish contaminated fallacies of decadent Greece', believing that this was something that the previous generation had failed to do through their politically oriented focus. Stephensen was sympathetic, suggesting that the 'New Religion' pamphlet could be retitled 'The Faith of our Forefathers Restored', but he still preferred old-fashioned politics (alongside literature) rather than religion. Never one for Odinism, he thought Mills too secretive, insisting that Christianity was dying out and might even have been replaced by National Socialism except for recent developments. Now more xenophobic than ever, Inky advised Rud to terminate his 'colonial' practice of frequent travel to Europe in search of inspiration in favour of a more productive propagating of his views at home. 90 He had managed to talk Mills out of referring to Odin in future publications as 'Odd', for obvious reasons.91 This was about the only thing that they now agreed on, as one continued to muse on a political revival, while the other drifted off on his 'Odd' spiritual mission—at least they still shared common enemies.

True to his stated intention of religious revival, 'Tasman Forth' published his last major work in 1957, The Call of Our Ancient Nordic Religion. Reflections

on the Theological Contents of the Sagas. Despite the extended title, it contained nothing that could not have been found in the pre-war Mills opus, and then ad nauseam—Plato and Socrates had bastardised the beliefs of the Nordic peoples; the Jews and their Christian cronies had finished the job by severing the Nordic connection to Nature; Hitler's Mein Kampf was referenced on the Jewish peril (but not identified); 'equality' was equated with 'mongrelism'; the United Nations Organisation must fail due to its 'spiritual defects', like the League before it. The conclusion was vintage Mills:

Many of our people are unaware of their racial origins and are taught to believe that race and breed are of no value so far as mankind is concerned. They are ignorant of their specific Gard or Place in God—in the scheme of things. Breed, they are taught, is valuable regarding Horses, cattle and animals but is not valuable for mankind.⁹²

The Call of Our Ancient Nordic Religion was a slim volume because its author had nothing new to say, not even on the Sagas. What it did say made it clear that esoteric Nazism was not so different from the earlier variety that had been intended for broader appeal. When Stephensen in Sydney received his signed copy, he thanked the author and signed off with an appropriately hearty 'Sieg Heil'.93

Australians did not hear much more of A.R. Mills after 1957, but his influence was felt abroad amongst Odinist and esoteric Nazi circles, which often overlapped. He wrote an article for Right, a US journal in 1959 seeking to cultivate the fertile soil of American extremism, but The Call of Our Ancient Nordic Religion had already struck a chord with a Danish mystic, Else Christensen, subsequently known to Odinists as the 'Folk Mother'.94 She strangely thought his writings too 'Masonic', but nonetheless useful in analysing modern cultural degeneracy and the plight of Nordic man divorced from his religious roots. 'Folk Mother' accepted Mills's thesis that the revival of Odinism was the remedy for social ills and continued to espouse his philosophy for three decades from the 1960s through her Odinist Fellowship. 95 Her receptive audience included some adherents of the various post-war American Nazi parties. Mills had died in 1964, but Christensen's magazine the 'Odinist' featured a regular column entitled 'The Wisdom of Rud Mills' with quotes from their personal correspondence and from the Mills opus; the master was gone but not forgotten, at least not here. American Odinists honoured him with his own 'Founder's Day' celebration on 'Haymoon', 4 July, and an Odinist circle based at the University of Melbourne (motto: 'Faith, Folk, Family') gathered until recently at his Dandenongs burial site on the anniversary of his death, praying over the grave in the hope that he had taken his place 'in the halls of Valhalla'. 6 If he has, then the wandering Tasmanian mystic is now in the company of Field Marshall

Hindenburg, General Ludendorff and possibly even of Adolf Hitler, unless the Hindu-inclined esoteric Nazis are correct and their Führer has been reincarnated.

A.R. Mills had refused to apologise to anyone up to and beyond 1942, devoting considerable time thereafter seeking an apology from the authorities for what he saw as his persecution. The other leading quasi-Nazi mystic, W. Hardy Wilson, similarly failed to see that he had anything to regret or any cause whatever for shame about his earlier attitudes. His own assessment of Clyne's 1944-45 investigation and findings was a half-truth: 'As I had taken no part in the 'Australia First' movement and did not believe in it, Mr Justice Clyne cleared my name of any slanderous imputation of treachery to Australia.'97 There was no dispute about Wilson's lack of political activism or any need to deny his patriotism, but the coincidence of his beliefs with those of the AFM was another thing. It was not so much the 'Australia-First' ideology that he had objected to but, as he described it in his 1945 Instinct, the 'slightly ridiculous' culture and the fact that the movement had 'no chance of success'. He certainly recognised that both he and Stephensen shared common enemies, most notably the Jews who were against Australia-First because of its anti-Semitism and opposition to communism. These were the same people he continued to lambast for the 1936 National Gallery fiasco, amongst other cultural offences.

The defeat of Nazism had no lesser impact on Wilson than it had on any other of the local enthusiasts for quasi-Nazi national and cultural resurgence. Within a year or so of the end of the war he had sold the rural retreat at Wandin, again preferring suburban Kew, turning his back on the 'politicals' in favour of more furniture design and architecture, but he had not done so before self-publishing another indulgent work of aesthetic reflection, Instinct.98 Wilson called this his 'last essay', which it was not, but it did prove to be his last burst of enthusiasm for the cultural ideas that had swirled about since at least 1933. Instinct was Wilson's Parthian shot at those who had brought down national-socialism and the cultural outlook that accompanied this world-view—he had abandoned it now not because he considered the Nazi Weltanschauung invalid, but because it had gone down in flames and no longer (like Australia-First) had any prospects of success. In the same manner as the post-war volumes of Mills, Instinct was a reworking of the attitudes that had been circulated in the author's earlier work. There was little evidence of any ideological reassessment in the light of recent developments, despite its claim to have done so; rather, contemporary changes were used to strengthen old prejudices. The Protocols were again cited as a guide to understand the disturbed world order of 1945; the Jews were still uncreative parasites and

the force behind communism; the 'Eastern Jewish Republic' in New Guinea was still a viable option for up to five million Jews, including those excluded from the Kimberley region—the designer of 'Israelia' was still behaving as if the death camps of eastern Europe had never been. 99 This was all extraordinary enough, but what was stranger was the comment that *Instinct* (written after the end of the war) made on Hitler:

Some day the name of Adolf Hitler may be honoured where now it is despised. It was Herr Hitler who said that Germany would destroy Jewish power in Russia, and attacked. What was this but the instinct of Jewish fertilizers of creativeness causing Germany to awaken Russian creative power? And some day the German invasion of Russia will be understood as nothing more than this instinctive movement suddenly carried through. Russia is awake. 100

To Hardy Wilson, Operation Barbarossa was therefore a blessing in disguise and its architect would accordingly be, in time, offered the gratitude of the world for initiating what Wilson also called the emerging 'greatest period of world creativeness'. Fortunately for Wilson's reputation, *Instinct* was limited to fifty copies printed for private distribution.

Despite the repetition of these certainties in 1945 and the absence of contrition, change was in the air and Wilson the orientalist began to turn his focus elsewhere. Before the year was out he had designed a 'Monument of Atomic Hope' at Middle Head, Sydney, with reconciled inscriptions 'Communism' and 'Capitalism' and a mushroom cloud in the distance; a 1948 design for a temple of 'Peace of East and West' was similar. 101 In July 1946, still at Wandin, Wilson told Stephensen that he had now changed his mind about communism, seeing it as the way of the future and denying that it was a 'Jewish plan'. The Bunyip was still licking his wounds nearby at East Warburton, so Wilson reminded him that 'I have suffered too'. 102 The 'Old Man of the Mountains' disagreed with both views and insisted that Wilson was making a mistake; he unsuccessfully attempted to sway him back to the true faith, but Wilson was not listening to him anymore. 103 His 1949 Atomic Civilization had returned to aesthetic mysticism by urging a coming together of East and West, confident that that some 'universal instinct' would force humanity to obey the laws of aesthetic creativeness. 104 It was all very vague and his final work, Kurrajong in 1954, was even vaguer. The name was supposedly an aboriginal word meaning 'Sit-Look-See' and Wilson had done a great deal of that over the last two decades. The culmination of his work was the oriental-influenced design contained therein for a planned city in the Blue Mountains, whose chief civic building resembled the Temple of Heaven in the Chinese capital. In his own notes to the Kurrajong drawings, the artist repeated

his desire for contacts between East and West to produce a new, synthesised culture for the future. The aesthete who had once fled to racially pure Tasmania out of fear of the 'yellow peril', had returned to his roots. He died the following year. When the *Weekend Australian* reviewed the career of this neglected artist in 1981 it failed to mention his political outlook, although his misanthropy did not escape comment: 'Bill Hardy obviously didn't suffer fools gladly—and sometimes he obviously thought the whole world was a fool.' He did indeed and amongst the fools were those who had pursued what he now saw as the wrong dream, but whatever his opinion of these dreamers after 1945, Hardy Wilson had been amongst them, in spirit at least, up to that time. He had played his part in the fool's paradise of the Nazi Dreamtime.

Unlike Hardy Wilson's reputation, that of P.R. Stephensen never recovered. Nobody other than some of his former colleagues was prepared to speak out against the worldwide clamour that devoured him after 1945—nobody except Manning Clark, who had not known him in his prime and knew only about the Bunyip second-hand until their 1952 Bethanga meeting. This alone says something about Clark's regard for the man who had raised the standard of a particular type of 'Australianism'. That regard was high, but contained enough to be given voice only after Stephensen's death; Clark's 1947 Commonwealth Literary Fund Lecture ('A National Tradition in Australian Literature') cited Foundations in the bibliography, but made no mention of the work or its author in the text itself.107 Once Inky was dead, this understandable prudence was abandoned and in an unrelated book review in 1967, Professor Clark defended the recently departed Bunyip as 'one very angry man, driven by a Dionysian like frenzy, and yet a member of a great tradition, [who] raised a voice for cultural chauvinism', describing him further as a 'secular prophet', a description that could later have been applied to the reviewer himself. 108 Stephensen would have been delighted by each aspect of such a description; anger, Dionysian aesthetic, chauvinism and prophetic appeal. It was an accurate picture of how Inky had seen himself and how he had been seen by others sympathetic to his cause. Although Clark did not mention Stephensen or his Foundations in the 1976 Boyer lecture in which he listed the literati who had inspired his History—he mentioned Lawson and Handel Richardson, amongst others—he made up for that deficiency by focusing on him during his 1979 James Duhig Memorial Lecture at the University of Queensland. Given the site and that the topic of the lecture was 'The Quest for an Australian Identity' this was unsurprising. Acknowledging that historians are 'parasites', the lecturer confessed that 'I am going to begin by thieving an idea

from a distinguished if somewhat storm-centred son of this university'. He then proceeded to paraphrase Foundations to the effect that: 'A new nation, a new human type is being formed in Australia. Culture begins with the British. We go on to what?...a gum tree is not a branch of an oak.' The audience was also reminded of Stephensen's observation that by the second quarter of the twentieth century, Australians had grown out of their past traditions and attitudes.¹⁰⁹ Although this may have been an exaggeration, for although they were certainly growing out of them, it was not perhaps at a pace that pleased Stephensen (and later Clark). Nevertheless, Stephensen had now been sufficiently rehabilitated by Clark to be worthy of public citation. Only an historian of Clark's stature and reputation could cite this man and his work and remain unsullied.

There was never any suggestion that the idea for the monumental History of Australia came from that memorable Bethanga weekend. The resulting volumes of Clark's History were not quite what Stephensen had envisaged in his 1938 profile, but he would undoubtedly have claimed some of the credit, for the subsequent work was 'inculcated in Australianism', the trait that Stephensen had called for in his Publicist outline of the 'Fifteen Decades'. Nevertheless, by 1986 Clark had produced his unprecedented multi-volume 'Australians History of Australia' and although it stopped just short of the year of the foundation of the journal of 'Australia-First', Stephensen was not overlooked and in recalling his Bethanga conversations of 1952 in the final volume of the History, Clark offered what must be considered the definitive assessment of Australia's leading Nazi enthusiast of those earlier years. Stephensen, he admitted, was a bundle of contradictions, 'an anti-Semite shouting Schilleresque sentiments about the brotherhood of man; he was both a Nietzschean and a believer in the bushman's version of equality'. This was the paradox of Stephensen's 'Australian National Socialism'—it was an unsuccessful attempt to introduce foreign elements into an Australian environment, to make a gum tree into a branch of a European oak, rather than an English one. Despite Clark's realisation of Stephensen's many weaknesses, he nevertheless concluded that: 'Taken all in all, he was a man.'110 Clearly, here was one Nazi that Manning Clark still liked and in so doing he joined the ranks of many who had admired Stephensen the man, but been less comfortable with his politics.

On his retirement from the University of Melbourne in 1947, Augustin Lodewyckx sought an intelligence position with the Allied Control Commission in the British zone of occupation in prostrate Germany, but there was no vacancy.¹¹¹ This proved to be a lost opportunity, for no-one was better placed to

understand the Nazi psychology than the retired academic; no-one was probably also better placed to discover what the Nazi attitude had been to Australia and its imitators of the German ideology. The more perceptive Nazi enthusiasts at home had been under little illusion about German indifference to the southern continent. Stephensen had admitted to his 2SM listeners in May 1939 that 'To be truthful, he [Hitler] has almost completely ignored the existence of Australia!'112 He had clearly not read the spurious account in Smith's Weekly of August 1933, where a Finnish seaman claimed that he had sailed to Australian ports before 1914 aboard a British merchant ship out of Aberdeen with Hitler as a young shipmate—according to this account, the future 'History-Maker' was 'a decent seaman, but talkative'.113 'Richard le Measurer' (Wilson) was similarly unread and warned Menzies on the eve of war that the still talkative 'Herr Hitler has no regard for Australia either for or against.'114 What especially worried the enthusiasts once the war had started was Germany's attitude to Japanese expansion, particularly after Tokyo became a full Axis partner in September 1940. The Berlin-Tokyo connection was not a natural one—Germany had long backed the Nationalists in China and not until her recognition of the Japanese puppet-state of 'Manchukuo' in February 1938, at Hitler's insistence, was the signal given that Germany had swapped horses in the East.115 This was a worrying sign, but three of the most ideologically driven of the Australian Nazi dreamers remained confident that Germany would never sacrifice the interests of 'Aryan' Australia to those of 'non-Aryan' Japan. Edwin Arnold told Cahill so in December 1941 after Pearl Harbour: 'I cannot possibly believe that Germany would be so unspeakably base as to allow us to become a Japanese Sphere of Influence, still less an outright Japanese possession.'116 Thomas Graham was similarly confident when appearing before a court in early 1942 that he would soon see the 'white races getting together to stop the yellow invasion'. Even the placid Mills had expressed a willingness to take up armed opposition to the Japanese (should his defective knee allow him to do so).117 In the end, this was not necessary, but that was not due to any German influence over an expansionist Japan or to any sense of racial solidarity between those Aryans in the north and their brethren in the south.

Adolf Hitler watched the fall of Singapore in February 1942 with a mixture of elation and regret. The cause for elation was obvious, but the regret was out of racial instinct—he quashed a triumphal press release by the German Foreign Ministry, conscious that at some time in the future the 'Yellow Peril' could also present a challenge to Europeans. Despite Hitler's concern that 'with Japan's aid we are destroying the positions of the white race in the Far East', Nazi Germany did nothing, could do nothing, to hinder Japanese plans for southward expansion. All it could do was plan for a scenario that envisaged Japanese occupation of either all or part of the Australian continent. At the centre of this

initiative was a desire to protect German-Australians, the Volksdeutsche, from the indignity of Asian subjugation. Their numbers remained uncertain and subject to statistical and political manipulation, but it was thought in the Fatherland that they constituted at least 60,000, and perhaps up to 100,000; even more. Accordingly, in July 1942 the Foreign Ministry commissioned several research institutes to prepare a report on a means to avoid the indignity of Germans being placed 'under the control of a yellow race', as it was later described. Amongst the authors of the subsequent report were Dr Asmis, the former German consul at Sydney now working in the Nazi colonial bureaucracy and Professor Karl-Heinz Pfeffer, who had travelled extensively in Australia during the thirties. The 'Kloss' report (after its principal author) was circulated within the appropriate ministries in 1942-43, but its extensive measures to protect 'Germandom' in the south were kept from both allies and enemies—the chief element of its recommendations involved the resettlement of mainland German-Australians in a depopulated Tasmania, where they would be culturally sanitised from an Australian continent now under Asian subjugation. The just under 250,000 expelled Tasmanians, whom Wilson had noted were of pure British stock, would take their chances alongside other Anglo-Australians in the Japanese New Order on the continent itself. Asmis thought such an eventuality was suitable retribution for the manner in which Anglo-Australians had mistreated their indigenous peoples, hence the title of the article 'Retribution' which examines these Nazi proposals for a Tasmanian refuge in detail.119

This version of the New Order was not quite what Australia's Nazi dreamers had envisaged and it would have left them with a stark choice between ideology and nation (especially for Tasmanians like Mills). Fortunately for them, no detail of the Kloss report emerged in Australia until February 1946, when a Military Intelligence officer, Major R.E. Finzel, submitted the findings of his recent interrogations in occupied Germany. 120 Like the Kloss report, they were kept within the inner circle. These Nazi plans demonstrated more than anything else the contempt that some in Germany felt for non-Germans, even those who shared Aryan blood. The Nazi Party itself never adequately addressed the issue of whether the national-socialist ideology was for export. Alfred Rosenberg, the party's chief ideologue ('Deputy of the Führer for the Supervision of the Entire Intellectual and Ideological Education of the Party') thought not and von Skerst's Die Brücke clearly agreed with him on 18 March 1939 when it reported a recent speech by this Reichsleiter which had settled 'a Mooted Question'. Rosenberg had labelled any attempt to adopt the name and ideology elsewhere as 'improper' and 'futile', concluding that 'National Socialism is wholly and entirely German'. Immediately beneath this report was an advertisement for the Publicist, 'Distinctively Australian'. Miles and

Stephensen could only have taken some consolation from Rosenberg's parallel suggestion that others should adopt measures 'compatible with the national character and traditions of such a country'. In Australia's case, these did not include 'National Socialism'. Von Skerst reinforced this point when the shrinking student body of Halle University was told shortly afterwards by Rosenberg that 'There is no wish on the part of Germany to establish some sort of a "National Socialist confederacy" on the international plane.' Even in his Nuremberg cell in 1946, Rosenberg was adamant that his vanquished ideology had not been for export.

Adolf Hitler remained, as the more cosmopolitan Ernst Hanfstaengl noted with regret, a Eurocentric; so too did the ideology he fostered. There is not a single volume about Australasia or Oceania in what survives of Hitler's extensive personal library.¹²³ In his secret 1920s book on foreign affairs, the author of Mein Kampf only referred to Australia in passing as a regrettable destination for German emigrants; the only role he later envisaged for the post-war Australian continent was as a pawn in the coming, decisive intercontinental battle against America. His wartime Table Talk also revealed little of what he thought of Stephensen's 'Aryan Australia'. Only fiction, or something close too it, provides some clue through Hitler's so-called Political Testament or 'Bunker Conversations' of February-April 1945, a probable fake that fooled Trevor-Roper and others for many years. This volume was cleverly composed (or at least heavily doctored) by a Swiss Nazi enthusiast, the banker Francois Genoud, and contains an entry supposedly of 7 February 1945 where the Führer turned his attention to Australia, which he likened to America as 'artificial worlds with neither a soul, a culture nor a civilization of their own'. As for their future:

The descendants of the convicts in Australia should inspire in us nothing but a feeling of supreme indifference. If their vitality is not strong enough to enable them to increase at a rate proportionate to the size of the territories they occupy, that is their own look out, and it is no use their appealing to us for help. For my own part, I have no objection at all to seeing the surplus population of prolific Asia being drawn, as a magnet, to their empty spaces. Let them all work out their own salvation! And let me repeat—it is nothing to do with us. 124

Hitler probably did not say this, but he might as well have done, for Genoud had given voice to genuine Nazi sentiments. Spurious or not, these observations and the others like them would have rudely awakened the Australian fellow-travellers from their dreaming.

The 'well-meaning dreamers' and their not so well meaning associates left little behind them but questions. The most obvious question concerned the nature of their motives for investing such hope in the national-socialist ideology from 1933-45. They were a diverse bunch—tourists, travellers, journalists, businessmen, political activists, artists, poets, mystics, aesthetes, academics and soldiers (many more than one)—and they had reached the same destination via different pathways. Some had been communists or followers of the 'Lenin of Italy', as Mussolini liked to style himself, some Nietzscheans, others Odinists or self-appointed elitists. Some were uneducated ruffians, others highly sophisticated intellectual snobs who worshipped creativity. Their level of commitment to Hitlerism and their endurance with the faith also differed—there were open, fanatical Nazis in their ranks alongside those who accepted the ideology on an intellectual level only, all accompanied by fellowtravellers. What then did they share? They were all contrarians, disillusioned with the current state of Australian society, wanting to escape modern life for a dream world. Disillusionment was not uncommon in the course of and following the Great Depression—similar feelings in Germany had elevated Hitler from the political fringes in 1929 to the Reich Chancellery in 1933—but Australia's Nazi enthusiasts felt it especially deeply. They were often very angry and unhappy men and women— Stephensen disliked the bourgeoisie; Mills hated the Jews and Christianity; Wilson despised the uncreative; Lodewyckx held Australia in contempt; Chisholm found the masses odious; Mudie and the more extreme Jindies were highly critical of the timidity of their compatriots; Cahill wanted to confront plutocracy. Miles disliked just about everything and everybody. They all detested parliamentary democracy and wanted to build a new society from the bottom up, even if the precise form of the New Order was never settled. Hitler's Germany and its resurgent nationalism, however, presented them with a model of what was possible, at least in the years of peace—as A.R. Chisholm had put it in 1938, 'no movement in history has achieved nearly as much as they have in that very short space of time'. The Hitler cult had also exercised its appeal across the seas and air-waves. When Stephensen assured a stilluncertain Ingamells in August 1941 that his attitude was 'To hell with Europe!' that did not include one particular European ideology.

Yet it was all a chimera—there was nothing left by May 1945 and the old order soldiered on stronger than ever. Their particular concept of Australian ultranationalism, of Australian cultural chauvinism, of Australian national-socialism, proved the 'wrong dream'. As Ian Kershaw has observed, Hitler's downfall proved the downfall of almost everything he had believed in—race-politics, concepts of 'blood-and-soil', ultra-nationalism and Euro-centrism. Anti-Semitism would never again be acceptable even in parlour conversation after Auschwitz. Above all, pre-war Australian democracy had been unfazed by the challenge of local Nazi enthusiasm, as Senator Pearce had been confident it would be in 1936 when

addressing the issue of the goldfields 'Blueshirts'. Once the Depression had eased, Australians returned to the old certainties, content for the most part with the placid leadership of 'Honest Joe' Lyons. Manning Clark was not the only one who later thought that radical Australian nationalism had been retarded by the shock of those grim years, c.1929-32, and their aftermath; as always, Stephensen's sense of timing had been wayward.¹²⁵ The political scientist W.G.K. Duncan addressed the issues of his time in the Australian Quarterly of June 1934 in 'Democracy or Dictatorship: Is It a Real Alternative?' concluding that the donning of a 'coloured shirt' was a shallow alternative to the democratic values of 'respect for human personality, a belief that human beings should be regarded as ends in themselves, and should not be regarded as mere tools to achieve the ends and purposes of a privileged and powerful few'. Those on the other side merely clung to 'slogans, and fine-sounding phrases, congratulate themselves on their choice of parents, and rest content with the glorious traditions they have inherited'. His essay followed immediately behind that of Kent Hughes fulminating about 'The Old Machine and the New Age' and it proved an accurate summary of the Australian ideologues of the radical Right in the following decade. P.R. Stephensen had been wrong in his 1936 Foundations of Culture in Australia. An Essay towards National Self Respect when he expressed his confidence that 'Visions of race-grandeur become dangerous only when they imply the extermination or subjugation of other races: our Ideal of White Australia implies no such murderous doctrine." It had implied precisely that and the doctrine had proved more murderous than anyone could have imagined in 1936. This had not been the path towards the national self-respect he so desired.

P.R. Stephensen was a talented man and like most of the Nazi enthusiasts and their fellow travellers a man of the utmost sincerity. But Friedrich Nietzsche, his much-abused mentor, should be allowed the last words: 'A casual stroll through the lunatic asylum shows that faith does not prove anything.' Stephensen and many of the others went to their graves still puzzled over what had happened in the 'devil's decade' and the 'Roaring Forties'. Nietzsche, however, had not been so perplexed in his time, at least not until he lost his sanity in 1889 (coincidentally the year of Hitler's birth)—he even foresaw his own destiny and what turned out to be that of the Nazi dreamers throughout the world:

I know my fate. One day there will be associated with my name the recollection of something frightful—of a crisis like no other before on earth, of the profoundest collision of conscience, of a decision evoked against everything that until then had been believed in, demanded, sanctified.

The Nazi Dreamtime in remote Australia half-a-century later would constitute part of that vision.

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